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THE WRITINGS  
OF ARTHUR HALLAM

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# THE WRITINGS OF ARTHUR HALLAM

*Now First Collected and Edited by*

T H VAIL MOTTER



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OF AMERICA

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## PREFACE

ALTHOUGH most works of art are subject to those fluctuations of taste or critical emphasis which make cultural history, it is unlikely that the longest and most passionately personal of English elegies will ever fall into the obscurity of total neglect. To be sure, the enormous public enthusiasm which greeted *In Memoriam* in 1850 increased with the years and subsided only as the age that had produced it burned out in the First World War. As all the contemporary commentaries testify, it had been an enthusiasm for particular values in the poem, for its ethics, its "philosophy," its erudition, and not for the one enduring value it possesses, its value as a work of art springing from human experience. To Tennyson's elaborate pretence that the poem was not really biographical, as well as to the obsessions with evolution and morality which characterized the age of Darwin, we can ascribe the critical neglect of the personal aspects of *In Memoriam*. But curiously enough, the succeeding age of Freud did not produce a satisfactory study of Tennyson in the light of his lifelong subjection to the influence of Arthur Hallam. Books and articles a-plenty endlessly re-iterate the fact of the friendship's existence, and a sense of its importance,<sup>1</sup> but its quality, as determined by the personality of Hallam, has only been guessed at. Hallam was not always merely "the friend of Tennyson", there was a day when Tennyson was introduced and talked of as "the friend of Hallam," who was also the friend of many men and the lover of two women. But all that is forgotten. Arthur Hallam has long since taken his place in literary annals as a mere shadow.

It is to correct this situation, to assist in the rehabilitation of a neglected personality, and not to put forth Tennyson's friend as a neglected poet and essayist, that the present edition has been prepared. All previous editions, since his death, have stemmed from the volume edited by his father, Henry Hallam, the historian, and privately circulated in 1834 as *The Remains in Verse and Prose of Arthur Henry Hallam*.<sup>2</sup> Comparison of the present text with that of the original *Remains*, or of any of its seven descendants, will reveal the extent of the father's suppression of material. Half the prose and nearly two-

<sup>1</sup> A selected list appears in the *Cambridge Bibliography of English Literature*, s.v. Hallam.

<sup>2</sup> For description of editions, see my "Arthur Hallam's Centenary: a Bibliographical Note," *Yale University Library Gazette*, 8 (1934), 104-109, and my "Hallam's Poems of 1830: a Census of Copies," *Papers of the Bibliographical Society of America*, xxxv (1941), 277-280.

thirds of the verse in the present edition were omitted from the *Remains* or its various successors, and are therefore now first generally available. Many items, as editorial notes indicate, are printed for the first time. So scarce and inaccessible has been this preponderant body of Hallam's work for more than a century, that no critic or biographer has ever taken under consideration the whole body of his writings. Our knowledge has therefore been essentially conditioned by the forty-one poems and the five essays which survived Henry Hallam's editorial blue pencil.<sup>3</sup>

Here, then, in one hundred thirteen poems and ten essays, unmuffled by his father's heavy censorship, Arthur Hallam may speak for himself. In this edition these writings are supplied only with a necessary minimum of annotation and are left as free as possible of critical commentary. But in this Preface a few observations may prove helpful. It has long been customary among those few scholars who have looked into Hallam's writings as selected by his father, to regard the prose as the significant contribution to an understanding of his mind, and to ignore the verse. No one can pretend that the restored body of his poetry now gives Hallam rank as a poet, but a reading of his poems as arranged here in their chronological order gives an extraordinarily full and honest autobiography of a mind and spirit in process of formation. After so many years, we can never know the whole secret of Hallam's hold on so many men of his time, and we can only guess with reasonable assurance at his personality as revealed in his letters,<sup>4</sup> but in the poems we find revealed that one great quality which most impressed Tennyson, faith. Here, in poems written between sixteen and twenty, Hallam starkly reveals himself as he was through the years when he was facing and laying "the spectres of his mind," as Tennyson puts it in the 96th section of *In Memoriam*. It is in these verses that "He fought his doubts and gathered strength," and "thus he came at length/To find a stronger faith his own."

When Hallam finally knew where he stood, he renounced verse and turned to prose. The essay on Sympathy is the only prose in this volume written during the poetical period, and the views there expressed had been previously arrived at and recorded in the Sixth Meditative Fragment. Before July, 1831, when I conceive the renunciation of poetry to have taken place, Hallam had written over 100 poems to one prose essay, after that date all his remaining prose was composed in contrast to only four poems. Those who follow Leslie Stephen, therefore, in

<sup>3</sup> See Appendix B

<sup>4</sup> See Appendix C

supposing that Arthur Hallam might have come to rival Wordsworth as a philosophical poet, or, indeed, might have come to maturity as a poet at all, seem, in their dependence on our hitherto incomplete knowledge of Hallam's writings, to have followed a false scent Poetry served Hallam in the first chapter of his life as a useful discipline in the forming of his mind and the subjugation of his spirit to the demands of a life overwhelmingly dominated by his father's will Poetry was for Hallam what it basically was for his master, Wordsworth, save when he wrote truly as poet, viz, a mere construction of associations manipulated toward a designed effect It was, in spite of theory, not a direct expression of feeling With Hallam feeling, as he expresses it more than once in verse and prose, came ahead of thought, and yet, like Arnold after him, he instinctively subjugated feeling to processes of intellectualization, and thus also like Arnold, forced himself logically from verse to prose In the hard, almost evangelical task he set himself of reducing life to reasonable order and meaning, poetry served him well In this light, publication of the whole record seems not too irrelevant in a world run mad

\* \* \*

The verse and prose writings respectively are given in chronological order rather than in the order of previous editions Spelling, capitalization and, where not too much in conflict with modern standards, punctuation, are retained as in the original, with no attempt to normalize them, but I have not hesitated to re-punctuate and re-paragraph where the original seemed unnecessarily awkward In this edition all notes marked with an "H" in square brackets are Hallam's, and all titles are his except those in square brackets

Except where noted, the text is in the form last approved by the author His father's alterations in 1834 are thus rejected, except where they correct earlier misprints, and in the cases of two essays and one poem, where the father took it upon himself to omit passages, the originals have been restored and the situation duly noted Variant readings of any interest are always noted, especially where there are manuscript versions Corruptions which have crept into editions since 1834 have been silently righted

Among manuscript sources used and duly noted, three commonplace books kept by Hallam or friends of his recur more than once in my notes (1) The *Gaskell MS* is in the hand of J M Gaskell and is both larger and more catholic in its selections than either of the other notebooks It belongs to Miss I Wintour, to whom I am indebted for permission to use it (2) The *Allen MS* (alluded to in the Tennyson

*Memor*, 1, 80, n 1) comprises twenty leaves, the first torn out. Into it Hallam had copied in his own hand many poems of Tennyson. The book then passed to John Allen, their Trinity contemporary, and now belongs to the library of Trinity College, Cambridge. (3) *The Heath MS*, the work of a third friend of Hallam, is fully described by Mr Charles B L Tennyson in *The Cornhill Magazine* for April, 1936. It belongs to the Fitzwilliam Museum, Cambridge.

Two who have helped me are no longer living to receive my published thanks: the saintly Provost of Eton, Dr M R James, and Mr T J Wise. To many I am indebted for assistance, permissions or hospitality, often for the generous combination of all three blessings in one person: Lady Charnwood, Sir Sydney Cockerell, the Marquess of Crewe, Mrs Raphael Demos, Sir Ambrose Elton, Bart, Lady Constance Milnes Gaskell, Miss Fryn Tennyson Jesse, Beatrice Lady Lennard, Sir Stephen Arthur Hallam Lennard, Miss G F Palgrave, the Lord Tennyson, Mr Charles B L Tennyson, Major Alfred Tennyson d'Eyncourt of Bayons Manor, Miss I Wintour, and Professor Karl Young.

Librarians and curators who have my sincere gratitude are Mr H M Adams of Trinity College, Cambridge, and the sub-librarian, Mr A Tilney Bassett, Registrar of the Gladstone Papers, British Museum, Dr Henry Guppy of the John Rylands Library, Manchester, Miss Emily H Hall of the Rare Book Room, Yale University Library, and the Misses Lilla Weed and Laura Innis of the Wellesley College Library. Also those anonymous friends who helped at the Admiralty Library, the Public Record Office, and the Libraries of the Victoria and Albert Museum, the Bodleian, and of Cambridge University.

For permission to quote certain letters of Hallam I am indebted to the Trustees of the Pierpont Morgan Library, New York, and to the President of Wellesley College, for a grant in aid of research, to the American Council of Learned Societies, for leaves of absence, to Wellesley College, and for the generous encouragement of a Sterling Fellowship, to Yale University.

T H V M.

P S I am most grateful to my friend, Mr Hamilton Cottier, who has read the entire book for me in my absence and has passed it through the press. I am myself responsible for any errors in the text.

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## CHRONOLOGY OF ARTHUR HENRY HALLAM'S LIFE

1811	February 1	Born in London
1818	Summer	Travelled abroad
1820	Spring	Entered preparatory school at Putney
1822	Summer	Travelled abroad
	October	Entered Eton
1827	February 3	Confirmed at Eton
	July	Left Eton
	August	Beginning of nine months' residence in Italy
1828	February 20	Charles and Alfred Tennyson enter Trinity College
	May	Hallam leaves Rome and Anna Mildred Wintour
	June	Reaches Dover via Switzerland
	October 20	Enters Trinity College, Cambridge
1829	February 25	Maiden speech at the Union
	April	Entries for the Chancellor's Prize Poem due
	April	Beginning of friendship with Alfred Tennyson
	May	Illness in London
	June 6	Prize awarded Tennyson's "Timbuctoo"
	June, July	Travel in France and Scotland
	September,	
	October	At Malvern
	October	Back at Trinity
	December	Oxford-Cambridge debate Shelley vs Byron
		Hallam arranges publication of "Adonais"
		Late this year Hallam met Emily Tennyson
1830	January 24	Hallam and Tennyson elected to the Apostles
	February 27	Charles Tennyson's <i>Sonnets</i> published
	March 19	Amateur production of <i>Much Ado</i> , with Hallam, Milnes and Kemble in the cast
	Spring	
	vacation	Probable visit to Somersby
	May	The <i>Poems</i> of 1830 privately circulated
	June	<i>Poems, Chiefly Lyrical</i> published
	July 2	Hallam and Tennyson set out for Spain to establish contact with the rebel leader, Ojeda
	September 8	They take the steamer "Leeds" from Bordeaux for Dublin
	October	Back at Trinity
		Organization of "The Fifty," an inner group of the Union
	December	Fires and disorders among discontented farmers near Cambridge

- December 4 Hallam reads "On Sympathy" to the Apostles  
 1831 February Tennyson leaves Cambridge  
 March Henry Hallam prohibits Arthur from seeing Emily Tennyson for one year  
 August Hallam's review of Tennyson's poems in the *Englishman's Magazine*  
 Summer and  
 Fall At Hastings, in London, and visiting  
 October 29 Hallam reads "Theodicaea Novissima" to the Apostles  
 December 11 Execution at Malaga of John Sterling's cousin, Robert Boyd, and the Spanish insurrectionist, Torrijos  
 1832 January Trench returns from Spain, Kemble still there  
 Hallam leaves Cambridge with his B A  
 His pamphlets, *Essay* and *Oration* published  
 February At Tunbridge Wells with his parents  
 March Formally engaged at Somersby to Emily Tennyson  
 June The First Reform Bill becomes law  
 Spring Reading law as a member of the Inner Temple  
 July Brief journey up the Rhine with Tennyson  
 August Short visit to Somersby  
 c October 10 Enters conveyancer's office  
 November Pamphlet against G Rossetti published by Moxon  
 December Tennyson's second volume published  
 December 24 Goes to Somersby for a two weeks' visit, his first at Christmas  
 1833 Spring Seriously ill at London  
 August Travels abroad  
 September 15 Dies in Vienna at No 63 Landstrasse, "Zur Goldenen Birne"  
 1834 January 3 Buried at Clevedon, on the Bristol Channel  
 Spring *Remains in Verse and Prose* privately circulated  
 1850 Spring *In Memoriam* published  
 1885 "Peace! Let it be for I loved him, and love him forever the dead are not dead but alive"

Tennyson, "Vastness"



## POEMS BY A H HALLAM, ESQ

And here, O Friend, have I retraced my life  
Up to an eminence, and told a tale  
Of matters which not falsely may be called  
The glory of my youth Of genius, power,  
Creation and divinity itself  
I have been speaking, for my theme has been  
What passed within me

Wordsworth, *The Prelude*, Book III

With regard to the poems, I am glad you find anything in them to like, for my own part I have very much outgrown my parental partiality, and they are very discordant with my present view of what poetry ought to be. However, I value them as the record of several states of my mind, which may all be comprehended in a cycle out of which I fancy I am passing

Hallam to W E Gladstone, June 17, 1830

[This page, without the epigraphs, reproduces the half-title of some copies of the rare edition of 1830. There was no full title-page.]



1827-1828



*On the Picture of the Three Fates in the Palazzo Pitti, at Florence,  
Usually Ascribed to Michel Angelo*

[Composed probably in the autumn of 1827, printed 1830, reprinted 1834 and all subsequent editions Charles Tennyson's sonnet xxiv, "On a Picture of the Fates," in his *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces* of 1830 offers an interesting comparison ]

---

None but a Tuscan hand could fix ye here  
In rigidness of sober coloring  
Pale are ye, mighty Triad, not with fear,  
But the most awful knowledge, that the spring  
Is in you of all birth, and act, and sense  
I sorrow to behold ye pain is blent  
With your aloof and loveless permanence,  
And your high pryncedom seems a punishment  
The cunning limner could not personate  
Your blind control, save in th' aspect of grief,  
So does the thought repugn of sovran Fate  
Let him gaze here who trusts not in the Love  
Toward which all being solemnly doth move  
More this grand sadness tells, than forms of fairest life

ll 11, 12] 'Fate,' 'Love' in 1830 only, all other editions have 'fate,' 'love'

*On the Madonna Del Gran Duca, in the Palazzo Pitti*

[Written probably in the autumn of 1827, printed only in 1830 ]

---

Not with a glory of stars, a throne inwrought  
With elemental splendors, and a host  
Or rare intelligences, than a poet's thought  
Swifter, and brighter far (though such the boast  
Of their rich creed) not so the Italian minds  
Envisaged thine idea, oh lady sweet!  
Thou art all woman lo that smile, how meet  
For one, whom intellectual beauty binds  
To worship boundless as the earth and sky!  
Lo yet again, those eyes! their welling light  
Th' inward espouse of Love and Wisdom seals  
Nothing is law to thee thous seest the night,  
Free therefore, therefore happy what reveals  
Thy face? A home-arrived humanity

l 10] 1830 has 'Lo ye again,' probably a misprint

*Song Written at Rome*

[This effort is the earliest fruit of Hallam's devotion to Anna Mildred Wintour in Italy during the winter of 1827-28. The text here given follows the autograph copy sent to the lady by her poet, and now in the possession of Miss Isabel Wintour of Barnsley, Yorkshire. The autograph, signed, "A H H 1828," is titled, "O che bel riposo!" Hallam printed the lines in 1830 under the English title here used, and with the date, February, 1828. This, the only printed version, contains two numbered stanzas, and is differently indented from the autograph. J M Gaskell, the Eton friend who was also Miss Wintour's slave that winter, copied the lines into his commonplace book years after Arthur was dead.]

---

Blest be the bower, where  
 Nina reposes,  
 Blest be the roses  
 That Circle her round!  
 Bright tho' the rose blush,  
 One blush is brighter  
 Sweet tho' the violets  
 Perfume the ground,  
 Something more sweet, more lovely is found!  
 Blest be the bower, where  
 Nina reposes  
 Blest be the roses  
 Circle her round!  
 Soft breath of twilight,  
 Move o'er her slumbers  
 Wooer of numbers,  
 Say, who so fair!  
 O were I like thee,  
 Child of the morning,  
 How would I linger  
 Murmuring there!  
 How would I wave my light wing of air!  
 Soft breath &c

ll 1, 10] 1830 has 'bow'r'

l 4] Gaskell MS omits 'That'

*[Two Fragments from the Roman Winter]*

[These biographically interesting lines are now first printed from a MS commonplace book kept by James Milnes Gaskell, now in the possession of his grand-daughter, Miss I Wintour. The first is there identified as addressed

to "A R," Anne Robertson Glasgow, of Glenarbach, Scotland, the second is addressed to Anna Mildred Wintour. Both young ladies spent the winter of 1827-1828 in Italy. Hallam felt for Miss Robertson sentiments of deep friendship, he fell in love with Miss Wintour, as did his fellow Etonian, Gaskell. The second piece is dated "Rome, April, 1828"]

### Fragment (A R)

Her hair is of the darkest brown,  
And floats in clustering ringlets down,  
Her eye is large and soft and dark,  
And sweetness beams from every spark,  
Her spirit is formed to soothe and bless  
With Woman's graceful tenderness

### A Fragment

Who has not dreamt a lovely dream,  
Before his Spring of life has fled,  
That left him spirits that but seem  
To hold communion with the dead?  
  
Oh for a Raphael's pencil now,  
To paint that Lady's beauteous brow,  
The beaming eye, the heavenly grace,  
That smile on Anna's angel face

### *Two Sonnets, Purporting to be Written in the Protestant Burial-Ground at Rome by Moonlight*

[These sonnets to Keats and Shelley, written probably in the spring of 1828, were printed only in the edition of 1830, from which they are here reprinted with Hallam's note and quotations from Landor's *Conversation* xiv, first published in *Imaginary Conversations of Literary Men and Statesmen*, London, 1828, (iii, 377-448). In 1829 Hallam and some Cambridge friends arranged for the first English publication of *Adonais*, a copy of which inscribed for the poet Samuel Rogers, "with Mr A Hallam's comps" and in his hand, is extant (cf Ruth S Granniss, *A Descriptive Catalogue of the First Editions in Book Form of the Writings of Percy Bysshe Shelley*, New York, Grolier Club, 1923, pp 72-73)]

*If any thing could engage me to visit Rome, to endure the sight of her  
scarred and awful ruins, telling their grave stories in the midst of eunuchs  
and fiddlers, if I could let charnel-houses and opera-houses, consuls and  
popes, tribunes and cardinals, orators and preachers clash in my mind, it*

*would be that I might afterwards spend an hour in solitude, where the pyramid of Cestus points to the bones of Keats and Shelley*—LANDOR [H]

## I

Know ye the Cestian tomb of olden time  
 Still pointing to its own Italian blue?  
 And have ye felt those reverent thoughts sublime,  
 Which ever from yon semicirque of new  
 And alien graves rise on the soul, and climb  
 The top of Reason's sovranity? Sweet hue  
 Of Nature's holiest sorrow is there, and chime  
 Of Roman bells ringeth a music true  
 Many lie 'neath that sod some died in joy,  
 But more methinks whose paining hearts had burst  
 With various influxes of life's annoy  
 Young bard, whose lay was of Endymion,  
 Here is thy rest the world has done its worst  
 Calm, like that fabled youth, sleep on beneath the moon

## II

Oh, mightier yet, spirit of light, and love,  
 Creative emanation from the Mind,  
 Which in its wond'rous solitude doth move  
 All things and thoughts that are thou who didst find  
 Earth all too bleak for passionate hopes that wove  
 In beautiful idea each lovely and kind  
 Object in land, or sea, or skies above,  
 Strong too with musical law man's legioned thoughts to bind  
 Shelley, what marvel if thy course was brief!  
 Thou wert a delicate line of earth-traced light,  
 Barred by encroaching shades that hate the moon  
 Here is thy rest, oh ye, who seek relief  
 In his high verse from sorrow and dread, come soon  
 Hither, and weep with me for him who loved the night!<sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The view here taken of the character of the late Mr Shelley differs considerably from that which I know to be entertained by a great majority of the literary world. It is so much easier, and (alas! for human nature, or, to speak more justly, for "what man has made of man") so much more gratifying to repeat, exaggerate, and give currency to a slander, than to pause for a calm, good-hearted examination of how far it is founded on fact, that it would be folly to expect the stories of Mr Shelley's enemies should not obtain credit rather than the earnest, but little heard of vindications which have been constantly put forth by those who had the best opportunities of knowing him as he really was. Those who wish to deal justly with the dead



*Stanzas Written in Dejection at Tunbridge Wells*

[These lines were printed by Hallam in his volume of 1830 under the title of "Stanzas," and with the subjoined date, "Innsbruck, May, 1828" The last three stanzas appear in Gaskell's MS book in the present version, without date, and under the above title, with the addition of the initials, A H H Their author is obviously referring retrospectively to Anna Wintour whom he has left behind him in Italy, but as he was at Tunbridge Wells after his return to England in June, it is likely that the first, short version in Gaskell's MS was written at Innsbruck en route from Italy to England and added to in the more tranquil recollection of Tunbridge Wells Doubtless lines 665-669 of "A Farewell to the South" refer to the lines written at Innsbruck Henry Hallam did not include either version in his selections of 1834 ]

## I

Go, tell me not of potent spells  
 By wizard art entwined,  
 And 'mid the gloom of haunted cells  
 Stamped with the power of mind

will thank me for subjoining in words far better than I could employ, the beautiful sketch of his character, which is to be found in the third volume of Mr Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* 'Innocent and careless as a boy, he possessed all the delicate feelings of a gentleman, all the discrimination of a scholar, and united in just degrees the ardour of the poet with the patience and forbearance of the philosopher His generosity and charity went far beyond those of any man (I believe) at present in existence He was never known to speak evil of an enemy, unless that enemy had done some grievous injustice to another and he divided his income of only one thousand pounds, with the fallen and the afflicted" [H]

A little more than two years after the above note was written, Hallam wrote to Leigh Hunt "Allow me, Sir, to return you my sincere thanks for the copy of Shelley's *Masque of Anarchy* you have presented me through Mr Moxon I have read it with great interest both for the author's sake and the editor's

"While at Cambridge I partook largely in the enthusiasm which animated many of my contemporaries, and indeed formed us into a sort of sect in behalf of his character and genius

"I have since somewhat tempered that enthusiasm in so far as it extended to some of his peculiar opinions, [but] I have not ceased, and shall not, to regard him as one of the most remarkable men and greatest poets whom this country (rich though it be in such) has produced I happen to possess a memorial of Shelley to which I attach some value—a copy of Spinoza's *Ethics*, said to have belonged to him, and which probably did so, if I may judge from the pencil lines of approbation in the margin of several passages" (Dated November 13 [1832] and published in Nicoll and Wise's *Literary Anecdotes*, pp 21-27 and in L. A. Brewer's *My Leigh Hunt Library*, pp 193-195 The Spinoza has not survived among the few volumes from Arthur Hallam's library in the possession of Lady Lennard )

## II

Oh, ne'er did holy eremite  
 A charm more mast'ring frame,  
 Than this, whose pure and golden light  
 Shines on with constant aim

## III

Nina, the ring thy finger prest,  
 Now closely linked to mine,  
 Can calm to peace this throbbing breast,  
 And bid each thought be thine!

## IV

Let Siren pleasure idly sing,  
 And wreath her flowers in vain  
 Few, few can tell the joys that spring  
 From Memory's soothing pain

## V

No guilty wish, no coward fear,  
 May dare this breast to move  
 I moisten with affection's tear  
 The talisman of love!

*A Farewell to the South*

[Although it may have been somewhat re-touched up to its publication in 1830, where it appeared undated, this ambitious autobiographical poem was probably substantially completed by the end of June, 1828, after the return from Italy and Anna Wintour. What seems an earlier version appears in the Gaskell MS in an extract extending from l 24 through l 457. The poet explains (ll 433ff) that his great theme, the ennobling influence of woman upon man, "fitter from great Plato might be heard," or from "our English boast," Milton. Hallam's familiarity with Dante, however, supplied the interpretation of his love for Anna Wintour, as the central passage (ll 241-316) shows. The impulse which led a boy of seventeen thus to analyze his first love affair was purely romantic and Wordsworthian, though preceding Hallam's ardent admiration for Wordsworth by almost a year. The text here follows the edition of 1830 save that it is broken into ten divisions with headings supplied by the editor. The poem was suppressed by Henry Hallam and has not previously been reprinted.]

---

[Italy now only a memory ]

- And I have left thee, Italy! Thy bright  
 Blue heavens no longer colour all I see,  
 Robing thy vales with a peculiar light,  
 A reflex from lost Eden's purity  
 5 I cannot now look forth, and mark the stars  
 Raise themselves nightly columns in the sea  
 Of undulating glory Distance bars  
 Me from enjoyment of so dear a scene,  
 But I have felt its power, no shadow mars  
 10 The full, broad light of memory What hath been  
 Holds the blank gulf of time the like again  
 May come, and cast in shade all hours between  
 This long farewell, now wrung from mental pain,  
 And that sweet hailing of return'd delight  
 15 Fain would I hear, before I die, the strain  
 Of music o'er those waters, witching night  
 Into attentive silence, and beguiling,  
 It may be, sainted beings to alight  
 From their aerial track, and pause awhile in  
 20 Brief, but pure rapture o'er the things of earth

\* \* \*

[Sketch of Nina, Italy's most vivid memory ]

- And this is much but there exists a spell  
 Dearer than all, and of more mastering power  
 To me love's early breath embalms that spot  
 In an immortal fragrance in the bower  
 25 Of vine-wreathed Mergillina (fairest lot  
 For one so fair!) a precious floweret blooms,  
 Not known to many, but by none forgot

\* \* \*

- Beneath our clouded suns, our starless north,  
 She drew her infant breath, and soothing sounds  
 30 Of English voices lull'd her cradled rest  
 More summers came, and went and lo! she abounds  
 In virtue, as in loveliness how blest  
 The promise of her future years! and how  
 Is rapt in glorious hope her mother's breast!

ll 24-27] Gaskell MS has 'Within the bower/Of vine wreathed Mergillina blooms  
 a floweret/Not known,' etc

- 35 But trials came, and sorrows, and the blow  
 Of isolating death on those she loved,  
 Which made her lone of heart, yet could not bow  
 Her spirit, cheerful e'en when earliest proved,  
 And ever might in its gentleness!
- 40 Oh, when on fever's rack she lay, it moved  
 All hearts to see how Heaven had deign'd to bless  
 Her soul with firm-set patience e'en her foes,  
 For envying more, then could not pity less  
 Such were—and if amaze bewildered those,
- 45 Who breathe life's morning air, that ought so vile  
 Crawled on the slime of earth, gray Wisdom knows  
 A deeper lesson, and there were, whose smile  
 Was bitter, for they felt the palmyest tree  
 Is the first choice of lightning She the while
- 50 Heeded nor these, nor those, but pure and free,  
 Walked in the stillness of her spirit's joy  
 She did not love the world, yet would not be  
 An alien from its inmates no alloy  
 Of selfish feeling flecked her sunny stream
- 55 Of serene thought no woes, no wrongs destroy  
 Those inborn, catholic charities, which seem  
 Like seraph-watchers for a mortal's doom  
 Her sweetness made her social, still to beam  
 A vestal light amid surrounding gloom,
- 60 With few to comprehend, fewer whose hearts  
 Uttered high response, or who dared relume  
 Their waning ray of good, though Heaven imparts  
 The power, and points the way at such a shrine  
 Oft, too, with thrilling awe her parent starts
- 65 To think how lone the thread that maiden's fate would twine  
 Yet many were, who flattered, some who sued,  
 For God charactered goodness in the sign  
 Of beauty on her brow When Nina stood  
 The starlight of some festal eve—her eye

ll 40-49] See the Italian Sonnet, "On A Lady Suffering Severe Illness," in the Appendix.

l 41] Gaskell MS has 'all hearts to see how mercy's God had deigned bless'

l 48] Gaskell MS has 'felt that the palm tree'

l 57] Gaskell MS has 'Seraph carers'

l 62] Gaskell MS has 'where' for 'though'

l 66] Gaskell MS has 'Many there were'

l 67] Gaskell MS has 'For God had pencilled goodness'

- 70      Bright from its very dark—th' awakened blood  
 Mantling her youthful cheek—the forehead high  
         And clear, with softened majesty impress'd—  
         Those falling tresses erst of lighter dye,  
 Now deepening into raven—cold the breast,  
 75      And drowthy were the heart, that to its gaze  
         On these no homage joined! And oh! thou best  
         And rarest gift, beyond a Petrarch's praise,  
         Sovran Expression, who cans't make each glance  
         Grow to a tremulous splendor, like the rays  
 80      Of southern moonlight, when they mingle dance  
         On Mola's wave, or by the castled height  
         Of dark St Elmo! Yet a minute's trance  
         Was all the worldling's tribute his dim sight  
         Could ill discern the spirit through its veil,  
 85      Though delicate the folds, and texture light,  
         As the white haze, that wreathes an Alpine dale  
         Such was her doom Nor from it's native bank  
         Transplanted did that lordly blossom pale  
         It's amaranthine beauty, from the rank  
 90      Of Arno's lilies scorning not to borrow  
         A fresh and Tuscan charm Well might they thank  
         Her condescension, when their sounds of sorrow  
         Or ravishment, so songlike, deep, and clear,  
         Her English spirit uttered

[Meeting at Rome Love at sight ]

- "Would tomorrow,  
 95      Since that its light must sever from my ear  
         That intellectual music, might disown  
         Its name, might grant an endless Now and Here "  
         So my heart whispered, when the soft low tone  
         Of her angelic voice, her own dear flow  
 100      Of language first I heard Thou art alone  
         In my remembrance, thou bright hour though now  
         Many have past, thy peers, and some more bright,  
         Still must I worship thee in the first glow  
         Of sunrise, rather than the noonbeam's light,  
 105      The Persian hailed his God! Long had her name,  
         Of ancient sound, and simple, in which unite

1 80] Gaskell MS has 'when they float and dance'

1 106] Gaskell MS has 'antient'

- The Saxon's free, the Norman's knightly fame,  
 Been to my boyhood right familiar  
 Our fathers had been friends thus ere I came  
 110 To the scathed city, whose enduring star,  
 Yet hopes a third dominion, Fancy's glass  
 Imaged a thousand ways that maiden fair  
 At last I saw her and the cloudy mass  
 That long had dwarfed my soul—thoughts without aim,  
 115 Yet morbidly alive—hopes, fears, that pass  
 No right ordeal of reason—drew the flame  
 Electric from her spirit, and they sank  
 Abashed, to be but as the melting frame  
 Of yester-even's lay, which kept its rank  
 120 One moment in creation, then did die  
 With th' accidents that made it On that bank,  
 And shoal of time I stood, and fixed my eye,  
 As on a fresh, and demarcated world,  
 Upon th' expanse of future All things lie  
 125 In glory round the lover Fear is curled  
 Into itself, an evanescent mist,  
 And Hope's rich banners float around, unfurl'd  
 Into rare splendor—for love's breath has kist  
 Their buoyant draperies, and his sweet will,  
 130 Though long in slumber lapt, when manifest  
 Once in his heritage, man's mind, doth still  
 Each froward emotion, holding none in fee,  
 But such as, prompt dependents, may fulfil  
 His glorious hests, and in his being be  
 135 Mark, how the moon, and yon phosphoric orbs  
 To tell their Maker's glory are not free,  
 While the day lasts, whose garish blaze absorbs,  
 As a thick veil, their beams but when the light,  
 To them a darkness, passes, what disturbs  
 140 Their mighty workings<sup>p</sup> Forth comes th' infinite  
 In silent burst of beauty and while we stay  
 Our spirits on those mysteries, of night  
 So deem we, as a grander, better day  
 Like is the charm by early love entwined  
 145 Long stirs he not, nor lets the sprightly play  
 Of boyish fancy but when mind to mind

1 109] Henry Wintour and Henry Hallam were contemporaries at Christ Church, Oxford.

- Sounds in harmonious key-note, and both send  
 A resonance back to the wild-cadenced wind,  
 That sweeps all nature's chords, then to ascend  
 150 His throne he cares, and claim allegiance true  
 I knew not that I loved I called her friend,  
 And if at times reflection bade me view  
 How frail with one so beauteous, and so young  
 Were friendship's bonds, too vivid was the hue  
 155 Of that sweet vision, that around me hung,  
 For me to seek another guiding star  
 By her I shaped my course, and still among  
 Troubles, and emulations, and the jar  
 Of the heart's chords, strained by the busy press  
 160 Of trivialities, I fixed on her  
 My steadfast gaze, as pilot in distress  
 Eyes with delight the lodestar, strong to save,  
 And yet he hopes not, dreams not to possess,  
 So that affection's plant might grow, and wave  
 165 Its vigorous branches, though the stream of hope  
 No fond assistance to its nurture gave  
 I lived but in the present, dared not ope  
 The sombre gate of contemplation's dome,  
 Where with dim shapes of what is future cope  
 170 Our most unequal spirits, when they roam  
 In search of truth, far oftener sought than found  
 Oh, while I gazed on thee, majestic Rome,  
 Her hand in mine, and tranced within the sound  
 That fell like richest music on mine ear,  
 175 And thrills within me yet, or while around  
 The sacred hills of Latium, far and near,  
 We urged our steeds together, in my breast  
 Nor definite hope, nor separation's fear  
 Had place thus much I knew—that hour was blest,  
 180 And what had I to do with future days?

[A sunset warns of separation ]

Yet once, I do remember me, yon West  
 No glory wore of promise, and the blaze  
 Of day behind Mont Mario's cypress crown  
 Expiring left no twilight—on my gaze

1 153] Gaskell MS has 'so beautiful and young'

1 155] Gaskell MS has 'which around me clung'

- 185 Night at once rising to demand her own—  
       Then was I pensive, for my reason spoke  
       “Thus may the day-star of thy joy go down  
       Into the night of absence, thus dull smoke  
       Grossly involve the fire within thy heart  
 190 But oh, how worse thy lot! Thro’ dunnest cloak  
       Of cloud-wrapt air some errant star may dart  
       Consoling light, and rosy streaks anon  
       In Orient play the joyous herald’s part  
       But thou! when she, who changed thy soul is gone,  
 195 What second morn shall call thee to rejoice?”  
       Dread thoughts, the growth of solitude! While shone  
       Her presence on me, in her look and voice  
       I had my being, e’en the very air  
       Murmured delight, as honoured by her choice,  
 200 And all she gazed on seemed to grow more fair,  
       Well might I tremble with exceeding bliss!  
       Converse most dear, most holy! None can share  
       With me the thoughts thou gavest, like the kiss  
       Of Julie thrilling thro’ my every vein,  
 205 But of far purer essence it was this  
       That quite subdued me, for another’s pain  
       So gently flowed her sorrow, and for worth  
       Her admiration, as the heavenly rain  
       Spontaneous, which on April eve the birth  
 210 Of verdure blesses Could I cease to admire  
       The wit that mocked not in its feeling mirth?  
       Could I but owe ye fealty, bright choir  
       Of fancy’s cherubim, whose untired wings  
       Circle around her spirit, and aspire,  
 215 (For earth was ne’er your portion) toward the springs  
       That flow perennial round the throne of God!

[Essential poesy, interpreter of Truth ]

- Powers of essential poesy! though strings  
       Of earthly lyre n’er vibrate at your nod,  
       Tho’ no material page burn with the life  
 220 Of your creations, none the less your rod  
       Of strong enchantment round our inward strife  
       Can trace a tyrant circle, and with you  
       Beauty oft arms her smile Man’s soul is rife  
       With deep sensations of the fair and true,



- 225 Which brood o'er silence, but one hour may wake  
 Their energies—one minute—bidding new  
 Worlds of undreamt existence prisoner take  
 Th' enmarvailed sense, and change our being's mode  
 Oh moment, lord of utterance! when break
- 230 In twain the bonds of custom, which abode  
 Too long, like frost-drops, on th' ethereal mind,  
 Numbing its spring elastic Clear the road  
 Seemeth at once to wisdom, which to find  
 Of late was perilous toil Afar the hill
- 235 Of vision crowns our prospect unconfined,  
 Not hinders Glory-smitten mount! which still  
 Th' elect of Genius yearn for, hoping there  
 To see in power, what they have seen in will  
 Already, Truth's heav'n-bounded main, which ne'er
- 240 Imaged a shadow in its limpid wave

[Beatrice, incarnate poetry, Dante's visible muse ]

- And how comes such a moment? DANTE, heir  
 Of a world's wonder, whom the Almighty gave  
 To be an earnest of His power to erect  
 Our souls above themselves (so as to leave
- 245 No depth of Love, no height of intellect  
 Unknown, unmaster'd) in the timeless life  
 Hereafter, thou, whose natural gaze, tho' checkt  
 By earthly dross, discern'd an hieroglyph  
 Of all thou enjoyest now, say then, whose lore
- 250 Schooled thee to early wisdom? Who 'mid strife  
 Of spiritual tempests bade thee moor  
 Fast by Urania's isle thy peaceful bark?  
 Thine answer needs not search While I adore  
 Thy sacred footsteps, following far, and mark
- 255 Rev'rent each track of light they leave behind,  
 Clear shines one name, one Tuscan name, and hark!  
 E'en now her fancied voice visits my mind  
 With joy "I was his life's controuling star,  
 When life was new, so were his thoughts refined
- 260 To purest aims, so glory from the far  
 Posterior times prophetically flash'd  
 O'er his dark-heaving spirit On the car

- Of destiny up sprang he, nothing dash'd  
 By flood, or steep, or ambient vapours dim,  
 265 But onward kept rejoicing for the past  
 Seem'd ever as the future's pledge to him,  
 And love, a bow of promise, heralding  
 Of everlasting day the unclouded beam  
 Brief was my sojourn here, yet such, that sin  
 270 Shrunk from that boy, as baffled, who adored  
 Me as a better nature nor within  
 Left I a blank, but with blest tones empower'd  
 His soul—blest tones of unexpressive song!  
 This was his talisman by this he soar'd  
 275 On pinion, fancy-plum'd, above the throng  
 Of dull maligners, what it was to fear  
 Unknowing but to thirst for truth, to long  
 For all that passes not away, to bear  
 The spurns of men, this knew he, this from me  
 280 He learnt, while yet my light form flutter'd near,  
 His visible muse, incarnate poesy!  
 Nor when translated hence, by blessed change  
 Virtue, and beauty increasing, did I free  
 His manhood from my sway albeit to range  
 285 Trackless and gudeless led ere he was 'ware  
 To anguish, for he trod a pathway strange,  
 Following false shews of good, which promise fair,  
 Then mock thou lovers Then he turn'd, a child  
 Once more in soul, and wept the sinner's tear,  
 290 To which each heavenly harp in notes more wild  
 Of jubilee responds judge if that hour  
 Its might was felt, if Beatrice smiled,  
 Brightening her brightness Instant in the power  
 Of his own spirit I, an agency,  
 295 And gracebeam from above, sat throned, a tower  
 Raising, art-proof, of refuge, whence his free  
 Reason might gaze on glory That day broke  
 From his loosed lips a flood of melody,  
 Startling the nations Vain henceforth the stroke  
 300 Of sorrow, vain the flattering breeze of mirth,  
 To turn him from his purpose DANTE spoke,  
 And saw, and had his being, not as Earth  
 Grants to her children fusing outward things  
 In his ideal, and to second birth

- 305 Transfiguring each ancient truth, that springs  
 Prime in the heart of man, but palsied soon  
 By the world's freezing night-air, like the wings  
 Of Psyche, droopeth, until genius' boon  
 Revive it into pristine comeliness
- 310 Not without me, and to no mortal tune,  
 Be sue, he sung that everduring stress  
 Beyond the inscribed gate, not without me  
 Haunted his inward eye the loveliness  
 Of that lost damsel, shame to Rimini,
- 315 Nor Farnata from his fiery bed  
 Half-risen, to catch the voice from Tuscany!"

[Love's power not confined to Genius, but able to chasten  
 all men for Heaven ]

- Oh, pardon me, bright Seraph, that I wed  
 Verse all too weak to so divine a tale  
 For not, thou know'st, by fond presumption led,
- 320 I give to th' ocean breeze my little sail  
 But the deep consciousness that truth abides  
 In this my song of thee forbade to quail  
 In mine endeavour Genius then resides  
 Best in the soul when dedicate to Love
- 325 Doctrine sublime, and 'stablish'd! Next where glides  
 The brook, not foams the torrent, let us rove  
 Blind were the man, who deem'd that beauty's feeling  
 Ennobles none, save the rare spirits, that move  
 Harmonious numbers, gifted for revealing
- 330 What to the heart is old, to th' utterance new  
 Many there be, whom not the white clouds stealing  
 With choral emotion o'er th' abysmal blue  
 Of night nor sweetest voice impassioning  
 The swell of music nor such pencil's true
- 335 Expression, fixing beauty, as within  
 Valdarno, or fair Venice, we behold,  
 Smit with delight nor these, nor ought can move  
 To reverence, in so inert a mould  
 Their character is fashion'd still, as flowers,
- 340 Which eve had closed, to the fresh morn unfold  
 Their petals, conscious of the breezy hours,  
 So shall they open out, those barren hearts,  
 Beneath the glance of love nor want all powers

- Of fancy then, nor finer sense, that starts  
 345 Back from the mean, and selfish they discern  
 Blest in their sphere, a twilight glimpse of parts  
 Beyond their reach, light-giving hills, which burn  
 For others in full radiance and to them  
 Vouchsafe reflected heat They love, and earn  
 350 In loving a more peerless, perfect gem,  
 Than all the mines of intellect can match  
 Thus, tho' ungifted, may no mind contemn  
 The great magician of the soul, but each  
 Must yield, when on him falls the choice of bliss  
 355 Is this then all? How many breathe, who reach  
 No glade, which Aganippe's waters kiss,  
 Nor seek to song, nor hear that warning cry  
 Of Genius, sounding up thro' Thought's abyss  
 In all times, and all places, yet their eye  
 360 Is not to beauty dull, nor lack they right  
 Discernment of another's lore, nor high  
 Discursive powers of reason theirs to write,  
 As ready writers theirs no heartless gaze  
 On Nature's pomp th' auroral burst of light,  
 365 The vesper calm, the echoing sylvan maze,  
 Yield them a tranquil pleasure so they twine  
 Trim wreaths of knowledge round their brow, but raise  
 No landmarks, own no faculty divine  
 T' impress their thoughts upon the face of things  
 370 And shape a nation's spirit Shall a line  
 Be traced for these all desert? Shall the springs  
 Of tenderness, prison'd in frost, not move  
 Those intermediate souls? Nay, dearest sings  
 To them the minstrel, who doth sing of love  
 375 And most to them the choral hours are dear,  
 Which wing the boy-god's car, beneath, above,  
 Around disporting, beckoning him to wear  
 Their proffer'd garlands, which with Iris hues  
 Vary the brightness of his golden hair  
 380 Oh, none so blest as these, when Love doth chuse  
 To sojourn in their bosoms! 'Tis a stay  
 For thought, a rock whereon to lean, and muse

1 357] I suspect a printer's error in the 1830 text Perhaps the line should read,  
 'Or seek no song'

ll 369-370] See Hallam's "Timbuctoo," ll 14-15

- On excellence a shield, lest they should prey  
 On moodiness, or murmur, that the force  
 385 Plastic and self-sufficing doth not sway  
 In them, and over them To an easier course  
 They gird themselves, and to the heart's affection  
 Subject each mental power And oh! how worse  
 Were freedom from such bondage! Strange connection  
 390 Links one to one each passionate aspiration  
 For the prime good, idol of all reflection  
 So that, how different soe'er the station  
 On which they light, or various be the vest  
 They fling around them, still in combination  
 395 Righteous and true, to the one end, and rest  
 Of their endeavours they press on, as when  
 Two sisters, whom diversely God hath blest  
 In talents and in taste, yet travelling  
 Toward some high point of duty, each to each  
 400 Yields up some wish, or fancy, till the ken  
 Of one, is as the other's, and they reach  
 A unity of soul, which saints in glory praise  
 Like is that wordless interchange of speech,  
 Which, when one pure and eloquent feeling sways  
 405 With confest lordship, rapidly doth pass  
 'Twixt other noble emotions, so as to raise  
 Generous heat of rivalry A glass  
 Is love, in which bright honour, candid faith,  
 And reverence, and that sublime distress  
 410 For liberty, which through all time much breath  
 Has stilled in envied silence, shall acquire  
 The knowledge of new graces, and their wreath  
 Of Eden flowers, whose odours to respire  
 Doubles existence, with one virgin rose  
 415 Learn to make perfect Thou, too, tho' far higher  
 Be thy demeanour, who, mid clouds, and snows,  
 And the swift-rocking whirlwind, keep'st unshorn  
 Thy brightness, star of permanent repose,  
 E'en thou, religious Hope, dost sometime turn  
 420 Hitherward, and on that crystalline mirror  
 Feed'st thy pure eyes awhile! Oh, were I born  
 Beneath a loftier star, no natural terror  
 Should bar me from th' essayed development  
 Of this high mystery, which rarely a hearer

- 425 Can find below That Woman's Love was sent  
 To heal man's tainted heart, and chasten him for Heaven  
 But as I am, my visual power doth faint,  
 Cheating my will intense Not as the Seven  
 Watch lower angels Not as Jove's own bird  
 430 Do all his plumed companions dare the levin  
 With glance unquenched, unwearied Nor the word  
 May from my lips gain worthy utterance,  
 Which fither from great Plato might be heard,  
 Or him, our English boast, who in defense  
 435 Of liberty, laid down the joy of light,  
 Cheerful, though agonizing Still the sense  
 Of what is most within me, strives despite  
 Of weakness, and from that high Truth one beam  
 Errant within my grasp I'll catch, its light  
 440 And dancing motes condensing Ye who deem  
 That for mere wildness of imagining,  
 I thus have wandered from my darling theme,  
 List how I answer —

[Heaven's Truth revealed in sudden love for Nina]

- 'Twas an eve of Spring,  
 And the quaint Triton curled his frolic water  
 445 In odorous thraldom to a zephyr's wing  
 Near that cool influence we stood I brought her  
 To the proud palace, where th'aspiring Dane  
 Outsculptures him of Venice, and th'Avatar  
 Of the chaste muse is visible once again,  
 450 Who at his call deserts her starry clime—  
 Oh condescension!—and rebukes the vain  
 Sceptic, who standeth by the olden time  
 As in that hall we wandered, one low vase  
 Fixed her attention with its calm sublime  
 455 Our Lord was blessing there the infant race  
 I turned me to her smile—a smile so holy,  
 That Heaven appeared to triumph in her face!

I 444] The Triton fountain in the Piazza Barberini at Rome [H]

I 448] By "him of Venice," I mean Canova, by "the aspiring Dane," the justly celebrated Thorwaldsen, whose recent works will fully bear me out in the decided preference here assigned to him [H]

I 457] "Si lieta, Ch' Iddio pareo nel volto suo gioire"—Dante [H] See also Hallam's "Timbuctoo," l. 190, and Tennyson's "In Memoriam," 87, ix, 4

My soul was moved within me like the Moly,  
 Of which the Muses' earliest nursling tells  
 460 Deep truths of fabulous seeming, was that lowly  
 Spirit to me, a world of earthly spells  
 Dissolving by one glance My thoughts were gone  
 From present times and things, and dwelt 'mid wells  
 Of living water, and the spherul tone  
 465 Of music, where those little children have  
 Their high reward, of spotless hopes the crown  
 I took no impress of sensation, save  
 One which was ever present, and that look  
 Recalled me not to earth, but semblance gave  
 470 Of Truth to dreams of Heaven How sweet to brook  
 No more the wrongs of circumstance, and be  
 Where all that brightens most this fleshly nook  
 Mingles, not merges, in a shoreless sea  
 Of omnipresent joy! Where none withstand  
 475 The Right's magnificent ascendancy!  
 Where evil dies from memory, and God's hand  
 That human sisterhood of sorrow and love  
 Putteth asunder Oh thou pleasant land,  
 That I were in thee with the souls I love!  
 480 The glory of the look of her devotion,  
 Likest those matchless Sibyls', which approve  
 Rafael, the prince of limners, such emotion  
 Kindled within my bosom, and I knew  
 A power, upraising thought, as winds the ocean,  
 485 Within me, but not of me for it grew  
 Unto my spirit, striking root, as moved  
 By some supernal influence, breathing through  
 The medium of the being that I loved!

[The experience teaches Woman's special nature ]

This is no dark enigma Lives the man,  
 490 To whom this spirit-stirring world has proved  
 So dead, so reft of mystery, that to scan  
 The footsteps of the Holy One, when he  
 Draws nigh unto the soul were from the span  
 Of his warp'd Reason alien? If there be  
 495 Who, in the pride of intellect, rejoice,  
 Closing their eyes, to cry, "The Majesty

[ 481] Those in the Santa Maria della Pace at Rome [H ]

- Of Light is not!" I ask not here their voice  
 Approving, nor would ought abate their scorn  
 But shew me him, who makes an early choice  
 500 Amid the shrines of sages, and the morn  
 From Zion's hill uprising dares salute  
 With rev'rent brow in youth then onward borne  
 By earnestness of heart, which ne'er is mute  
 Within his sealed bosom, hurls the dust  
 505 Back into nothingness, which falsehood's foot  
 Raises to blind nor yet his lofty trust  
 Deems he performed, but on, and on contending,  
 Enrobes his spirit, like an ocean husht,  
 In all the calm of power, nor ever bending  
 510 To any one feeling's sway, yet knows them all,  
 And prizes all, that have their birth, and end in  
 Pureness—of each the sovran, not the thrall!  
 If such there be, to him I make appeal  
 In awe, and with much trembling At the fall  
 515 Of Alpine's twilight marked he e'er the seal  
 Of sunset resting on the virgin snows  
 O'er many a range, where Haymen wild can steal  
 No moment's pause from peril, and where browse  
 Ibex, and Chamois in their lordliness?  
 520 Taught not that scene a lesson meet to rouse  
 His musing spirit? For if Light, in dress  
 Of heavenliest hue attired, so veil his power  
 In goodness, that his visiting seems to bless  
 Scarce more than it is blessed, and a shower  
 525 Of beauty-tints gems every glacier, blent  
 With that celestial, but distinct—a dower  
 From earth to yon embracing firmament—  
 How much the rather must that bodiless ray  
 Of spiritual radiance, downward sent  
 530 From its own home of unapproached day  
 By HIM, whose name is LOVE, win to the soul  
 With a more suasive influence, should its way  
 Through Woman's heart be taken! There the coal  
 Of seraph touch, empyrean, burns to make  
 535 An altar to the Lord Is then the whole  
 Less perfect for that first a part we take  
 Surely, then climb with graduated care?  
 Or is not Woman worthy to awake



- Our primal thoughts of innocence, and share  
 540 With us that wisdom—she, whom ne’er estrange  
 The turmoil, and the war-cry from the glare  
 Of hot Rule dwelling far but sightlier range  
 Of meditation pleaseth, in the shrine  
 Not made with hands (which never chance nor change  
 545 May harm) her inward reason, communing  
 With Faith, and Hope, and godliest Charity!  
 Pause, scorner, ere thou mock’st The bosom-sin  
 That wrought thy fall, can never memory  
 So darken, intellect so strain from right,  
 550 That the far days, when at thy mother’s knee,  
 Thy hands were clasp’d for worship, and her bright  
 Aspect of joy parental seemed a symbol  
 Of Heaven to thee, should never in the night  
 Before thee stand, and bid thy changed heart tremble  
 555 And what if transient be th’ awakened fear,  
 The half repentant shudder? All resemble  
 Thee not, poor lost one, and the Just’s career  
 Keeps the fair path, whence thou hast been beguiled  
 There be, who with a sweet remembering tear  
 560 Think on those childish hours and oh, how mild  
 Their eyes are, when they speak of woman’s spirit,  
 Knowing its tempering rare, and what a shield  
 Of exquisite creation we inherit  
 In her, who gives and shares and glads our life!  
 565 But the proud heart will battle “Can she merit  
 This reverence,” such may say, “whom still we see in  
 Full many a sprightly mood scatt’ring away  
 Hour after hour, all thought’s deep travail fleeing?”  
 Go, read my answer in the lightsome play  
 570 Of the green leaves around the holm-oak’s might  
 Dance they, and sport they joyous is their way  
 Of life, while yet the breezes fling the light  
 Of sunbeams to and fro but when the storm  
 Heaves in the east, and the lone huntsman’s sight  
 575 Dust-whirling clouds perplex, oh then the form  
 Of that majestic tree, her foliage  
 Shrouding around her, stands alone, no harm  
 Dreading, whate’er that ominous gale presage  
 Oh void of veneration! Men are pale

- 580 With striving after knowledge Noble rage!  
 Is truth the nearer for it? Is the veil  
 Rent, which on man's heart lay in double folds,  
 Hiding the things of spirit? Is he frail  
 No longer in the hour of need, nor holds  
 585 Vanity dear, nor owns the bitter pride  
 Which in self-adoration's mail infolds  
 His slavish will? If these things be, ye side  
 Indeed with right, and glorious are the days  
 That waft this generation down the tide  
 590 Of time, glorious beyond compare or praise!  
 But if a sadder, soberer tale demand  
 Assent, if still amid this spreading blaze  
 Of manifold improvement, which the land  
 Rings with from coast to coast, no moral power  
 595 Accedes to th' human mind, and still the hand  
 Of vice lies heavy on us, as before,  
 Perchance e'en heavier, wherefore do I err  
 In that I stoop to rise, and deem the lore,  
 Which profiteth to strength, may best from her  
 600 Be learnt, who draws each breath in purity—  
 That inmost valour, that bright character  
 Of Godhead, stamped on woman's soul—that we,  
 Whose paths are in the perilous mist, may take  
 Its impress, and be safe? So oft we see  
 605 Heaven's air-drawn bow create a parallel streak  
 Of colours like its own, and from the murk  
 A double triumph win nor though clouds break  
 That mimic coronal, is th' original work  
 Less certain, or the parent light less clear?

[The Idea of Nina invoked as the spirit's wife, is identified  
 with poesy, heritress of Love, and consoles the  
 lover in his separation ]

- 610 Return we from that lofty mood Thoughts lurk  
 Within this breast, intense and dead, but here  
 I will not touch a string, whose tone must harrow  
 Soft breathe the lay, and gently flow the tear,  
 Which now to thee in proud and holy sorrow,  
 615 I dedicate within Urania's fane  
 To thee most cherished ever, tho' the morrow

- Join with the day to wreak me constant bane  
 Tho' with stern circumstance I make my lair  
 In the wild regions of unrest, yet vain  
 620 Shall be his wrathful cunning, for I bear  
 A charmed life, and memory's tutelary saint  
 Averts the poisoned chalice of despair  
 I speak not this, as arrogant so blent  
 With th' excellence of her Idea is all  
 625 Of virtuous, and of true, that nobler bent  
 Were none unto my soul, save Heav'n and shall  
 The highest bereave me of his perfect gift  
 Which unifies all thoughts, high, low, great, small,  
 Into one deep resolve, which were it reft,  
 630 Chaos were come again! I have an oath,  
 Graven in the heart, that I will never drift  
 Before the varying gale in aimless sloth  
 Of purpose, like a battered wreck but firm  
 Intendment on the base of my young troth,  
 635 My winter's tale, my Tuscan feelings warm,  
 Shall rear the fabric of a thinking life  
 Thou art absent but the visionary form  
 Of thy sweet character, my spirit's wife,  
 Dwells in me ever, perfect exemplar  
 640 Of emulation, and kind home of grief  
 There grows my ardent gaze, as if the far  
 Heav'ns had been lowered, and from their near concave  
 Pointed to earth full many a novel star  
 So from thine imaged aspect I can have  
 645 Delight and vantage, though far hence is seen  
 Thy corporal presence, whether that famed cave  
 Of Pausilippo, or the bosky scene  
 Rising from out Astrone, now delays thee,  
 Or Pesto's columned waste Ah me! to wean  
 650 My soul, long fed with dulcet smiles, to raze the  
 Constant enchantment of mine eyes from out  
 Love's precious book, how low did this abase me  
 When first we parted! Love a second root  
 Struck in my nature, I was his by joy,  
 655 And now by anguish, tyrannous, tho' mute,  
 I grew a twofold slave So thoughts destroy  
 Thoughts, and the present battling with the past  
 Spurns at the days to come, since none t' o'erjoy  
 Our spirits so may hope, as those which glass'd

- 660 Entire affection in their lineaments,  
 And none can make us so in sorrow fast,  
 As those which stole from our amazed sense  
 The sweet companionship of her we love  
 Bear witness, musical Venice (my laments  
 665 Were not to thee unknown!) bear witness, grove  
 Of dark Tyrol! in which I sat apart,  
 Like a worn exile, who perforce must rove  
 Where none can meet the fulness of his heart  
 With friendship's dear return have I not sought  
 670 To imbue me with your beauty, and impart  
 Imaginative strength to this o'erwrought  
 And weary soul? So dark might usher day,  
 And the tried mind with joy prospective fraught,  
 Spring, like a storm-flash on her forward way  
 675 Words are but mockery, when we look within  
 On thought's quick drama A calmly stern array  
 Of spirit-agents, and a gathering,  
 As of clouds trooping to the thunder's shout,  
 Then such collision, as when mountains fling  
 680 Their central fire aloft, strugglings and rout,  
 Which uproar all our being's harmony,  
 And yoke our very consciousness to doubt  
 Who smiles on such a scene? Yes, poesy!  
 E'en there thy beacon burns, thine accents cheer,  
 685 Still with new hope new sufferers turn to thee  
 Hail, heritress of love! who didst adhere,  
 When his surcease of rapture left me blank,  
 And obvious to all torment thou wert near,  
 Thou in thy glorious presence, when so rank  
 690 I deemed th' o'erspreading tares, that no things sweet  
 Would be their conquerors ever thee I thank,  
 Thee first, thee last, for that this noble feat  
 Of consolation is thy handywork

*To Malek*

[This sonnet, addressed to Francis Hastings Doyle, friend of Eton days, whose contributions to the *Eton Miscellany* appeared under the pseudonym of Malek, was first printed in 1830, dated June, 1828. It has been reprinted in 1834 and all subsequent editions. Doyle's wife was a sister of Hallam's friend, J. M. Gaskell, and his son was named Arthur, after Hallam's death.]

---

Malek, the counsel of thine amity  
 I slight not, kindly tendered, but rejoice  
 To hear or praise or censure from thy voice  
 Both for thy sake, and hers, whose spirit in thee  
 Indwelleth ever, starlike Poesy!  
 Woe, if I pass the temple of her choice  
 With reckless step, or th' unexpressive joys  
 Disdain of Fancy, pure to song, and free!  
 Yet deem not thou thy friend of early days  
 So lost to high emprise trust me, his soul  
 Sleeps not the dreamless sleep, which thou art fearing  
 No! still on lights the love of noble praise  
 His pilgrim bark, like a clear star appearing  
 And oh, how bright that beam, where storm-waves roll!

1 5] 'poesy' in 1830 and 1834

*To—[Anna Wintour]*

[Printed only in 1830, under the date of July, 1828, the sonnet reflects Hallam's continuing feeling for Miss Wintour, left behind in Italy]

---

Oh, deem not, lady, this poor heart of mould  
 So ingrate hath been framed, that oft with thee  
 I wander not in fancy's maze, nor see  
 Nightly full many a scene we loved of old  
 Still rises on mine eye the sunset's gold  
 Flaming o'er Ischia's peak still the near sea  
 Embalmeth every sound in harmony,  
 As on that eve of glories manifold  
 These are memorials nought can e'er erase,  
 While to thy friendship seeks each pensive mood  
 How blest, if in return one wish might wake  
 For me, or mine, while by Geneva's lake  
 Reclined, thou gazest on its silent face,  
 Fit type of thee, the gentle, and the good!

*The Highland Girl's Lament in Italy*

[This early dramatic monologue was printed only in 1830 under date of July, 1828. The subject quite possibly was suggested by a servant of the Robertson Glasgow family, perhaps the nursemaid alluded to in the sixth "Meditative Fragment." The poem, with stanzas numbered and some final accents marked, is in the Heath MS, ff 216-17.]

---

They have ta'en me far from bonny Scotland,  
 But my heart it canna flee,  
 And far bide my thoughts fra' this foreign land,  
 Wi' the hills o' my ain countrie

Though the sun and the stars do jubilee keep  
 O'er these vales of Italie,  
 How dearer to me are the mists that sleep  
 On the crags o' my ain countrie!

For the blithest sun can send nae light  
 To the spirit's inward ee,  
 And Sorrow can find in the fairest night  
 Mair food for its agone!

All around are gay, and I sae drear,  
 That I shrink frae their companie,  
 There'll never be peace in this bosom here  
 Till I'm hame in my ain countrie

Tell me not 'mid pictures rare to range,  
 Or marvellous domes to see,  
 For I wouldna take a world in change  
 For ae nook in my ain countrie

'Tis a stranger race wi' whom I wend,  
 That ne'er knew my mither or me,  
 But were I at hame I should find a friend  
 In each brae of my ain countrie

Oh, then turn not awa', ye festive throng  
 Nor jeer at my minstrelsie  
 For this heart maun break if I dinna gang  
 Full soon to my ain countrie

l 5] Heath MS has 'Tho'

l 7] Heath MS has 'Far dearer'

l 10] Heath MS has e'e'

l 11] 1830 has 'sorrow'

l 20] Heath MS has 'ane nook'

ll 26, 27] Heath MS punctuation here followed rather than 1830

### *Lines*

[These stanzas and the translation from Tieck (see Appendix) are lacking in those surviving copies of the *Poems* of 1830 which are of 168 instead of 174 pages. This poem, undated in 1830, seems to belong in mood to the

period of discouragement following Hallam's arrival at Cambridge in October, 1828 It has never been reprinted ]

---

## I

Oh misery! to know  
A feeling is so sweet,  
Yet never feel it, never  
As Moses could not go  
To that elected seat,  
For which he yearned ever!

## II

Half in a craving want,  
And half in blank content,  
I hold my life of mind  
An intellective thing  
I seem, of inward spring  
Devoid, a coreless rind

## III

Reverence, and Faith, oh where  
Fleet ye, ye morning stars?  
Bring back your inward cheer,  
Bless me for holy wars!

## IV

Dreamed I not once I might  
Bare vigorous limbs for fight  
In Truth's slow-climbing cause?  
That in ideal power  
My soul might live each hour,  
Having no need of laws?

## V

In vacancy's dim cell  
My thoughts at Passion's spell  
Oh let not closed be!  
Infuse me with deep love  
The stairs that lead above  
Are paved with charity





1829



[*A Confession and a Prayer*]

(Meditative Fragments III)

[These lines, undated, were printed in 1830 as the third of six poems entitled "Meditative Fragments in Blank Verse" The whole series was reprinted in 1834, when Henry Hallam added the date, 1829, and has been so reprinted in all subsequent editions save that of Boston, 1863, which misprints 1820 for 1829 With the exception of the third and fourth fragments, which are closely related in subject-matter, the poems are distinct, and as they do not form a sequence, they are in this edition considered separate poems

The third fragment is here supposed to have been written toward the end of February or in March, 1829, inasmuch as it corresponds very closely to the painful sense of sin and perversity of will which marks letters of those months, and which is poignantly expressed in the "Lines Written in Great Depression of Mind," dated by Hallam himself in 1830 as of March, 1829 It should be read in connection with the calmer fourth fragment, probably written at Malvern in September, 1829, and printed hereafter under the title, "On Free Submission to God's Will"]

---

5      Deep firmament, which art a voice of God,  
Speak in thy mystic accents, speak yet once  
For thou *hast* spoken, and in such clear tone,  
That still the sweetness murmurs through my soul  
5      Speak once again with ardent orisons  
Oft have I worshipped thee, and still I bow,  
With reverence, and a feeling, like to hope,  
Tho' something worn in th' heart, by which we pray  
10      Oh, since I last beheld thee in thy pomp  
Right o'er the Siren city of the south,  
Rude grief and harsher sin have dealt on me  
The malice of their terrible impulses,  
And in a withering dream my soul has lived  
15      Far from the love that lieth on thy front,  
As native there, far from the poesies  
Which are the effluence of thy holy calm  
Thou too art changed, and that perennial light  
Which there a limitless dominion held,  
In fitful breaks doth shoot along yon mist,  
20      And trembles at its own dissimilar pureness  
Yet is thy bondage beautiful the clouds  
Drink beauty from the spirit of thy forms,  
Yea, from the sacred orbits borrow grace  
To modulate their wayward phantasies

- 25 But they are trifles in thyself alone,  
 And the suffusion of thy starry light  
 Firmly abide in their concordant joy,  
 Beauty, and music, and primeval love  
 And thence may man learn an imperial truth,  
 30 That duty is the being of the soul,  
 And in that form alone can freedom move  
 Such is your mighty language, lights of heaven  
 Oh, thrill me with its plenitude of sound,  
 Make me to feel, not to talk of, sovrantry,  
 35 And harmonize my spirit with my God!

*Lines Written in Great Depression of Mind*

[Printed only in 1830 with the date of March, 1829]

---

I have lived little on this earth of sorrow,  
 Few are the roses I have watched in blooming,  
 Yet would I die!

Visions of beauty are, which never reached me,  
 Hills, which my mind's eye straineth to behold now,  
 Yet would I die!

Intimate feelings, presences of grandeur,  
 Thrills of sweet love for God and man await me,  
 Yet would I die!

I have known such, and deemed they made my being,  
 Now their place knows them not in my heart's chambers  
 Oh let me die!

Evil bides in me, evil bides around me  
 More is this torture than the bliss of old days  
 Oh let me die!

I should mistrust a rush of new enjoyment  
 Beauty will aye be other than it has been  
 Oh let me die!

[*Sonnet to A M W*]

[This appears in the Gaskell MS with the above title and the date of April, 1829 Hallam printed it without title but with the date, in 1830 It was reprinted in 1834 and all subsequent editions ]

---

Oh blessing and delight of my young heart,  
 Maiden, who was so lovely and so pure,  
 I know not in what region now thou art,  
 Or whom thy gentle eyes in joy assure  
 Not the old hills on which we gazed together,  
 Not the old faces which we both did love,  
 Not the old books, whence knowledge we did gather,  
 Not these, but others now thy fancies move  
 I would I knew thy present hopes and fears,  
 All thy companions, with their pleasant talk,  
 And the clear aspect which thy dwelling wears  
 So, though in body absent, I might walk  
 With thee in thought and feeling, till thy mood  
 Did sanctify mine own to peerless good

*A Meeting and a Farewell*

(Meditative Fragments I)

[This poem is reprinted from the edition of 1830, where it was the first of the six undated "Meditative Fragments in Blank Verse" It is in the Gaskell MS dated April, 1829, and titled as above The poem has always been accepted as addressed to Gladstone, thanks to Mrs Brookfield's account in *The Cambridge 'Apostles'* (New York, 1906, p 124) "It is curious," she writes, speaking of the Eton days, "to picture these young giants on an occasion when the youthful Gladstone was engaged at the study fire preparing a savoury meal for their common delectation, and Hallam was engaged in composing a sonnet to the schoolboy cook, addressed to 'My Bosom Friend' (These lines he subsequently polished and published)" Gladstone's only evidence is curiously ambiguous "No name is given," he writes, "but internal evidence admits of an identification beyond all reasonable doubt" (Cf "Personal Recollections of Arthur H Hallam," *Daily Telegraph*, London, Jan 5, 1898, *The Youth's Companion*, Boston, Jan 6, 1898, reissued as *Arthur Henry Hallam*, Companion Classics No 1, Boston, 1898 )

But of course the friend with whom Hallam had so romantically "stood by Arno, talking of the maid we loved," was J M Gaskell and not W E Gladstone, to whom Hallam had written in September, 1829, to lament that they had not seen each other for two years, which falls before the

Italian trip The poem celebrates, as its title states, a meeting between Hallam and Gaskell, the first since Italy, at a time when Gaskell was about to enter Oxford and it appeared the friends might not meet again for some time This fear was not realized, however, as Hallam visited Gaskell at Thornes House, in Yorkshire, at the end of his northern trip in August, 1829 ]

- 
- My bosom-friend, 'tis long since we have looked  
 Upon each other's face, and God may will'  
 It shall be longer, ere we meet again  
 Awhile it seemed most strange unto my heart  
 5 That I should mourn, and thou not nigh to cheer,  
 That I should shrink 'mid perils, and thy spirit  
 Far away, far, powerless to brave them with me  
 Now am I used to wear a lonesome heart  
 About me, now the agencies of ill  
 10 Have so oppressed my inward absolute self,  
 That Feeling shared, and fully answered, scarce  
 Would seem my own Like a bright, singular dream  
 Is parted from me that strong sense of love,  
 Which, as one indivisible glory, lay  
 15 On both our souls, and dwelt in us, so far  
 As we did dwell in it A mighty presence!  
 Almighty, had our wills but been confirmed  
 In consciousness of their immortal strength,  
 Given by that inconceivable will eterne  
 20 For a pure birthright, when the blank of things  
 First owned a motive power that was not God  
 But thou—thy brow has ta'en no brand of grief  
 Thine eyes look cheerful, even as when we stood  
 By Arno, talking of the maid we loved  
 25 In sooth I envy thee thou seemest pure  
 But I am seared He in whom lies the world  
 Is coiled round the fibres of my heart,  
 And with his serpentine, thought-withering gaze  
 Doth fascinate the sovran rational eye  
 30 There is another world and some have deemed  
 It is a world of music, and of light,  
 And human voices, and delightful forms,

l 11] so 1830, later editions have 'feelings'

l 26] Gaskell MS has 'scared,' which may be a careless transcription for 'scarred' Hallam's MS from which Gaskell copied must have had 'seared,' as in 1830

Where the material shall no more be cursed  
 By dominance of evil, but become  
 35 A beauteous evolution of pure spirit,  
 Opposite, but not warring, rather yielding  
 New grace, and evidence of liberty  
 Oh, may we recognize each other there,  
 My bosom friend! May we cleave to each other  
 40 And love once more together! Pray for me,  
 That such may be the glory of our end

### *Timbuctoo*

[This poem, the first of Hallam's three vain attempts to win the Chancellor's Medal for an English ode or poem, was submitted in April, 1829, in the competition which resulted in Tennyson's poem of the same name receiving the award at Commencement, June 6, 1829. Hallam's was privately printed in 1829 as a pamphlet of four leaves without cover or title-page, with one note at the end. It was reprinted in the *Poems* of 1830 with additional notes, and in all editions of the *Remains*. The present text is that of 1830 where the following footnote to the title appeared "This poem was originally composed for the Chancellor's prize at Cambridge, and though unsuccessful, received so much more praise than I can flatter myself it deserves, from several persons whose taste and judgment I respect, that I take the liberty of publishing it here (it has been printed before) without apprehension that - by so doing I may seem to complain of that decision, which most justly, in my opinion, adjudged the prize to the poem of my friend, whose name is prefixed with mine to this volume"]

The reference to Tennyson is a reminder of the plan of joint publication by the friends of a single volume of their poems, abandoned at Henry Hallam's insistence. When he prepared the *Remains* the elder Hallam omitted the above note at the request of Tennyson who wrote him "Among the poems—if you print the one entitled *Timbuctoo*—I would request you, for my sake, to omit the initiatory note. The poem is everyway so much better than that wild and unmethodized performance of my own, that even his praise on such a subject would be painful." (Dated February 14, 1834. Printed in the Eversley Edition of Tennyson, New York, 1908, II, 579-80.) Morton Luce erroneously states that Hallam's "Timbuctoo" was printed with Tennyson's in 1834 (*A Handbook to the Works of Alfred Lord Tennyson*, London, 1895, p. 61) ]

---

Be Yarrow stream unseen, unknown,  
 It must, or we shall rue it,  
 We have a vision of our own  
 Ah! why should we undo it?

WORDSWORTH, "Yarrow Unvisited."

- There was a land, which, far from human sight,  
 Old Ocean compassed with his numerous waves,  
 In the lone West Tenacious of her right,  
 Imagination decked those unknown caves,  
 5 And vacant forests, and clear peaks of ice  
 With a transcendent beauty, that which saves  
 From the world's blight our primal sympathies,  
 Still in man's heart, as some familiar shrine,  
 Feeding the tremulous lamp of love that never dies,  
 10 Poets have loved that land, and dared to twine  
 Round its existence memories of old time,  
 When the good reigned, and none in grief did pine  
 Sages, and all who owned the might sublime  
 To impress their thought upon the face of things,  
 15 And teach a nation's spirit how to climb,  
 Spake of long-lost Atlantis, when the springs  
 Of clear Ilissus or the Tusculan bower  
 Were welcoming the pure rest which Wisdom brings  
 To her elect, the marvellous calm of power  
 20 Oft too some maiden, garlanding her brow  
 With Baian roses, at eve's mystic hour,  
 Has gazed on the sun's path, as he sank low,  
 In th' awful main, behind Inarime,  
 And with clasped hands, and gleaming eye, "Shalt thou,  
 25 First-born of light, endure in the flat sea  
 Such intermission of thy life intense?  
 Thou lordly one, is there no home for thee?"  
 A Youth took up the voice "Thou speedest hence,  
 Beautiful orb, but not to death or sleep,  
 30 That feel we, worlds invisible to sense,  
 Whose course is pure, where eyes forget to weep,  
 And th' earthly sisterhood of sorrow and love

ll 14-15] See "A Farewell to the South" (ll 369-370)

l 16] The legend of the lost continent Atlantis is so well known, and its derivation from an early knowledge of America seems so natural and probable, that, had not this Poem been pretty generally censured for its obscurity, I should have thought a note on the subject superfluous. In the beautiful opening of the "Timæus," Plato has alluded to a form of this legend highly creditable to the Athenians, which will serve to show the notions entertained of the extent and relative importance of Atlantis [H]

l 21] 1829 has 'Eve's'

l 22] 1829 has 'Sun's'

l 23] Inarime, now the Island of Ischia [H]



- Some god putteth asunder, these shall keep  
 Thy state imperial now there shalt thou move  
 35 Fresh hearts with warmth and joyance to rebound,  
 By many a musical stream and solemn grove”  
 Years lapsed in silence, and that holy ground  
 Was still an Eden, shut from sight, and few  
 Brave souls in its idea solace found  
 40 In the last days a man arose, who knew  
 That ancient legend from his infancy  
 Yea, visions on that child's emmarvailed view  
 Had flashed intuitive science, and his glee  
 Was lofty as his pensiveness, for both  
 45 Wore the bright colors of the thing to be!  
 But when his prime of life was come, the wrath  
 Of the cold world fell on him, it did thrill  
 His inmost self, but never quenched his faith  
 Still to that faith he added search, and still,  
 50 As fevering with fond love of th' unknown shore,  
 From learning's fount he strove his thirst to fill  
 But alway Nature seemed to meet the power  
 Of his high mind, to aid, and to reward  
 His reverent hope with her sublimest lore  
 55 Each sentiment that burned, each falsehood warred  
 Against and slam, each novel truth inwrought—  
 What were they but the living lamps that starred  
 His transit o'er the tremulous gloom of Thought?  
 More, and now more, their gathered brilliancy  
 60 On the one master notion sending out,  
 Which brooded ever o'er the passionate sea  
 Of his deep soul, but ah! too dimly seen,  
 And formless in its own immensity!

[ 40] These lines were suggested to me by the following passage in Mr Coleridge's *Friend* [1818] (iii, 190) "It cannot be deemed alien from the purposes of this disquisition, if we are anxious to attract the attention of our readers to the importance of this speculative meditation, even for the worldly interests of mankind, and to that concurrence of nature and historic event with the great revolutionary movements of individual genius, of which so many instances occur in the study of history, how nature (why should we hesitate in saying, that which in nature itself is more than nature?) seems to come forward in order to meet, to aid, and to reward every idea excited by a contemplation of her methods in the spirit of a filial care, and with the humility of love" Mr Coleridge proceeds to illustrate this by the very example of Columbus, and quotes some highly beautiful and applicable verses of Chiabrera [H]

- Last came the joy, when that phantasmal scene  
 65 Lay in full glory round his outward sense,  
 And who had scorned before in hatred keen  
 Refuged their baseness now for no pretence  
 Could wean their souls from awe, they dared not doubt  
 That with them walked on earth a spirit intense  
 70 So others trod his path and much was wrought  
 In the new land that made the angels weep  
 That innocent blood—it was not shed for nought!  
 My God! it is an hour of dread, when leap  
 Like a fire-fountain forth the energies  
 75 Of Guilt, and desolate the poor man's sleep  
 Yet not alone for torturing agonies,  
 Though meriting most, nor all that storm of Woe  
 Which did entempest their pure fulgent skies,  
 Shall the deep curse of ages cling, and grow  
 80 To the foul names of those who did the deed,  
 The lusters for the gold of Mexico!  
 Mute are th' ancestral voices we did heed,  
 The tones of superhuman melody  
 And the "veiled maid" is vanished, who did feed  
 85 By converse high the faith of liberty  
 In young unwithered hearts, and Virtue, and Truth,  
 And every thing that makes us joy to be!  
 Lo! there hath passed away a glory of Youth  
 From this our world, and all is common now,

[ 84] These lines contain an allusion to that magnificent passage in Mr Shelley's "Alastor," where he describes "the spirit of sweet human love" descending in vision on the slumbers of the wandering poet. How far I have a right to transfer "the veiled maid" to my own Poem, where she must stand for the embodiment of that love for the unseen, that voluntary concentration of our vague ideas of the Beauty that ought to be, on some one spot, or country yet undiscovered, as in the instances I have chosen, on America or the African city, this the critics, if I have any, may determine. I shall, however, be content to have trespassed against the commandments of Art, if I should have called any one's attention to that wonderful Poem, which cannot long remain in its present condition of neglect, but which, when it shall have emerged into the light, its inheritance will produce wonder and enthusiastic delight in thousands, who will learn as the work, like every perfect one, grows upon them, that the deep harmonies and glorious imaginations in which it is clothed, are not more true than the great moral idea which is its permeating life [H]

Here, in 1830, followed ll 140-172. This long note supplanted a shorter one in 1829, which read, "These lines allude to the exquisite personification of Ideal Beauty in Mr Shelley's Alastor." Then came ll 149-161 of that poem

- 90       And sense doth tyrannize o'er Love and Ruth  
           What, is Hope dead? and gaze we her pale brow,  
           Like the cold statues round a Roman's bier,  
           Then tearless travel on through tracts of human woe?  
       No! there is one, one ray that lingers here,  
 95       To battle with the world's o'ershadowing form,  
           Like the last firefly of a Tuscan year,  
       Or dying flashes of a noble storm  
           Beyond the clime of Tripoly, and beyond  
           Bahr Abiad, where the lone peaks, unconform  
 100      To other hills, and with rare foliage crowned,  
           Hold converse with the Moon, a City stands  
           Which yet no mortal quest hath ever found  
       Around it stretched away the level sands  
           Into the silence pausing in his course,  
 105      The ostrich kens it from his subject lands  
       Here with faint longings and a subdued force  
           Once more was sought th' ideal alment  
           Of Man's most subtle being, the prime source  
       Of all his blessings here might still be blent  
 110      Whate'er of heavenly beauty in form or sound  
           Illumes the Poet's heart with ravishment  
       Thou fairy City, which the desert mound  
           Encompasseth, thou alien from the mass  
           Of human guilt, I would not wish thee found!  
 115      Perchance thou art too pure, and dost surpass  
           Too far amid th' Ideas ranged high  
           In the Eternal Reason's perfectness,  
       To our deject and most imbas'd eye,  
           To look unharmed on thy integrity,  
 120      Symbol of Love, and Truth, and all that cannot die  
       Thy Palaces and pleasure-domes to me  
           Are matter of strange thought for sure thou art  
           A splendour in the wild and aye to thee  
       Did visible guardians of the Earth's great heart  
 125      Bring their choice tributes, culled from many a mine,  
           Diamond, and jasper, porphyry, and the art

ll 88-89] See Wordsworth's "Intimations Ode," ll, 9

l 102] So in 1829, 1830's 'guest,' found in all subsequent editions, is surely a misprint

l 119] 1829 has 'thy'

l 121] 1829 has 'palaces'

- Of figured chrysolite nor silver shine  
 There wanted, nor the mightier power of gold  
 So wert thou reared of yore, City divine!  
 130 And who are they of blisses manifold,  
 That dwell within thee? Spirits of delight,  
 It may be spirits whose pure thoughts enfold,  
 In eminence of Being, all the light  
 That interpenetrates this mighty all,  
 135 And doth endure in its own beauty's right  
 And oh! the vision were majesticall  
 To them, mdeed, of column, and of spire,  
 And hanging garden, and hoar waterfall!  
 For we, poor prisoners of this earthy mire,  
 140 See little, they, the essence and the law  
 Robing each other in its peculiar tire  
 Yet moments have been, when in thought I saw  
 That city rise upon me from the void,  
 Populous with men and phantasy would draw  
 145 Such portraiture of life, that I have joyed  
 In over-measure to behold her work,  
 Rich with the myriad charms, by evil unalloyed  
 Methought I saw a nation, which did heark  
 To Justice, and to Truth their ways were strait,  
 150 And the dread shadow, Tyranny, did lurk  
 Nowhere about them not to scorn, or hate  
 A living thing was their sweet nature's bond  
 So every soul moved free in kingly state  
 Suffering they had (nor else were virtue found  
 155 In these our pilgrim spirits) gently still  
 And as from cause external came the wound,  
 Not like a gangrene of soul-festering ill,  
 To taint the springs of life, and undermine  
 The holy strength of their majestic will  
 160 Methought I saw a face whose every line  
 Wore the pale cast of Thought, a good old man,

l 129] Many editions perpetuate the misprint, 'gore'

l 144] 1829 has 'Phantasy'

l 148] 1829 has 'Nation'

l 159] 1829 has 'Will'

ll 160ff.] These characters are of course purely ideal, and meant to show, by way of particular diagram, that right temperament of the intellect and the heart which I have assigned to this favored nation I cannot, however, resist the pleasure of declaring, that in the composition of the lines "Methought I saw," &c, my thoughts

- Most eloquent, who spake of things divine  
 Around him youths were gathered, who did scan  
 His countenance so grand and mild, and drank  
 165 The sweet, sad tones of Wisdom, which outran  
 The life-blood, coursing to the heart, and sank  
 Inward from thought to thought, till they abode  
 'Mid Being's dim foundations, rank by rank  
 With those transcendent truths, arrayed by God  
 170 In linked armor for untiring fight,  
 Whose victory is, where time hath never trod  
 Methought I saw a maiden in the light  
 Of beauty musing near an amaranth bower,  
 Herself a lordly blossom Past delight  
 175 Was fused in actual sorrow by the power  
 Of mightiest Love upon her delicate cheek,  
 And magical was her wailing at that hour  
 For aye with passionate sobs she mingled meek  
 Smiles of severe content as though she raised  
 180 To Him her inmost heart, who shields the weak  
 She wept nor long in solitude I gazed,  
 Till women, and sweet children came and took  
 Her hand, and uttered meaning words, and praised  
 The absent one with eyes which as a book  
 185 Revealed the workings of the heart sincere  
 In sooth, it was a glorious thing to look  
 Upon that interchange of smile and tear!  
 But when the mourner turned, in innocent grace  
 Lifting that earnest eye and forehead clear,  
 190 Oh then, methought, God triumphed in her face!  
 But these are dreams though ministrant on good,  
 Dreams are they, and the Night of things their place  
 So be it ever! Ever may the mood  
 "In which the affections gently lead us on"  
 195 Be as thy sphere of visible life The crowd,  
 The turmoil, and the countenance wan

dwelt almost involuntarily on those few conversations which it is my delight to have held with that "good old man, most eloquent," Samuel Coleridge [H]

1 171] 1829 has "Time"

1 181] 1829 has "not"

1 190] See "A Farewell to the South," (l 457) and Tennyson's *In Memoriam* [87, ix, 4)

1 194] Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey" [H] The reference is to l 42

Of slaves, the Power-inchanted, thou shalt flee,  
And by the gentle heart be seen, and loved alone

*Sonnet*

[Printed only in 1830 with the date, May, 1829, this sonnet probably marks the anniversary of the day in May, 1828, when Hallam left Italy and Anna Wintour behind ]

---

Oh, ye spring hours, ye long awaited hours,  
Dear inmates to my heart's affection,  
Welcome the floating of your murmurous wings  
Over the silence of this mansion!  
Yet ah! not thus I owned your elder powers,  
Imbreathed in gentlest airs of Tuscan day,  
Not with these heart-throbs, these mind-waverings,  
I wantoned in the fullness of that May  
Still ye are messengers of joy to me  
Partly for that in newness of her might,  
Now universal Nature doth delight,  
And I, her child, would do her reverence  
But more because, alike in difference,  
Ye glass a bright old time to memory

*[The Soul's Eye]*

(Meditative Fragments II)

[Undated in 1830, where it appeared as the second "Meditative Fragment," this was reprinted in 1834 and all subsequent editions with Henry Hallam's general date, 1829, for the series. The subject or initial stimulus appears to be nearly the same as that which produced the sonnet, "Oh, ye spring hours," although the development went off in a different direction. The poem is therefore placed here, as probably written during the illness of April-May, 1829. Hallam Lord Tennyson (in the *Memor* of his father, i, 104) states that he found a MS. of ll. 30-35 of this poem with Arthum Hallam's letters, but he does not state whether the lines were copied in the hand of Hallam, Tennyson, or some other.]

---

A valley—and a stream of purest white  
Trailing its serpent form within the breast  
Of that embracing dale—three sinuous hills  
Imminent in calm beauty, and trees thereon,  
Crest above crest, uprising to the noon,  
Which dallies with their topmost tracery,

- Like an old playmate, whose soft welcomings  
 Have less of ardour, because more of custom  
 It is an English Scene and yet methinks  
 10 Did not yon cottage dim with azure curls  
 Of vapor the bright air, and that neat fence  
 Gird in the comfort of its quiet walls,  
 Or did not yon gay troop of carollers  
 Press on the passing breeze a native rhyme,  
 15 I might have deemed me in a foreign land  
 For, as I gaze, old visions of delight,  
 That died with th' hour their parent, are reflected  
 From the mysterious mirror of the mind,  
 Mingling their forms with these, which I behold  
 20 Nay, the old feelings in their several states  
 Come up before me, and entwine with these  
 Of younger birth in strangest unity  
 And yet who bade them forth? Who spake to Time,  
 That he should strike the fetters from his slaves?  
 25 Or hath he none? Is the drear prison-house  
 To which, 'twould seem, our spiritual acts  
 Pass one by one, a phantom—a dim mist  
 Enveloping our sphere of agency?  
 A guess, which we do hold for certainty?  
 30 I do but mock me with these questionings  
 Dark, dark, yea, “irrecoverably dark,”  
 Is the soul's eye yet how it strives and battles  
 Thorough th' impenetrable gloom to fix  
 That master light, the secret truth of things,  
 35 Which is the body of the infinite God!

*To A T*

[This sonnet, written when the last and greatest of Hallam's many intimate friendships was scarcely a month old, was printed in 1830 with the date of May, 1829. It appears in the Gaskell MS. Suppressed by Henry Hallam in 1834, it has been quoted by a few writers, most recently by Harold Nicolson in his *Tennyson*. The friend bestowed “on my early spring” cannot be identified for certain, but was most likely Gladstone.]

---

Oh, last in time, but worthy to be first  
 Of friends in rank, had not the father of good  
 On my early spring one perfect gem bestowed,

On my early spring one perfect gem bestowed,  
 A friend, with whom to share the best and worst  
 Him will I shut close to my heart for aye  
 There's not a fibre quivers there, but is  
 His own, his heritage for woe, or bliss  
 Thou would'st not have me such a charge betray  
 Surely, if I be knit in brotherhood  
 So tender to that chief of all my love,  
 With thee I shall not loyalty eschew  
 And well I ween not time with ill or good  
 Shall thine affection e'er from mine remove,  
 Thou yearner for all fair things, and all true

*To Poesy*

[This, the only known joint composition of Hallam and Tennyson, is here printed for the first time from the Allen MS, where it appears (f 3r), in Hallam's hand, with the notation opposite (f 2v), also in Hallam's hand, "N B I had some hand in the worst part of this" It is dated 1828, presumably the date of Tennyson's original composition. From its position in the Allen MS (it is the second poem) one might guess that the collaboration of Hallam took place early in the friendship with Tennyson, and in the absence of any real evidence, it is here placed as of the middle of 1829. The sonnet also appears in the Heath MS (f 50) where the scribe has guessed two dates, 1827 and 1832, both presumably wrong, because both crossed out. This sonnet should be compared with that of the same title, by Tennyson, printed in the *Memoir*, i, 60 as written at Cambridge, 1828-1831.]

---

Religion be thy sword, the armoury  
 Of God shall yield it tempered, make thy stand  
 In this thy Canaan set apart for thee,  
 Go forth and in thy right possess the land  
 Oh might I be an arrow in thine hand,  
 And not of viewless flight, but trailing flame,  
 Like the old King's on the Sicilian strand,  
 Accompanied with tumult of acclaim!  
 Not bearing my own triumph in conceit  
 Of eminence, but gathering all eyes  
 Because I seek to bless my native earth,  
 For this is the condition of our birth,  
 That we unto ourselves are only great  
 Doing the silent work of charities

[ 11] The Allen MS has a first version, crossed out "To work the welfare of my native earth"



*To I M G I*

[This was printed in 1830 with the date of May, 1829. It appears in the Gaskell Commonplace Book, and has been reprinted in *Records of an Eton Schoolboy*, Edited by Charles Milnes Gaskell with a Preface by Sir Francis Doyle, Bart., Privately Printed, (London) 1883, and in *An Eton Boy Being the Letters of James Milnes Gaskell from Eton and Oxford 1820-1830* London, [1939]. In early February, 1829, Hallam had written from Cambridge to his friend Gaskell at Oxford that it seemed unlikely that either the Wintours or the Robertsons would return to England, perhaps for some years. This sonnet celebrates a change in the news and the hope of seeing again the two girls of the Italian winter, Miss Robertson, of Glenarbach, near Loch Lomond, and Miss Wintour, "the orient star of sacred Rome." A more sober sequel to these hopes is recorded in the second sonnet to Gaskell, of October, p. 74, which refers to Hallam's visit to Glenarbach in July, and Gaskell's in August. See "A Farewell to Glenarbach"]

---

Yes, they are coming, they are coming, friend,  
 The passage birds make wing unto their home  
 That gentle lady of the Lomond Lake,  
 And she, the orient star of sacred Rome  
 Now of all chill despairs let us make end  
 Where are the garlands gracious to behold,  
 To strew the way withal? What harp shall wake  
 The hymned gratulations manifold?  
 We are not as we were spaces of light  
 Flash quick athwart the sullen forest-glooms,  
 That fain would dedicate our paths to night  
 We are not as we were our silent tombs  
 Shall have us not, till we have drunk our fill  
 Of a new glorious joy, restoring heart and will

Title] The Latin 'I' of 1830 is retained, the Gaskell MS, 1883 and 1939 all have 'J'.

ll 3, 4] Gaskell MS has 'Lady' and 'She'

l 11] Both 1883 and 1939 have 'to-night,' in contrast to both the Gaskell MS and 1830

*Stanzas Written at Caudebec in Normandy*

[In the latter part of May, 1829, Hallam suffered a severe illness at his Wimpole Street home in London. When he was able to travel he spent a few weeks of June in France, returning via Brighton to a summer and autumn spent in Scotland and at Malvern before resuming his studies at Cambridge in October. The Caudebec stanzas, dated June, 1829, have appeared in all editions from 1830 onward.]

---

## I

When life is crazy in my limbs,  
 And hope is gone astray,  
 And in my soul's December fade  
 The love-thoughts of its May,  
 One spot of earth is left to me  
 Will warm my heart again  
 'Tis Caudebec and Mailleraie  
 On the pleasant banks of Seine

## II

The dark wood's crownal on the hill,  
 The river curving bright,  
 The graceful barks that rest, or play,  
 Pure creatures of delight,—  
 Oh, these are shows by nature given  
 To warm old hearts again,  
 At Caudebec and Mailleraie  
 On the pleasant banks of Seine

## III

The Tuscan's land, I loved it well,  
 And the Switzer's clime of snow,  
 And many a bliss me there befell  
 I never more can know,  
 But for quiet joy of nature's own  
 To warm the heart again,  
 Give me Caudebec and Mailleraie  
 On the pleasant banks of Seine

*Lines Written at Brighton*

[Printed, with the date, June, 1829, only in 1830]

5

---

Once more beside the waters of the deep—  
 And the same line of level foam doth keep  
 Its measured resonance on the selfsame shore,  
 Which I did last behold but bleak, and froze  
 Were then the airs of heaven, and drear th' expanse  
 Of yon wide element, distraught with dance  
 Of swart cloud-shadows, that did change the blue  
 With hideous apparitions, ever new,

- 10 In seeming old Cyclopes, gamboling  
 In the dear realms of their sea-sire and king  
 But now—the main is blue, as in its prime,  
 When the high God at nature's dawning time  
 Saw that no other hue could fairer be,  
 So called thee to this pomp, thou azure-breasted sea!  
 15 Bright rest is on the water, and a still  
 Of waves, as 'twere some Sabbath to fulfill,—  
 Stillness, not solitude, for lo! where slumbers  
 A pinnacle, to whose mast no seaman clammers,  
 No hands to helm her, none to walk the deck  
 20 How all were semblative a desert wreck  
 Did not the sides wear brilliance, and the sway  
 Of th' idle keel shew native to the bay!  
 Such look in mythic eld might well beseem  
 A faery bark, keeping a haunted stream,  
 25 Sent by the lady of an isle, t' invite  
 Some princely wanderer to strange delight

*Written at Edinburgh*

[Printed in 1830 and 1834 with the date, July, 1829 The date was omitted in 1853 and some subsequent editions ]

---

Even thus, methinks, a city reared should be,  
 Yea, an imperial city, that might hold  
 Five times a hundred noble towns in fee,  
 And either with the might of Babel old,  
 Or the rich Roman pomp of empery  
 Might stand compare, highest in arts enroll'd,  
 Highest in arms, brave tenement for the free,  
 Who never crouch to thrones, or sin for gold  
 Thus should her towers be raised—with vicinage  
 Of clear bold hills, that curve her very streets,  
 As if to vindicate, 'mid choicest seats  
 Of art, abiding Nature's majesty,  
 And the broad sea beyond, in calm or rage  
 Chamless alike, and teaching Liberty

Title] So in 1830 Later, 'in' for 'at'

l 4] So 1830 Later, 'their' for 'the'

*Stanzas Written at Lanark*[Dated July, 1829, printed only in 1830 ]

---

## I

The Clydesdale, the Clydesdale,  
The bonny Clyde sae fair, and wee!  
Nae ither burn, nae ither vale  
Shall ever make a hame for me

## II

I'll bring my luv to the braes o' Clyde  
In a calm, and sunny season,  
And we'll talk o' the warld beside  
Nae mair, nae less than reason

## III

'Tis a warld, we'll say, o' human care,  
And glorious warks o' Nature,  
But here we've a' the Maker's fair  
Untarnished by the creature

## IV

We'll walk thegither by the burn  
Sae quiet in its running,  
And think, sich flow our luv may earn  
Exempt frae Fortune's cunning

## V

But yet nae privacy o' luv,  
Nae unpartaken treasure,  
The hills around, the skies above  
Share, and return our pleasure

## VI

We luv the flowrets in the glen,  
The willow's gracefu' sadness,  
The darkling rocks that yield the linn  
Its privilege o' madness

## VII

And ilka bird that's on the wing,  
And ilka fish disporting,

For what am I, to scorn a thing,  
That Godhead is supporting!

## VIII

Sae will we live, without annoy,  
A life wi' blessings furnish't,  
And righteousness that's born o' joy,  
Shall be our Heaven's earnest

*Sonnet Written in the Pass of Glencoe*

[Dated July, 1829, printed only in 1830]

---

What tyrant chance hath massed in disarray  
These bulks enorm<sup>d</sup> What planetary ire,  
What rebel work of waters, or of fire,  
Convulsed them to the lairs, whereon they stay?  
A spot, methinks, that raises awful doubt,  
Should be a thing vowed to eternity,  
And nothing should obtrude of temporal thought  
On any gazer's mused solemnity!  
Yet must it be two memories of man's time  
Cling to this place, that have no power to fade,  
While poetry and virtue are sublime  
'Twas here Macdonald met his smiling foe,  
And gave that welcome, which the sword repaid  
'Tis Cona, Ossian's Cona, boils below!

*Written in View of Ben Lomond*

(Meditative Fragments V)

[This is the only one of the "Meditative Fragments" to which Hallam gave a separate title when he printed them without date in 1830 Hallam's vivid statement of ageless geological evolution should be compared to Tennyson's famous section in *In Memoriam* (cxxxiii) "There rolls the deep where grew the tree" Hallam's poem was probably composed during the visit at Glenarbach in July, 1829]

---

Mountain austere, and full of kinghood!  
Forgive me if a child of later earth,  
I come to bid thee hail My days are brief  
And like the mould that crumbles on thy verge,  
A minute's blast may shake me into dust,  
But thou art of the things that never fail

Before the mystic garden, and the fruit  
 Sung by that Shepherd-Ruler vision-blest,  
 Thou wert, and from thy speculative height  
 10 Beheld'st the forms of other living souls  
 Oh, if thy dread original were not sunk  
 I' th' mystery of universal birth,  
 What joy to know thy tale of mammoths huge,  
 And formings rare of the material prime,  
 15 And terrible craters, cold a cycle since!  
 To know if then, as now, thy base was laved  
 With moss-dark waters of a placid lake,  
 If then, as now,  
 In the clear sunlight of thy verdant sides  
 20 Spare islets of uncertain shadow lay

*To an Admired Lady*

[Printed in 1830 and all later editions without date, it seems likely that the lady addressed was Anne Robertson Glasgow, of Glenarbach, and that the sonnet was composed on the visit of July, 1829 ]

---

When thou art dreaming, at the time of night  
 That dreams have deepest truth, comes not the form  
 Of th' ancient poet near thee? Streams not light  
 From his immortal presence, chasing harm  
 From thy pure pillow, and each nocturnal sprite  
 Freighting with happy fancies to thy soul?  
 Says he not, "Surely, maiden, my control  
 Shall be upon thee, for thy soul is dight  
 In a most clear majestic tenderness,  
 And natural art springs freshly from its deeps"  
 Then as he clasps his reverend palms to bless,  
 Out from the dark a gentle family leaps,  
 Juliet and Imogen, with many a fere,  
 Acclaiming all "Welcome, our sister dear!"

*A Farewell to Glenarbach*

[This poem was printed in 1830 and all subsequent editions, with the date, July, 1829 Glen Arbuck, a ravine in south Dumbartonshire a dozen miles down the north side of the Clyde from Glasgow, lies between Craigarastie Hill and the river two or three miles from Bowling Bay It gives its name to Glenarbach House, romantically placed on a wooded hillside commanding a view of the Clyde on one side, and of Ben Lomond on an-

other The estate of some sixty acres, which had once belonged to Lord Webb Seymour, a contemporary of Henry Hallam's at Christ Church, Oxford, came into the possession of Robert Glasgow, of Montgreenan and Pudevenholme, whose daughter Anne had married Robert Robertson, of Prendergust, Brownsbank and Gungsgreen Mr Robertson occupied Glenarbach even before the death of his father-in-law, upon whose death, and Mr Robertson's succeeding to the estate of Montgreenan also, he took the additional name of Glasgow

He had four children a son, Robert, who was about three months younger than Arthur Hallam, and three daughters, Anne, Charlotte Marie Cecilia, and Philadelphia Jane One of the younger daughters, according to ll 33-36 of the sixth "Meditative Fragment," was born in Italy, where Hallam and Gaskell knew the Robertsons, particularly Anne, and where, after their return to England, her brother, like them, fell under the spell of Anna Mildred Wintour He survived, however, to marry, in 1839, the daughter of his Glenarbach neighbor, Sir James Colquhoun, whose house, Rossdoe, only a few miles' walk along the River Leven to its location on Loch Lomond, was in 1803 visited by William and Dorothy Wordsworth

"A Farewell to Glenarbach" is, in point of composition, the fifth of seven pieces in which Hallam writes of Anne Robertson, her family, or her Scottish home The others are the "Fragment to A R," the two sonnets to J M Gaskell, the sonnet "To an Admired Lady," "A Highland Girl's Lament," and the sixth "Meditative Fragment" It was, as the poet feared in his final stanza, a true farewell, for he never saw Glenarbach or the Robertsons again It is half a hundred years now since Glenarbach House ceased to be a family seat, and shipyards and slums press all too close to the spot where Arthur Hallam and Anne Robertson disagreed about Wordsworth on a green lawn between the Clyde and Ben Lomond (See, under Glenarbach House, *The Scottish Tourist, and Itinerary, or a Guide to the Scenery and Antiquities of Scotland and the Western Islands*, 5th ed, Edinburgh, 1834, James Denholm's *The History of the City of Glasgow and Suburbs*, 3rd ed, Glasgow, 1804, p 446, *Memoirs and Correspondence of Francis Horner, M P*, ed by Leonard Horner, 2 vols, London, 1843, I, 479-80, and Burke's *Landed Gentry* )]

---

# I

When grief is felt along the blood,  
 And checks the breath with sighs unsought,  
 'Tis then that Memory's power is wooed  
 To soothe by ancient forms of thought  
 It is not much, yet in that day

Title] The Glen of the Roebuck [H] The name variously appears as Glen Arbut, Glenarbet, and Glenarbach, the commonest form, used by Hallam in 1830 There is no justification for the spelling, Glenarbac, of later editions

Will seem a gladsome waking,  
 And such to me, in joy's decay,  
 The memory of the Roebuck Glen

## II

Nor less, when fancies have their bent,  
 And eager passion sweeps the mind,  
 'Twill bless to catch a calm content  
 From happy moments far behind  
 Oh, it is of a heavenly brood  
 That chast'ning recollection!  
 And such to me, in joyous mood,  
 The memory of the Roebuck Glen

## III

I grieve to quit this lime-tree walk,  
 The Clyde, the Leven's milder blue  
 To lose, yon craigs that nest the hawk  
 Will soar no longer in my view  
 Yet of themselves small power to move  
 Have they their light's a borrowed thing  
 Won from her eyes, for whom I love  
 The memory of the Roebuck Glen

## IV

Oh dear to Nature, not in vain  
 The mountain winds have breathed on thee!  
 Mild virtues of a noble strain,  
 And beauty making pure and free,  
 Pass to thee from the silent hills  
 And hence, where'er thy sojourning,  
 Thine eye with gentle weeping fills  
 At memory of the Roebuck Glen

## V

Thou speedest to the sunny shore,  
 Where first thy presence on me shone,  
 Alas! I know not whether more  
 These eyes shall claim thee as their own

III, 2] 1830 has 'blue,'

III, 3] 1830 has no comma

IV, 1] So in 1830



But should a kindly stai prevail,  
 And should we meet far hence again,  
 How sweet in other lands to hail  
 The memory of the Roebuck Glen

## VI

Oh, when the thought comes o'er my heart  
 Of happy meetings yet to be,  
 The very feeling that thou art  
 Is deep as that of life to me,  
 Yet should sad instinct in my breast  
 Speak true, and darker chance obtain,  
 Bless with one tear my final rest,  
 One memory from the Roebuck Glen!

VI, 8] Both 1830 and 1834 have ' Later editions drop it

*Written on the Banks of the Tay*

[Printed 1830 and all following editions with the date, July, 1829 ]

## I

I saw a child upon a Highland moor,  
 Playing with heathflowers in her gamesome mood  
 And singing snatches wild of Gaelic lore,  
 That thrilled like witch-notes my susceptible blood  
 I spake a Southern word, but not the more  
 Did she regard or move from where she stood  
 It seemed the business of her life to play  
 With euphrasies and bluebells day by day

## II

Then my first thought was of the joy to grow  
 With her, and like her, as a mountain-plant,  
 That to one spot attached doth bud and blow,  
 Then, when the rains beat autumn, leaves to vaunt  
 Its fragrance to the air, and sinks, till low  
 Winter consign it, like a satiate want,  
 To the earth's endearment, who will fondly nourish  
 The loosed substance, until spring reflourish

II, 4] So 1830, 1834 has 'Then, in the rains of autumn,' which is more likely the alteration of the editorial father, than any MS revision found in the son's papers, but which has nevertheless been retained in all subsequent editions

## III

"To be thy comrade, and thy brother, maiden,  
 To chaunt with thee the antique song I hear,  
 Joying the joy that looks not toward its fading,  
 The sweet philosophy of young life's cheer!  
 We should be like two bees with honey laden,  
 Or two blithe butterflies a rosetree near!"  
 So I went dreaming how to play a child  
 Once more with her who 'side me sang and smiled

## IV

Then a stern knowledge woke along my soul,  
 And sudden I was sadly made aware  
 That childish joy is now a folded scroll,  
 And new ordainments have their several fair  
 When evening lights press the ripe-greening knoll,  
 True heart will never wish the morning there  
 Where arched boughs enlace the golden light,  
 Did ever poet pray for franchised sight?

## V

When we were children, we did sigh to reach  
 The eminence of a man, yet in our thought,  
 And in the prattled fancies of our speech,  
 It was a baby-man we fashioned out,  
 And now that childhood seems the only leech  
 For all the heart-aches of a rough world caught,  
 Sooth is, we wish to be a twofold thing,  
 And keep our present self to watch within!

*Stanzas Written in a Steam-boat*

[Dated July, 1829, printed only in 1830]

## I

The spirit of wind his music makes,  
 The waves awaken to the dance,  
 And each his foam-crest proudly shakes,  
 And each gives rapture utterance!

## II

Yet tho' thou wear'st an awful grace  
I fear thee not, thou swelling sea,  
For I am of that lordly race  
Who made a victor's spoil of thee!

## III

Our forms are weak—our tenure frail—  
A dull compound of flesh and blood—  
Thou would'st not miss what might avail  
To quench all human hardihood!

## IV

Still, tho' thou art a glorious birth  
From Him, who radiates every power,  
To man he gave a mind more worth  
Than all the grandeur of thy dower

## V

No, by this column's hidden fire,  
By this fast motion's liberty,  
By yonder billow's broken ire,  
I fear thee not, thou swelling sea!

*Sonnet Written at Fingal's Cave, on the Island of Staffa*

[Dated July, 1829, printed only in 1830]

---

Fingal, that soul of war, whose blanched hair  
Shines yet through mists of legendary lore,  
Hither did use to come, and with the power  
Of loveliness this solitude did share  
(Beauty and power are the veils of God  
And whoso well their operance contemplates  
Shall never hear elsewhere a sound that grates  
On th' harmony of his established mood)  
This beautiful blue sea, studded with isles,  
Yon sweep of hills, the sea-bird's cry above  
Gave him clear joy yet oft'ner would he pace  
These dim in-goings of cavernous aisles,  
Framework of Nature's art, and holiest love  
Sprang in him from the glory of the place

*Sonnet Written in the Pass of Killycrankie, and Alluding to That  
Written by Mr Wordsworth in the Same Place*

[This was printed without date in 1830 and not reprinted. It seems to belong to the extensive Scottish travels of 1829, probably composed in July. It alludes, with emphatic difference of political views, to Wordsworth's "In the Pass of Killycrankie an Invasion being Expected, October, 1803"]

---

And thou, too, Brutus? Ill that pensive lyre  
Suits the harsh onslaught-cries of strepent war  
On loftier themes thy soul was wont to tire,  
Born not 'neath Mars, but some much holier star  
Yet if thou needs must martial canzon's raise,  
Laud thou at least some freedom-shielding arm,  
Not him, not him, worst stain of bloody days,  
Ingenuous murderer, gifted but to harm!  
But out alas! it makes my spirit weary  
To look upon that sweetly curving height,  
Or this fringed glen, that shrines the foaming Garry,  
And know them vexed erewhile by savage fight  
Rather young poet here should verse reclined,  
And store with forms of love the mansion of his mind

*On My Sister's Birth-Day*

Written at Callander, Near Loch Katrine

[Printed 1830 and all subsequent editions, though the date, August 3, 1829, appended in the first two editions, does not appear in all others. See also the "Lines for Ellen Hallam with a copy of Wordsworth," composed two years later. The eighth stanza of the present poem proved prophetic, for Ellen Hallam's life was shorter even than Arthur's. She died in 1837, aged 21, and was commemorated with her brother in stanzas "On a Brother and Sister" composed by his great friend, Milnes. (Cf. *The Poems of Richard Monckton Milnes*, 2 vols., London, 1838, I, 192-193, or *Poetical Works of Lord Houghton*, 2 vols., Boston, 1876, I, 295-296)]

---

I

Fair fall the day! 'Tis thirteen years  
Since on this day was Ellen born,  
And shed the dark world's herald tears  
On such another summer's morn  
I may not hear her laughter's flow,

Nor watch the smile upon her face,  
But in my heart I surely know  
There's joy within her dwelling-place

## II

Oh, at the age of fair thirteen  
A birthday is a thing of power  
The meadows wear a livelier green,  
Be it a time of sun, or shower,  
We scarce believe the robin's note  
Unborrowed from the nightingale,  
And when the sweet long day is out,  
Our dreams take up the merry tale

## III

That pleasure being innocent,  
With innocence alone accords,  
The souls that Passion's strife has rent  
Have other thoughts and other words  
They cannot bear that meadow's green,  
Strange grief is in the robin's song,  
And when they hope to shift the scene,  
Their dreams the anguish but prolong

## IV

Oh, pray for them, thou happy child,  
Whose souls are in that silent woe,  
For once, like thee, they gayly smiled,  
And hoped, and feared, and trusted so!  
Pray for them in thy birthday mood,  
They may not pass that awful bar  
Which separates the early good  
From spirits with themselves at war

## V

Their mind is now on loves grown cold,  
On friendships falling slow away,  
On life lived fast, and heart made old  
Before a single hair was grey

Or should they be one thought less sad,  
Their dream is still of things forgone,  
Sweet scenes that once had made them glad,  
Dim faces seen, and never known

## VI

My own dear sister, thy career  
Is all before thee, thorn and flower  
Scarce hast thou known by joy or fear  
The still heart-pride of Friendship's hour  
And for that awful thing beyond,  
The first affection's going forth,  
In books alone thy sighs have owned  
The heaven, and then the hell, on earth

## VII

But time is rolling onward, love,  
And birthdays are another chace,  
Ah, when so much few years remove,  
May thy sweet nature hold its place?  
Who would not hope, who would not pray,  
That looks on thy demeanor now?  
Yet have I seen the slow decay  
Of many souls as pure as thou

## VIII

But there are some whose light endures,  
A sign of wonder, and of joy,  
Which never custom's mist obscures,  
Or passion's treacherous gusts destroy  
God make with them a rest for thee!  
For thou are turned toward stormy seas,  
And when they call thee like to me,  
Some terrors on my bosom seize

## IX

Yet why to-day this mournful tone,  
When thou on gladness hast a claim?  
How ill befits a boding moan  
From one who bears a brother's name!  
Here fortune, fancifully kind,

Has led me to a lovely spot,  
Where not a tree or rock I find,  
My sister, that recalls thee not!

## X

Benan is worth a poet's praise,  
Bold are the cairns of Benvenue,  
Most beautiful the winding ways  
Where Trosachs open on the view,  
But other grace Loch Katrine wears,  
When viewed by me from Ellen's Isle  
A magic tint on all appears,  
It comes from thy remembered smile!

## XI

'Twas there that Lady of the Lake,  
Moored to yon gnarled tree her boat,  
And where Fitz James's horn bade wake  
Each mountain echo's lengthened note,  
'Twas from that slope the maiden heard  
Sweet tale! but sweeter far to me,  
From dreamy blendings of that word,  
With all my thoughts and hopes of thee

X, 6] 1830 has 'ELLEN's ISLE'

*Stanzas Written After Visiting Melrose Abbey in Company  
of Sir Walter Scott*

[Printed 1830 with the misprinted date of August, 1828, corrected in 1834 and all subsequent editions to August, 1829 J G Lockhart (in *Memours of the Life of Sir Walter Scott*, Edinburgh, 1837-38, vii, 198-200) recalls the visit of Arthur and his father 'in the autumn,' and prints these verses ]

## I

I lived an hour in fair Melrose,  
It was not when "the pale moonlight"  
Its magnifying charm bestows,  
Yet deem I that I "viewed it right"  
The wind-swept shadows fast careered,  
Like living things that joyed or feared,  
Adown the sunny Eildon Hill,  
And the sweet winding Tweed the distance crownèd well

## II

I only laughed to see that scene  
Wear such a countenance of youth,  
Though many an age those hills were green,  
And yonder river glided smooth,  
Ere in these now disjointed walls  
The Mother Church held festivals,  
And full-voiced anthemings the while  
Swelled from the choir, and lingered down the echoing aisle

## III

I coveted that Abbey's doom,  
For if, I thought, the early flowers  
Of our affection may not bloom,  
Like those green hills through countless hours,  
Grant me at least a tardy waning,  
Some pleasure still in age's paining,  
Though lines and forms must fade away,  
Still may old Beauty share the empire of Decay!

## IV

But looking toward the grassy mound  
Where calm the Douglas chieftains lie,  
Who, living, quiet never found,  
I straightway learnt a lesson high  
For there an old man sat serene,  
And well I knew that thoughtful mien  
Of him whose early lyre had thrown  
Over these mould'ring walls the magic of its tone

## V

Then ceased I from my envying state  
And knew that awless intellect  
Hath power upon the ways of fate,  
And works through time and space unchecked  
That minstrel of old chivalry  
In the cold grave must come to be,  
But his transmitted thoughts have part  
In the collective mind, and never shall depart



## VI

It was a comfort too to see  
 Those dogs that from him ne'er would rove,  
 And always eyed him rev'rently  
 With glances of depending love  
 They know not of that eminence  
 Which marks him to my reasoning sense,  
 They know but that he is a man,  
 And still to them is kind, and glads them all he can

## VII

And hence their quiet looks confiding,  
 Hence grateful instincts seated deep,  
 By whose strong bond, were ill betiding,  
 They'd risk their own his life to keep  
 What joy to watch in lower creature  
 Such dawning of a moral nature,  
 And how (the rule all things obey)  
 They look to a higher mind to be their law and stay!

VII, 8] Several late editions have 'the rule of things'

*The Burthen of Istambol*

A Choric Song for the Greeks in the Present Crisis

[Dated Malvern, September, 1829, printed only in 1830]

## I

Who shall constrain ye, who shall repulse ye,  
 Children of Suli, remnant of Parga?  
 Who shall forbid your vengeful delight?  
 Lo! the circle is run  
 Lo! the destiny done  
 Proud Istambol must quail in affright  
 Laugh ye with me? I saw a city,  
 Silent, and bare as a field of stubble  
 Sullen the breathings of wind moved o'er it,  
 Mockingly rippled the seas before it  
 Sons of Mohammed, can ye tell  
 Where was the city this fate befell?

## II

Gone was the wanton walk, and the slippers'  
Insolent rustling,  
Gone was the voice of familiar gladness,  
Gone the luxurious musical sadness,  
Gone the prayers, and nights of solemnity  
Sons of Mohammed, I pray ye tell  
Which was the city this fate befell?

## III

Is it the plague that seals their dwellings?  
Hath the grim fire returned to his work?  
Ask of that corse! no plague-spot is on him,  
Gory grave of battle has won him  
Ask of that maiden, weeping, and veil-less,  
Wringing her hair in the desolate places  
He is no friend, that is prowling near,  
With the glaring eye, and the blood-dark spear!  
Hark to the blast of the northern horn!  
Armour is gleaming,  
Banners are streaming,  
Woe to the proud brought low to the dust!  
They must bear what others have born  
Man is strong, and God is just  
Brood of the false one, dare ye tell  
Whose was the city this fate befell?

## IV

It is she of the cursed name,  
Trampler of nations,  
She whom the widows know,  
And the bones of the martyrs who stood for their own  
Now is her day of moan  
She will sorrow alone  
Fierce is the joy of the free against her  
Ha! what terrible four  
Lead up a hell-dance, where she is sitting  
Low and forsaken?  
And she knows them, and starts to her feet, and in vain  
On her burning brain  
Presses the unwashed hand of slaughter  
Fool, those comrades must cling to thee ever

Thou must be their prey,  
 For the ages are they,  
 Time gave thee to work in thy deeds of dismay

## V

Blest be the Virgin, the Queen of Heaven!  
 Holy Cross is upright in the land,  
 Blest be the Virgin for all that is given!  
 Peaceful days are in Mary's hand  
 Who shall constrain ye, who shall repulse ye,  
 Children of Suli, remnant of Parga?  
 Who shall forbid your vengeful delight?  
 Lo! the circle is run!  
 Lo! the destiny done!  
 Proud Istambol must quail in affright

*Lines Written at Malvern*

[Dated September, 1829, printed only in 1830 ]

---

On a summer morning,  
 When all was adorning  
 To the earth, and the quiet sky,  
 By an ivied stone  
 I listed the tone  
 Of the west-wind murmuring by  
 From the left and the right  
 His accents invite,  
 But wherever I turn, he is not  
 So wild and so sweet,  
 So quick and so feat,  
 What slave will not envy his lot?  
 That happy musician  
 Hath scaped from the prison  
 Of body that once surely bound him  
 And now is he free  
 To utter his glee  
 To each dew-tinkling blossom around him!  
 Those rich wanton flowers,  
 How they welcome the powers  
 Half brought, and awakened half!

There circulates pleasure  
 Through each in a measure—  
 Heard I not their ambient laugh?

'Twas the shade of a dream!  
 No laughters I deem  
 Are the children of the field  
 Other feelings have they,  
 I make no deny,  
 That to us will ne'er be revealed

There be other things  
 That the earth enrings,  
 Than those which our knowledge hath found  
 Our senses are five,  
 And on them reasons thrive,  
 But nature hath never a bound!

*Lines Addressed to Alfred Tennyson*

[Dated Malvern, September, 1829 and printed only in 1830]

---

Within the mansion of the mad  
 It is an awful thing to stray,  
 And with the man it makes not sad,  
 I would not travel on my way  
 Through pleasant fields of living flowers,  
 Nor own the plenar calm of heavy noontide hours

Alfred, hadst thou been there, thine eye  
 Would scarce have seen for very tears,  
 And well I know, no more than I,  
 Would'st thou forget the still despairs  
 That almost learned a joyous look  
 On one poor maiden's face, whose sight I could not brook

The vision clings upon my brain  
 Of her flushed cheek, and eye's quick gleam,  
 And that dread sense of doubting pain,  
 That seemed to wrap her, like a dream  
 Whose bounds, we guess, engird us fast,  
 Yet hate we that dim thought, and struggle to the last

I half believe that I did see  
 The sufferer of a penal life  
 Before me, whose old sins must be  
 Cleared by the burnings of slow grief,  
 And doubt, that grows a master ill,  
 Obscuring every truth, and sickening all the will

Yet oh, 'tis hard to think of her,  
 And sin together! rather say,  
 That though her visible reason err,  
 Rare intuitions of a day  
 Unearthly, and a fixt serene  
 Flow on her secret mind and have her solace been

Ask ye the cause that she was there?  
 No tale have I of sweet love's pity  
 For all I know, though she was fair,  
 She ne'er shed tear for amorous ditty  
 But general life, the stern, the real,  
 Lay iron on a heart so tender and so leal

The world so cherished grew within,  
 A glorious world of clear delight,  
 But nought external seemed akin,  
 So pined the maiden day and night  
 Thought staggered in its own dark mesh,  
 And there she sits alone, like one without a wish

*[On Free Submission to God's Will]*

(Meditative Fragments IV)

[Printed, 1830, without date, as the fourth "Meditative Fragment," and so reprinted, 1834 and all later editions, under date of 1829. Its composition is here assigned to mid-September, 1829, at Malvern, when, as Hallam then wrote Gladstone, he was "much calmer in mind than some months ago," but it should be read in connection with the more agitated statement of the same theme of the earlier, third fragment, printed above under the title, "A Confession and a Prayer"]

---

I lay within a little bowered nook,  
 With all green leaves, nothing but green around me,  
 And through their delicate comminglings flashed  
 The broken light of a sunned waterfall—

5       Ah, water of such freshness, that it was  
       A marvel and an envy! There I lay,  
       And felt the joy of life for many an hour  
       But when the revel of sensations  
       Gave place to meditation and discourse,  
 10       I waywardly began to moralize  
       That little theatre with its watery scene  
       Into quaint semblances of higher things  
       And first methought that twined foliage  
       Each leaf from each how different, yet all stamped  
 15       With common hue of green, and similar form,  
       Pictured in little the great human world  
       Sure we are leaves of one harmonious bower,  
       Fed by a sap, that never will be scant,  
       All-permeating, all-producing mind,  
 20       And in our several parcellings of doom  
       We but fulfil the beauty of the whole  
       Oh madness! if a leaf should dare complain  
       Of its dark verdure, and aspire to be  
       The gayer, brighter thing that wantons near  
 25       Then as I looked  
       On the pure presence of that tumbling stream,  
       Pure amid thwarting stones and staining earth,  
       Oh Heaven! methought how hard it were to find  
       A human bosom of such stubborn truth,  
 30       Yet tempered so with yielding courtesy

Then something rose within my heart to say—  
 “Maidenly virtue is the beauteous face  
 Which this clear glass gives out so prettily  
 Maidenly virtue born of privacy,  
 35       Lapt in a still conclusion and reserve,  
       Yet, when the envious winter-time is come  
       That kills the flaunting blossoms all arow,  
       If that perforce her steps must be abroad  
       Keeps, like that stream, a queenly haviour,  
 40       Free from all taint of that she treads upon,  
       And like those hurrying atoms in their fall,  
       A maiden’s thoughts may dare the eye of day  
       To look upon their sweet sincerity”

45 With that I struck into a different strain —  
“O ye wild atomies, whose headlong life  
Is but an impulse and coaction,  
Whose course hath no beginning, no, nor end,  
Are ye not weary of your mazed whurls,  
50 Your tortuous deviations, and the strife  
Of your opposed bubblings? Are there not  
In you as in all creatures, quiet moods,  
Deep longings for a slumber and a calm?  
I never saw a bird was on the wing  
But with a homeward joy he seem'd to fly  
55 As knowing all his toils' o'er-paid reward  
Was with his chirpers in their little nest  
Pines have I seen on Jura's misty height  
Swinging amid the whirl-blasts of the North,  
And shaking their old heads with laugh prolonged,  
60 As if they joyed to share the mighty life  
Of elements—the freedom, and the stir  
But when the gale was past, and the rent air  
Returned, and the piled clouds rolled out of view,  
How still th' interminable forest then!  
65 Soundless, but for the myriad forest-flies,  
That hum a busy little life away  
I' th' amplitude of those unstartled glades  
Why what a rest was there! But ye, oh ye!  
Poor aliens from the fixed vicissitudes,  
70 That alternate throughout created things,  
Mocked with incessantness of motion,  
Where shall ye find or changement or repose?”

So spake I in the fondness of my mood  
But thereat Fancy sounded me a voice  
75 Borne upward from that sparkling company  
“Repinement dwells not with the duteous free  
We do the Eternal Will, and in that doing,  
Subject to no seducement or oppose,  
We owe a privilege, that reasoning man  
80 Hath no true touch of”

And that reproof the tears

Flushed to mine eyes, and I arose, and walked  
 With a more earnest and reverent heart  
 Forth to the world, which God had made so fair,  
 Mired now with trails of error and of sin

*[Wordsworth at Glenarbach An Episode]*

(Meditative Fragments VI)

[Printed in 1830 without date as the sixth of the "Meditative Fragments," reprinted with the date, 1829, in 1834 and all subsequent editions. Probably written at Malvern in September-October, 1829. The poem was constructed upon a remembered conversation between Hallam and Miss Robertson during the July visit. The "infant sister" of l. 33 was doubtless Philadelphia Jane, and the nurse of l. 35 may safely be conjectured to be the subject of Hallam's poem, "The Highland Girl's Lament in Italy." On Henry Hallam's suppression of ll. 102-104 see my "Hallam's Suppressed Allusion to Tennyson," *PMLA*, LVII (1942), 587-589.]

---

It is a thing of trial to the heart,  
 Of trial and of painful wonderment,  
 To walk within a dear companion's voice  
 And hear him speak light words of one we hold  
 5 In the same compass of undoubting love  
 "How is it that his presence being one,  
 His language one, his customs uniform,  
 He bears not the like honour in the thought  
 Of this my friend, which he hath borne in mine?"  
 10 It minds me of that famous Arab tale  
 (First to expand the struggling notions  
 Of my child brain) in which the bold poor man  
 Was checked for lack of 'Open sesame'  
 Seems it my comrade standeth at the door  
 15 Of that rich treasure-house, my lover's heart,  
 Trying with keys untrue the rebel wards,  
 And all for lack of one unsounded word  
 To open out the sympathetic mind"  
 Thus might a thoughtful man be eloquent,  
 20 To whom that cross had chanced yet not such  
 The colour, though the nature was the same,  
 Of the plain fact which won me to this muse,



One morn, while in Glenarbach I sojourned,  
That winsome Lady sitting by my side,  
25 Whom still these eyes in every place desire,  
We looked in quiet unison of joy  
On a bright summer scene Aspiring trees  
Circled us, each in several dignity,  
Yet taking, like a band of senators  
30 Most grandeur from their congregated calm  
Afar between two leafy willow stems  
Visibly flowed the sunlit Clyde more near  
An infant sister frolicked on the lawn,  
And in sweet accents of a far-off land,  
35 Native to th' utterer, called upon her nurse  
To help her steps unto us nor delayed  
Those tones to rouse within our inmost hearts  
Clear images of a delightful past  
Capri's blue distance, Procida, and the light  
40 Pillowed on Baiæ's wave nor less the range  
Of proud Albano, backed by Puglian snows,  
And the green tract beside the Lateran  
Rose in me, and a mist came o'er my eyes  
But I spoke freely of these things to her,  
45 And for awhile we walked 'mid phantom shapes  
In a fair universe of other days  
That converse passed away, and careless talk,  
As is its use, brought divers fancies up,  
Like bubbles dancing down their rivulet  
50 A moment, then dilating into froth

At last, a chance-direction being given,  
I spake of Wordsworth, of that lofty mind,  
Enthroned in a little monarchy  
Of hills and waters, where no one thing is  
55 Lifeless, or pulsing fresh with mountain strength,  
But pays a tribute to his shaping spirit!  
Thereat the Lady laughed—a gentle laugh,  
For all her moods were gentle passing sweet  
Are the rebukes of woman's gentleness!  
60 But still she laughed, and asked me how long since

1 23] In all editions there are three asterisks where 'Glenarbach' is here inserted

I grew a dreamer, heretofore not wont  
 To conjure nothings to a mighty size,  
 Or see in Nature more than Nature owns  
 Then taking up the volume, where it lay  
 65 Upon her table, of those hallowed songs,  
 I answered not but by their utterance  
 And first the tales of quiet tenderness  
 (Sweet votive offerings of a loving life)  
 In which the feeling dignifies the fact,  
 70 I read, then gradual rising as that sprite  
 Indian, by recent fabler sung so well,  
 Clomb the slow column up to Seva's throne,  
 I opened to her view his lofty thought  
 More and more struggling with its walls of clay,  
 75 And on all objects of our double nature,  
 Inward, and outward, shedding holier light,  
 Till disenthralled at length it soared amain  
 In the pure regions of th' eternal same,  
 Where nothing meets the eye but only God

80 Then spoke I of that intimate belief  
 In which he nursed his spirit aquiline,  
 How all the moving phantasies of things,  
 And all our visual notions, shadow-like,  
 Half hide, half show, that All-sustaining One,  
 85 Whose Bibles are the leaves of lowly flowers,  
 And the calm strength of mountains, rippling lakes  
 And the irregular howl of stormful seas,  
 Soft slumbering lights of even and of morn,  
 And the unfolding of the starlit gloom,  
 90 But whose chief presence, whose imparted self,  
 Is in the silent virtues of the heart,  
 The deep, the human heart, which with the high  
 Still glorifies the humble, and delights  
 To seek in every show a soul of good

95 Pausing from that high strain, I looked to her  
 For sympathy, for my full heart was up,

1 71] See Southey's *Kehama* [H]

11 80-94] Was Hallam here expounding "Tintern Abbey," 11 93-102?

And I would fain have felt another's breast  
 Mix its quick heavings with my own indeed  
 The lady laughed not now, nor breathed reproach,  
 100 Yet there was chillness in her calm approve,  
 Which with my kindled temper suited not  
 I felt as of two brothers I were one,  
 And he of all men nearest to my soul  
 Were alien from the sister of my love

105 Oh! there is union, and a tie of blood  
 With those who speak unto the general mind,  
 Poets and sages! Their high privilege  
 Bids them eschew succession's changefulness,  
 And, like eternal, equal influence  
 110 Shed on all times and places I would be  
 A poet, were't but for this linked delight,  
 This consciousness of noble brotherhood,  
 Whose joy no heaps of earth can bury up,  
 No worldly venture 'minish or destroy,  
 115 For it is higher, than to be personal!

Some minutes passed me by in dubious maze  
 Of meditation lingering painfully,  
 But then a calm grew on me, and clear faith  
 (So clear that I did marvel how before  
 120 I came not to the level of that truth)  
 That different halts, in Life's sad pilgrimage,  
 With different minstrels charm the journeying soul  
 Not in our early love's idolatry,  
 Not in our first ambition's flush of hope,  
 125 Not while the pulse beats high within our veins,  
 Fix we our soul in beautiful regrets,  
 Or strive to build the philosophic mind  
 But when our feelings coil upon themselves  
 At time's rude pressure, when the heart grows dry,  
 130 And burning with unmedicable thirst  
 As though a plague-spot seared it, while the brain

l. 120] 1830 has 'm' for 'to'

ll 128-137] See the later sonnet, "A melancholy thought"

- Fevers with cogitations void of love,  
 When this change comes, as come it will to most,  
 It is a blessed God-given aid to list  
 135 Some master's voice, speaking from out those depths  
 Of reason that do border on the source  
 Of pure emotion and of generous act  
 It may be that this motive swayed in me,  
 And thinking so that day I prayed that she,  
 140 Whose face, like an unruffled mountain tarn,  
 Smiled on me till its innocent joy grew mine,  
 Might ne'er experience any change of mood  
 So dearly bought by griefs habitual,  
 Much rather, if no softer path be found  
 145 To bring our steps together happily,  
 Serve the bright Muses as a separate shrine

### *To I M G II*

[Dated from "Malvern, Oct., 1829," this was printed in 1830, but not included in 1834 and subsequent editions. Like the earlier sonnet to Gaskell of May, 1829, it appears in the Gaskell Commonplace Book and in the two editions of Gaskell's letters cited on p. 47, to which the reader is referred for explanation of allusions.]

---

Late did I sweep for thee triumphant strings  
 A sadder season asks a sadder lay  
 Still to those prophet words my spirit clings,  
 Since, half fulfilled, half wait the future day  
 The lady of the North we both beheld,  
 And felt the presence of the time foregone  
 So let us look to see that star revealed,  
 Whose failing leaves our isle widowed and lone  
 Woe, that the clouds will gather—and my mind  
 Is wildered in their waste obscurity  
 I think and act, like those who walk in sleep  
 Yet then I spake of gladness, that should free  
 Our souls by sudden calm and I would keep  
 That faith, for I am bare to every wind

l 4] Gaskell MS has 'Since part fulfilled, part wait the sacred day'

l 8] Gaskell MS has 'absence' for 'failing'

l 12] Gaskell MS has 'spoke of gladness, which'

l 13] Gaskell MS has 'sprints' for 'souls.'

## TO R M

[Printed without date only in 1830, these lines were addressed to Hallam's great friend of Cambridge days, Richard Monckton Milnes, cousin of James Milnes Gaskell, poet, later Lord Houghton, and biographer of Keats In a letter to his father, dated October 22, 1829, Milnes writes of finding this sonnet when he returned to London from the Continent He copies the sestet into his letter without comment upon its appeal to him to take life more seriously The last line alludes to the brief period (1806-1809) when Milnes's father was a member of Parliament "For several years from 1829," according to the *Dictionary of National Biography*, the elder Milnes lived abroad at Milan and Rome (See T Wemyss Reid, *The Life, Letters, and Friendships of Richard Monckton Milnes, First Lord Houghton* 2 vols, London, n.d., 1, 70-72 )]

---

Hail to thee, comer from the prostrate land,  
 Where darkly hate th' oppressor, and th' oppressed  
 England recalls thee let a stair of sand  
 Symbol thy fixedness, where thou art guest,  
 But to the isle, whose voices earliest  
 Thrilled thy born soul with pleasure, give thy hand  
 And heart of love, not hindmost in her band  
 Of mighty dead hereafter thou may'st rest  
 Enough of flickering mirth, and random life!  
 Yearnings are in thee for a lofty doom  
 Trample that mask, a sterner port assume,  
 Whether thou championest th' Uranian strife,  
 Or marked by freedom for her togged array,  
 Reclaim'st thy father's soon abandoned bay

l 13] Milnes' transcript has 'toga'd sway' Other differences arise from Milnes' faulty reading of Hallam's hand, as 'dome' for 'doom,' l 10, 'part' for 'port,' l 11

*An Arabian Night's Apologue*

[Dated Malvern, October, 1829, printed only in 1830 ]

---

Suleiman sits upon his throne  
 Of diamond and gold,  
 And there do kneel before that throne  
 A thousand genies bold  
 Bold though they be, they bend the knee  
 For ever and for aye  
 They would not, if they could, be free,  
 The wisest they obey

Who sits upon the king's right hand,  
 And marks the sovereign eye?  
 It is the vizier of the land,  
 Though mortal, raised thus high

How daintily and scornfully  
 He eyes that nobler race,  
 Contemning their humility,  
 That keep so low a place!

"Than I were any higher now,  
 I would not live an hour  
 Ill fall the man who will not know  
 His fate is in his power!"

Within his heart he spoke the word  
 Ha! why that sudden start?  
 Why turns the proud man to his lord,  
 And craves he may depart?

"Oh mighty prophet, mighty king,  
 A dreadful form is near,  
 I pray thee let some genie's wing  
 To farthest Ind me bear!"

The monarch nods, the thing is done,  
 The dreadful form approached,  
 And as his shadow smote the throne,  
 Lower the spirits crouched

"I marvel here that man I found,  
 Suleiman 'tis the hour,  
 When on the farthest Indian ground,  
 He's doomed to feel my power"

"Angel of death," the king replied,  
 And bowed his head in fear  
 "The will above we all abide  
 Thou'lt surely find him there!"

### *Sonnet to a Lady on Her Marriage*

[As there is no clue to the person addressed or the date of composition, this sonnet is placed here because in the edition of 1830, where it was alone printed, it is placed among the Malvern poems of October, 1829. The footnote of 1830 to the quotation in ll 10-11, betrays the self-consciousness of

this occasional piece, with its reminiscence of Vergil's Fourth Eclogue, Horace's Ode To Julius Antonius, A Brother Poet (the second of Book IV), Milton's allusion to the Golden Age in "On the Morning of Christ's Nativity," and the last chorus of Shelley's "Hellas" Tennyson frequently worked with the same stylistic and metrical devices that are found in this sonnet, achieving notable restraint in "Move Eastward, Happy Earth"]

---

Yon linnet pipes not now from spray to spray,  
 Yet have her notes all that of sweet may be  
 Oh happy bird, happy young bird, thy glee  
 In the warm nest shall never know decay!  
 The revel of the birds has passed away  
 Evening and morning look not vernally  
 Oh happy year, happy young year, to thee  
 Ripe calm is come, and a long golden day!  
 The nations travel onward from their prime  
 Oh happy earth, soon shall "the thousand years  
 Lead up their mystic dance" and banish tears!  
 Lady, if such be general Nature's law,  
 Trust thou a prophet meaning in my rhyme,  
 Mirror of blessed life, without a flaw

ll 10-11] Coleridge's *Religious Musings* [H]

### *Lines in Answer to a Desponding Letter*

[In the absence of any evidence as to date of composition, these lines, printed without date only in 1830, are included at this point because they appear in the edition of 1830 among the October, 1829 poems written at Malvern. The copy of that edition at the Bodleian Library, inscribed "Mariquita Tennant from her husband R J Tennant," carries on p 113, at the end of this poem, the notation, in Mrs Tennant's hand, "Composed for my beloved Husband Mariquita Tennant" The Rev R J Tennant was a close friend of Cambridge days, though not an Apostle. He lived most of his professional life in Italy. The first part (ll 7-13) of Hallam's notable tribute to Tennyson appears in Anne Thackeray [Ritchie's] *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning*, New York, 1892, p 13, also in the same writer's Introductory Sketch to *The Complete Poetical Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson, Poet Laureate*, N Y, 1884, pp ix-xi. The Sketch had previously appeared in *Harper's* for December, 1883.]

---

Oh this is ill done—cheer thee—leave to snails  
 Of the world's fashion thus to creep, and house  
 In self-created gloom thou art a man,

- Whom Shelley might have picked out for a friend,  
 5 Or Plato loved to fill with 'words of light'  
 All a long summer's walk in Academe  
 How say I—"might?" Thou hast a friend—a rare one—  
 A noble being, full of clearest insight—  
 A man whom we're beforehand with the time  
 10 In loving and revering, but whose fame  
 Is couching now with panther eyes intent,  
 As who should say, "I'll spring to him anon,  
 And have him for my own!" Nor may we then  
 Be all forgotten priests of his great honour,  
 15 Who in white garments dyed in Himera  
 Stood at the altar's horns, and bound the victims,  
 Custom and lust and misanthropic sloth,  
 To waste beneath the lightnings of his eye  
 Oh not with tattered thoughts, then, or maimed spirits  
 20 Crouch we, like beggars, at the dull world's gate!  
 Rather as rich in hope, like Raleigh bound  
 For Eldorado, when the very winds  
 Rang in his ears metallic, and each wave  
 Yawned like a mine-depth to his eager eye—  
 25 So let us live, my friend, let me have drawn  
 For thee and me this picture of a life

*To One Early Loved, Now in India*

[Printed only in 1830, with the notation, "Written at Malvern, Oct, 1829" Anna Wintour, the "one early loved," was still in Italy where Hallam had left her nearly a year and a half previous to the composition of this poem Poetic license places her in India to mark the immensity in time and space of their separation As the poet states in the ninth stanza, it is a separation complete on this side of the grave The theme of the poem is thus very like that of Tennyson's *In Memoriam* its problem is to apprehend and to make articulate a sense of the deathlessness of love and friendship

This is the last of thirteen poems by Hallam to or about Anna Wintour "Blest be the Bower," the "Fragment" of April, 1828, the "Stanzas Written in Dejection at Tunbridge Wells," "A Farewell to the South," the two sonnets of June, 1828 and April, 1829, the two Gaskell sonnets, and Sonnets iv-vii of the Italian group in the Appendix ]

I

Friend of old times, and places faint in mind,  
 Th' innumerable waves divide us now,



Yet, for we once were lovers, still the wind  
Hastening from where Atlantic surges flow,  
Forgets not to decline his pinion low,  
And whisper thoughts of thee then stand I mazed  
In sweet, and bitter fancies, all I know  
Mixed in the chaos, which th' unknown hath raised,  
Like glory of noonlight by sullen shades debased

## II

Well I remember when I looked my last  
On thy clear eyes, and brow that knew not gloom  
Music was there, gay music, light and fast  
Went the feet twinkling down th' illumined room  
She, too, the star and brightness of my doom  
Moved in that company, which won thereby  
A light of beauty, such as souls assume,  
When the chill world fades from the glazing eye,  
And their new vision rests on forms that will not die

## III

But in that hour my gaze was not for her  
The light and motion pressed upon my heart  
With a dim sense of transiency and stir,  
And fair illusions leaving inward smart  
Repose! Repose! the word would not depart,  
Through my dulled notions peering like a sprite  
Created in the wildness of sweet art  
By some false dream, that charms us all the night,  
But, when the day is, flies, and with it our delight

## IV

Oh, let all pass, but let affliction dure!  
The tomb is not so damp, the worm so fell,  
But sweet affection may escape their lure  
A loving thought death never yet befell  
For love of all things strongest is, that well  
From the great fount creative love hath rest  
In his own crowning energy, and hell  
This world would be, if men could but divest  
The universal God of that which fits him best

## V

Alas! that truth is one, but we are tossed  
 On many mingling waves of fate and time!  
 Though sovran love to man is never lost,  
 And still in every hour, in every clime,  
 Urges of self the sacrifice sublime,  
 What skills it if the dearest one be fled?  
 Form I have watched, thou liv'st but in this rhyme  
 Though the sun sees thee, thou to me art dead  
 The voice I heard so oft to distant airs is wed

## VI

Stern is the toil to fix a human heart  
 On th' anchorage of heaven-like unity  
 Eterne ideas hold too calm a part  
 In the inward firmament, that potency  
 Of meteor passion should constrained be  
 We make an image, and a toy for sight  
 Of all we reverence, God must visibly  
 Move in th' horizon, like a man of might,  
 And the same life return beyond sepulchral night

## VII

Is this a mock of hopes fantastical?  
 Who would not live anew a son, a friend,  
 A brother? Who can slight his nature's call,  
 And quite the sphere, in which he breathes, transcend?  
 Oh tell me not, ye sages, that our end  
 Shall merge us in the godhead, I am made  
 To seek with kindred souls my soul to blend  
 Say rather, all our loves here weak and frayed,  
 Shall burst to waneless light when forms have death obeyed

## VIII

Another stage of the immortal mind—  
 A nearer curving to the line of best—  
 A new and splendid scene, where unconfined  
 Play the free feelings of true aims addressed—  
 Such is the doom of our reasoning hopes attest  
 I will confide, thou cherish'd of my youth,  
 That we shall be of one delight possessed,

And each embracing what the other doth,  
Live an harmonious life of energetic truth

## IX

But now, for that the furthest sea restrains thee,  
And frowningly the future shakes its veil,  
I dare not think, how sharp so'er it pains me,  
But this brief hour of being first will fail,  
Or e'er we stand in the same place's pale  
So be thy thought a presence and a cause  
When I do most withdraw me from the gale  
Into the shadow, and the stedfast pause  
Of my unmoved self, to right my actions' laws!

## X

Then may the mystic stirrings, and the course  
Of quick uplifting will, that drives the mass  
Of worldly motes back from its salient force,  
Be eloquent of thee! Souls have a pass  
Into each other, though thick walls of brass,  
Or a wide universe of space divide  
So slight is measure to the measureless,  
Time to the stemmer of th' eternal tide—  
The spirit's lightning path no local thing may bide!

## XI

Then hear me thou, not with thine ear extern,  
Listening the Himalayan snow-falls now,  
Or sucking sweetest languor from the urn  
Of ancient Ganges in its bubbling flow,  
Rolling heat-sickened waters sad and slow,  
Hear me in spirit! bid thy heart be mine,  
On perfect union let rare actions grow,  
So shall our married energies combine  
To the one chainless thought, all-piercing, and divine

## XII

What is't, that in a body I am hearsed?  
That dead-cold habit fetters me to sin?  
Chains may be broken, clay may be transpierced  
Quarries have been, that foiled th' insidious gin,

And the swift lance's open levelling,  
Bold though the hunters were, and keen the chase  
Their aid I seek to spread a freshening  
Of most perennial argent o'er the face  
Of my tempestuous mind, that will not know its peace

## XIII

Brave spirits are, whom I will have to friend,  
Courtiers of truth, and slaves of charity,  
Men, who have lived for man, and made an end  
In righteous joy, to whom th' approach is free  
Of unbarred Heaven, and the full mystery  
Unfolded to the penetrative mind  
Such is the mighty Florentine, and He  
Who saw the solar angel, nor was blind,  
Such the deep, simple Shakespeare, greatest of mankind

## XIV

Dark haters, who have looked upon the stars,  
And never learned that all things high and fair  
Draw to another's center, nursed in wars,  
And petty tyrannies, the worst to bear,  
And the most hardening to the hearts that wear  
That cruel idle temper, ye, whose pleasure  
Is but unrest, whose genius from its lair,  
Like a fierce serpent leaps, and kills by seizure,  
Forgetful of true strength, that bides in loving leisure,

## XV

Not upon you I call, not upon you  
I seek no comfort on your evil hearth  
Those syren warblings of a heart untrue  
Deceive not me, who view their secret worth  
In your wept actions from the hour of birth  
To the dread farewell, ye have been a spoil,  
A desolation! Beauty on this earth  
Holds elfin sway, and nought but lover's toil  
Wins her enduring smile to clear our mortal coil

## XVI

To Her I dedicate for storm, or shine,  
 The inward of my life Great queen of fairy,  
 Thou nobler Gloriana, I am thine  
 Mould thou, and wield at will my spirit weary  
 Lap me luxurious in thy visions airy  
 Air though they be, they are not vain, but true,  
 Yea, only true! Air then, because so chary  
 They feed our life, and purge our thickened view,  
 Till earth we shake away, as from a flower the dew

[After First Meeting Emily Tennyson]

[This sonnet appears in the Heath MS, f 215, and was first printed by Charles Tennyson in "J M Heath's Commonplace Book," *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1936, pp 426-449 In the MS it is dated December, 1829 It is therefore the first poem to mark Hallam's feeling for Emily Tennyson]

How is't for every glance of thine I find  
 A thousand recognitions seem to float  
 Up from my heart, and thro' my darkened mind,  
 Taking me with the sweetness of old thought?  
 I ne'er had seen thee never was my sight  
 Made holy by a vision like to thee  
 Whence is this riddle then? Art thou not She  
 Who in my Sais-temple wast a light  
 Behind all veils of thought, and fantasy,  
 A dim, yet beautiful Idea of one  
 Perfect in womanhood, in Love alone,  
 Making the earth golden with hope and joy?  
 And now thou com'st embodied to destroy  
 My grief with earnest eyes and music tone

1 8] The image of the Sais-temple may have been suggested to Hallam by Schiller's narrative poem, "Das verschleierte Bild zu Sais," separated by only a few pages from "Die Theilung der Erde," which Hallam translated in September, 1829 (in the lines beginning, "Take ye the world!") Schiller's poem described the adventure of a youth who, burning with a thirst for knowledge, travelled to Sais, in Egypt, to the veiled statue beneath whose covering stood Truth, but whose veil no man might rend Late at night the youth scaled the wall and, in spite of a warning hand outstretched in darkness, tore away the veil Next morning he was found pale and senseless, and thereafter lived his life in woe, having won Truth by guilt The temple at Sais is again mentioned by Hallam in his essay on Cicero, printed at Cambridge in 1832

1 12] Cf *In Memoriam*, 85, xxvii, 1-3, where "first love, first friendship"  
 "Hold apart the promise of the golden hours"



1830-1832





*To Alfred Tennyson at Somersby*

[Written at Somersby, probably in the Easter vacation, 1830 First published in the *Tennyson Memoir*, 1, 66 ]

---

Those Gothic windows are before me now,  
Which long have shone dim-lighted in my mind,  
That slope of softest green, the brook below,  
Old musty stalls, and tedded hay behind—  
All have I seen, and simple tho' they be,  
A mighty awe steals with them on my heart,  
For they have grown and lasted as a part  
Of thy dear self, up-building thine and thee  
From yon tall fir, weathering the April rain,  
Came influence rare, that deepen'd into song,  
Beauty lurk'd for thee in the long gray fields,  
By tufted knolls, and, Alfred, made thee strong!  
Hence are the weapons which thy spirit wields,  
Musical thoughts of unexampled strain

*[Three Sonnets to Emily Tennyson]*

[First printed 1834, and in all subsequent editions, without date, these were probably written during the first half of 1830 ]

---

I

Still here—thou hast not faded from my sight,  
Nor all the music round thee from mine ear  
Still grace flows from thee to the brightening year,  
And all the birds laugh out in wealthier light  
Still am I free to close my happy eyes,  
And paint upon the gloom thy mimic form,  
That soft white neck, that cheek in beauty warm,  
And brow half hidden where yon ringlet lies,  
With, Oh! the blissful knowledge all the while  
That I can lift at will each curved lid,  
And my fair dream most highly realize  
The time will come, 'tis ushered by my sighs,  
When I may shape the dark, but vainly bid  
True light restore that form, those looks, that smile

## II

Speed ye, warm hours, along th' appointed path,  
 Speed, though ye bring but pain, slow pain to me,  
 I will not much bemoan your heavy wrath,  
 So ye will make my lady glad and free  
 What is't that I must here confined be,  
 If she may roam the summer's sweets among,  
 See the full-cupped flower, the laden tree,  
 Hear from deep groves the thousand-voiced song?  
 Sometimes in that still chamber will she sit  
 Trim ranged with books, and cool with dusky blinds,  
 That keep the moon out, there, as seemed fit,  
 To sing, or play, or read—what sweet hope finds  
 Way to my heart? perchance some verse of mine—  
 Oh happy I! speed on, ye hours divine!

## III

Why throbbest thou, my heart, why thickly breathest?  
 I ask no rich and splendid eloquence  
 A few words of the warmest and the sweetest  
 Sure thou mayst yield without such coy pretence  
 Open the chamber where affection's voice,  
 For rare occasions is kept close and fine  
 Bid it but say "sweet Emily, be mine,"  
 So for one boldness thou shalt aye rejoice  
 Fain would I speak when the full music-streams  
 Rise from her lips to linger on her face,  
 Or like a form floating through Raffaele's dreams,  
 Then fixed by him in everliving grace,  
 She sits i' the silent worship of mine eyes  
 Courage, my heart change thou for words thy sighs

## [A Melancholy Thought]

[Printed 1834 and all subsequent editions with the date, September, 1830  
 From reference to the cedars in a letter written to Tennyson soon after the  
 two friends returned from the Pyrenees expedition, it appears that this  
 sonnet was written at Forest House, Leyton, Essex (*Memor*, 1, 69-71)  
 The mood recorded suggests that of the sixth "*Meditative Fragment*,"  
 ll 128-137, while the sestet may find an echo in the first stanza of the  
 ninety-seventh section of *In Memoriam*.]

---

A melancholy thought had laid me low,  
 A thought of self-desertion, and the death  
 Of feelings wont with my heart's blood to flow,  
 And feed the inner soul with purest breath  
 The idle busy star of daily life,  
 Base passions, haughty doubts, and selfish fears,  
 Have withered up my being in a strife  
 Unkind, and dried the source of human tears  
 One evening I went forth, and stood alone  
 With Nature moon there was not, nor the light  
 Of any star in heaven yet from the sight  
 Of that dim nightfall better hope hath given  
 Upon my spirit, and from those cedars high  
 Solemnly changeless, as the very sky

*To Two Sisters [I]*

[Printed 1834 and all subsequent editions with the date, November, 1830  
 The sisters were Mary and Emily Tennyson See also the second poem of the  
 same title, composed after Hallam's engagement to Emily ]

---

*Love thoughts be rich when canopied with flowers* —SHAKSPEARE

*In Leigh Hunt's "Indicator," it is stated that the name "Mary" has its  
 origin in a Hebrew word, signifying "Exalted," and a suggestion occurs in  
 the same book, that "Emily" may possibly come from some element akin to  
 "Amo" [H]*

Well do your names express ye, sisters dear,  
 In small clear sounds awaking mournful thoughts,  
 Mournful, as with the refluence of a joy  
 Too pure for these sad coasts of human life  
 5 Methinks, had not your happy vernal dawn  
 Ever arisen on my tranced view,  
 Those flowing sounds would syllable yourselves  
 To my delighted soul, or if not so,  
 Yet when I traced their deeper meaning out,  
 10 And fathomed his intent, who in some hour,  
 Sweet from the world's young dawn, with breath of life  
 Endowed them, then your certain forms would come,  
 Pale but true visions of my musing eye  
 For thee, oh eldest flower, whose precious name  
 15 Would to inspired ears by Chebar once,

Or the lone cavern hid from Jezabel,  
 Sound as "Exalted"—fittest therefore borne  
 By that mysterious Lady who reposed  
 In Egypt far, beyond the impious touch  
 20 Of fell Herodes, or th' unquiet looks  
 Of men, who knew not Peace to earth was born,—  
 There happily reposed, waiting the time  
 When from that dark interminable day  
 Should by God's might emerge, and Love sit throned,  
 25 And Meekness kiss away the looks of Scorn,  
 Oh Mary! deem that Virgin looks on thee  
 With an especial care, lean thou on her,  
 As the ideal of thy woman's heart,  
 Pray that thy heart be strengthened from above  
 30 To lasting hope, and sovran kindness,  
 That conquering smiles and more than conquering tears  
 May be thy portion through the ways of life  
 So walk thou on in thy simplicity,  
 Following the Virgin Queen for evermore!

35 Thou other name, I turn with deepest awe  
 To think of all thou utterest unto me  
 Oh Emily! how frail must be my speech,  
 Weighed with the thought that in my spirit burns,  
 To find no rest until 'tis known by thee,  
 40 Till our souls see each other face to face  
 Thou hearest not, alas! thou art afar,  
 And I am lone as ever, sick and lone  
 Roaming the weary desert of my doom  
 Where thou art not, altho' all speaks of thee,  
 45 All yearns for thee, my love each barren wold  
 Would teem with fruitful glory at thy smile  
 But so—'twas of thy name that I would speak,  
 And thus I will not lend me to that lie,  
 That from the old and proud Æmilian clan  
 50 Thy name was brought, the famous Roman dames  
 Who, in a sweeping stole, broad-zoned and full,  
 With solemn brows and settled eyes severe,

1 51] 1834 has 'broadzoned'

Tended the household glory of their lords  
 Ah no, a sweeter birth, fair name, is thine!  
 55 Surely some soul born in the tender light  
 Of golden suns and deep-starred night divine,  
 Feeling the want of some far gentler word  
 Than any speech doth own, to slake the thirst  
 Of his impetuous heart, and be at once  
 60 The symbol and relief of that high love  
 Which made him weary and faint even unto death,  
 He gathering up the wasted energies  
 For a last work, and breathing all his life  
 Into a word of love, said "Amele,"  
 65 Meaning "Beloved," and then methinks he died,  
 And the melodious magic of his voice  
 Shrank in its fulness, but the amorous air,  
 And the blue sea close murmuring to the shore  
 With a sweet regular moan, the orange grove  
 70 Rising from that slope shore in richest shade,  
 Blent with the spiked aloe, and cactus wild,  
 And rarer growth of the luxuriant palm,  
 Lived in that word, and echoed "Emily,"  
 Tempering the tone with variation sweet  
 75 Thou seest it, maiden if the fairest things  
 Of this fair world, and breathing deepest love,  
 Sang welcome to the name then framed for thee,  
 And such as thee, the gentlest of the earth,  
 Should I, to whom this tale was whispered  
 80 By some kind Muse in hours of silent thought  
 Look on thy face and call thee not "Beloved?"  
 It were in me unmeasured blasphemy  
 Oh envy not thyself thy station high  
 Consent to be "Beloved," I ask no more  
 85 Than to fulfil for thee thy warning name,  
 And in a perfect loving live and die

I 81] So 1834 Some editions have "Beloved "

*[Then What is Life]*

[This sonnet appears in the Heath MS, f 214, and was first printed by Charles Tennyson in "J M Heath's Commonplace Book," *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1936, pp 426-449 Undated, it is impossible to assign it to an exact

time of composition, though the fact of its not being included in the *Poems* of 1830, suggests a time after March-May of that year, while the subject-matter suggests that it was written before 1832. In *In Memoriam*, xcvi, Tennyson certainly refers to this sonnet especially in the fifth and sixth stanzas, and it seems likely that this sonnet alludes to Tennyson's sonnet of 1830, "Though Night hath climbed"]

---

"Then what is Life, I cried" From his rent deeps  
 Of soul the Poet cast that burning word,  
 And it should seem as though his prayer was heard,  
 For he died soon, and now his rest he keeps  
 Somewhere with the great Spirit who never sleeps!  
 He had left us to murmur on awhile  
 And question still most fruitlessly this pile  
 Of natural shews What life is? Why man weeps?  
 Why sins?—and whither when the awful veil  
 Floats on to him he sinks from earthly sight?  
 Some are who never grow a whit more pale  
 For thinking on the general mystery,  
 Ground of all being, yet may I rather be  
 Of those who know and feel that it is Night

### *To My Mother*

[Printed 1834 and all subsequent editions, with the date, January, 1831]

---

When barren doubt like a late-coming snow  
 Made an unkind December of my spring,  
 That all the pretty flowers did droop for woe,  
 And the sweet birds their love no more would sing,  
 Then the remembrance of thy gentle faith,  
 Mother beloved, would steal upon my heart,  
 Fond feeling saved me from that utter scathe,  
 And from thy hope I could not live apart  
 Now that my mind hath passed from wintry gloom,  
 And on the calmed waters once again  
 Ascendant Faith circles with silver plume,  
 That casts a charmed shade, not now in pain,  
 Thou child of Christ, in joy I think of thee,  
 And mingle prayers for what we both may be

*To the Loved One*

[Printed 1834 and all following editions, with the date, January, 1831]

---

My heart is happy now, beloved,  
Albeit thy form is far away,  
A joy that will not be removed  
Broods on me like a summer's day  
Whatever evil Fate may do,  
It cannot change what has been thine,  
It cannot cast those words anew,  
The gentle words I think divine

No touch of time can blight the glance  
That blest with early hope my love,  
New years are dark with fearful chance,  
That moment is with God above  
And never more from me departs  
Of that sweet time the influence rare,  
When first we looked into our hearts  
And told each other what was there

Yes, I am happy, love, and yet  
Long cherished pain will keep a strife,  
Something half fear and half regret  
Is lingering at the seat of life  
But now in seasons of dismay  
What cheering hope from thoughts of thee!  
And how will earnest fancy stray  
To find its home where thou mayst be!

Sometimes I dream thee leaning o'er  
The harp I used to love so well,  
Again I tremble and adore  
The soul of its delicious swell,  
Again the very air is dim  
With eddies of harmonious might,  
And all my brain and senses swim  
In a keen madness of delight

Sometimes thy pensive form is seen  
On the dear seat beside the fire,  
There plainest thou with Madeline  
Or Isabella's lone desire

He knows thee not, who does not know  
The tender flashing of thine eye  
At some melodious tale of woe,  
And the sweet smile and sweeter sigh

How oft in silent moonlight air,  
When the wide earth is full of rest,  
And all things outward seem more fair  
For the inward spirit less opprest,  
I look for thee, I think thee near,  
Thy tones are thrilling through my soul,  
Thy dark eyes close to mine appear,  
And I am blest beyond controul

Yet deem not thou my absent state  
Is measured all by amorous moan,  
Clear-voiced Love hath learned of Fate  
New harmonies of deeper tone  
All thoughts that in me live and burn,  
The thirst for truth, the sense of power,  
Freedom's high hope—to thee they turn,  
I bring them as a precious dower!

The beauty which those thoughts adore  
Diffused through this perennial frame  
Centres in thee, I feel it more  
Since thy delivering presence came  
And with a clearer affluence now  
That mystic spirit fills my heart,  
Wafts me on hope's enthusiast flow,  
And heals with prayer the guilty smart

Oh! best beloved, it were a bliss  
As pure as aught the angels feel,  
To think in after days of this,  
Should time a strength in me reveal  
To fill with worthy thoughts and deed  
The measure of my high desire,  
To thee were due the glorious meed,  
Thy smiles had kindled first the fire

But if the starry courses give  
No eminence of light to me,



At least together we may live,  
 Together loved and loving be,  
 At least what good my spirit knows  
 Shall seek in thee a second birth,  
 And in thy gentle soul's repose  
 I'll wean me from the things of earth

Even now begins that holy life,  
 For when I kneel in Christian prayer  
 Thy name my own, my promised wife,  
 Is blent with mine in fondest care  
 Oh pray for me that both may know  
 That inward bridal's high delight,  
 And both beyond the grave may go  
 Together in the Father's sight

*To Two Sisters [II]*

[Printed 1834 and all later editions with the date, February, 1831 ]

---

5      This was my lay in sad nocturnal hour,  
       What time the silence felt a growing sound  
       Awful, and winds began among the trees,  
       Nor was there starlight in the vaulted sky  
 10     Now is the eyelid of the jocund sun  
       Uplifted on the region of this air,  
       And in the substance of his living light  
       I walk enclosed, therefore to matin chaunts  
       Of all delighted birds I marry a note  
 15     Of human voice rejoicing unto thee  
       Ever-loved, warbling my rapture now,  
       As erst to thee I made melodious moan  
       Then I believed thee distant from my heart,  
       Thou hadst not spoken then, I had not heard  
 20     And I was faint, because I breathed not  
       Breath of thy love, wherein alone is life  
       But at this hour my heart is seen, my prayer  
       Answered and crowned with blessing, I have looked  
       Into thine eyes which have not turned away,  
       But rested all their lavish light upon me,

1 11] 1834 has 'everbeloved,' 1863, Boston, has 'ever-loved'

1 19] So 1834, 1869, other editions grotesquely have 'awry'

- Unutterably sweet, till I became  
 Angelic in the strength of tenderness,  
 And met thy soul down-looking into mine  
 With a responsive power, thy word hath passed  
 25 Upon my spirit, and is a light forever,  
 High o'er the drifting spray of circumstance  
 Thy word, the plighted word, the word of promise,  
 And of all comfort! In its mighty strength  
 I bid thee hail, not as in former days,  
 30 Not as my chosen only, but my bride,  
 My very bride, coming to make my house  
 A glorious temple! Be the seal of God  
 Upon that word until the hour be full!

l 23] 1834 has 'downlooking'

l 25] 1834 has 'for ever'

*[Oh Gentle Nightingale]*

[This unfinished and unpublished fragment appears in the Heath MS, f 186, with no indication of date. Internal evidence would point to the period from January to March, 1831, between the engagement of the poet, and the going into effect, in March, of his father's wish that he refrain for one year from seeing his fiancée.]

---

Oh gentle nightingale, whose woodland home  
 Is emptied now of thine accustomed lay,  
 Whence thine old playmates mourn and mourning say  
 That their sweet songstress will not cease to roam,  
 Must there be silence with thee now? the tone  
 Sleeps in the lyre, wilt thou not break its rest?  
 Is there no hymn for love whose hope is blest?  
 Hath perfect joy no music of its own?  
 Lo! how the lark, the rival of thy strain,  
 Soars not the less and seeks no higher heaven  
 For the remembrance of his [ ] repose  
 Within the bosom of the sheltering plain  
 Well hast thou sung the time of fears and even,  
 Oh sing that other time, to few how blessed given

l 3] This line is obviously unfinished. The MS gives an alternative, 'Whereat the Echoes mourn and seem to say'

l 11] Blank left in MS

l 12] Alternative reading suggested in MS 'Within the grassy bosom of the plain'

*[Lady, I Bid Thee]*

[Printed 1834 and all later editions without date, composed probably in early spring of 1831]

Lady, I bid thee to a sunny dome  
 Ringing with echoes of Italian song,  
 Henceforth to thee these magic halls belong,  
 And all the pleasant place is like a home  
 Hark, on the right with full piano tone,  
 Old Dante's voice encircles all the air,  
 Hark yet again, like flute-tones mingling rare,  
 Comes the keen sweetness of Petrarca's moan  
 Pass thou the lintel freely without fear  
 Feast on the music I do better know thee,  
 Than to suspect this pleasure thou dost owe me  
 Will wrong thy gentle spirit, or make less dear  
 That element whence thou must draw thy life,—  
 An English maiden and an English wife

*[On the Death of the Rev George Clayton Tennyson, LL D]*

[This appears in an unpublished letter to Emily Tennyson postmarked London, April 21, 1832. The sonnet refers to the death of Dr Tennyson on March 16, 1831, and was written probably nearer that date than the date of the letter. Of it Hallam wrote Emily "I send you the Sonnet you asked for, it was written in a moment of passionate thought, one of those moments in which the whole awfulness of life seems to bear down on the o'erwrought vision of the mind but it never satisfied me, indeed it was far too painful to me." The text, now first published, follows the MS exactly, save that the italicized words are, in the MS, in small capitals.]

---

Oh mighty Arm, thou art outstretched now!  
 The shadows of thy motion press upon  
 My aching eyeballs, and my shivering brow  
 My will was working lately, that is done,  
 And on the fateful currents hath begun  
 Impulse how different! *Thou*, even *Thou*,  
 Into thine own prevailing action  
 Takest the unborn times, that we shall know  
 The Father now is parted from the Child,  
 The Husband's eyes are glazed dead cold he is  
 To one who tends him ever with deep zeal  
 Of love and patience It hath ceased to feel,

That heart so tenderfeeble, yet so wild!  
 Oh Arm of *God*, what wilt thou bring of this?

*[Alas, That Sometimes]*

[This untitled sonnet was printed in 1834 and all subsequent editions with the date, May, 1831, a season when most of Europe was rocking with intrigues, wars and revolutions, and when England was economically and politically seriously disordered. The sonnet was a part of a letter written from Cambridge on May 7 to Emily Tennyson, and is here printed from that letter rather than from Henry Hallam's transcript of 1834.]

---

Alas, that sometimes even a duteous life,  
 If uninspired by love, and love-born joy,  
 Grows fevered in the world's unholy strife,  
 And sinks destroyed by that it would destroy!  
 Beloved, from the boisterous deeds that fill  
 The measure up of this unquiet time,  
 The dull monotonies of Faction's chime  
 And irrepressible thoughts, foreboding ill,  
 I turn to thee, as to a heaven apart,  
 Oh not apart, not distant, near me ever,  
 So near my soul, that nothing can thee sever!  
 How shall I fear, knowing there is for me  
 A city of refuge, bulwarked pleasantly  
 Within the silent places of the heart?

1 2] MS has 'loveborn'

*[The Garden Trees]*

[Printed 1834 and all later editions with the date, 1831]

---

The garden trees are busy with the shower  
 That fell ere sunset, now methinks they talk,  
 Lowly and sweetly as befits the hour,  
 One to another down the grassy walk  
 Hark the laburnum from his opening flower  
 This cherry-creeper greets in whisper light,  
 While the grim fir, rejoicing in the night,  
 Hoarse mutters to the murmuring sycamore  
 What shall I deem their converse? would they hail  
 The wild gray light that fronts yon massive cloud,  
 Or the half bow, rising like pillared fire?

Or are they sighing faintly for desire  
 That with May dawn their leaves may be o'erflowed,  
 And dews about their feet may never fail?

*A Scene in Summer*

[Printed 1834 and all later editions with the date, June, 1831]

---

Alfred, I would that you beheld me now,  
 Sitting beneath a mossy ivied wall  
 On a quaint bench, which to that structure old  
 Winds an accordant curve Above my head  
 5 Dilates immeasurable a wild of leaves  
 Seeming received into the blue expanse  
 That vaults this summer noon before me lies  
 A lawn of English verdure, smooth and bright,  
 Mottled with fainter hues of early hay,  
 10 Whose fragrance, blended with the rose perfume  
 From that white flowering bush, invites my sense  
 To a delicious madness—and faint thoughts  
 Of childish years are borne into my brain  
 By unforgotten ardors waking now  
 15 Beyond, a gentle slope leads into shade  
 Of mighty trees, to bend whose eminent crown  
 Is the prime labor of the pettish winds,  
 That now in lighter mood are twirling leaves  
 Over my feet, or hurrying butterflies,  
 20 And the gay humming things that summer loves,  
 Thro' the warm air, or altering the bound  
 Where yon elm-shadows in majestic line  
 Divide dominion with the abundant light

*[Oh Poetry]*

[Printed 1834 and all subsequent editions with the date June, 1831]

---

Oh Poetry, oh rarest spirit of all  
 That dwell within the compass of the mind,  
 Forsake not him, whom thou of old didst call  
 Still let me seek thy face, and seeking find  
 Some years have gone about since I and thou  
 Became acquainted first we met in woe,  
 Sad was my cry for help as it is now,

Sad too thy breathed response of music slow,  
 But in that sadness was such essence fine,  
 So keen a sense of Life's mysterious name,  
 And high conceit of natures more divine,  
 That breath and sorrow seemed no more the same  
 Oh let me hear again that sweet reply!  
 More than by loss of thee I cannot die

[To Charles Tennyson]

[Printed 1834 and all later editions with the date, 1831 Charles Tennyson's *Sonnets and Fugitive Pieces*, Cambridge, 1830, has a sonnet, "To A H H," and a poem, "To—," also addressed to Hallam, as a marked copy in Lady Lennard's library attests ]

---

When gentle fingers cease to touch the string,  
 Dear Charles, no music lingers on the lyre,  
 But the sea-shells from everlasting ring  
 With the deep murmurs of their home desire,  
 Lean o'er the shell, and 'twill be heard to plain  
 Now low, now high, till all thy sense is gone  
 Into the sweetness, then depart again,  
 Still though unheard, flows on that inner moan,  
 Full oft like one of these our human heart  
 Secretly murmurs on a loving lay,  
 Though not a tone finds any outward way  
 Then trust me, Charles, nor let it cause thee smart,  
 That seldom in my songs thy name is seen—  
 When most I loved, I most have silent been

Stanzas

[To Emily Tennyson]

[Written at Hastings in July, 1831, these lines were first printed in *The Englishman's Magazine* for August, 1831, in which issue also appeared Hallam's celebrated review of Tennyson's volume of 1830, and Tennyson's sonnet, "Check every outflash" The "Stanzas" were then ignored until they were reprinted in "A 'Lost' Poem by Arthur Hallam," by T H Vail Motter, *PMLA*, June, 1935, pp 568-575 Three years later they were reprinted in Norman Ault's *A Treasury of Unfamiliar Lyrics*, where they were incorrectly described as "unrecorded"]

---

I see her now, an elfin shape,  
That makes the air seem full of light,  
And brings in thoughts of pleasant might  
5 About fair serpent forms, that leap  
Among the flowers in warm Brazil,  
And how at every move we feel  
There is new beauty, and a birth  
Of something glorious to the earth

Her face is almost given to smiles,  
10 Almost given up to happy laughter,  
But look ye near, and mark the whiles  
An under-glance out-stealing after,  
The sweetest glance I ever saw,  
Yet terrible for the inward law  
15 Which it reveals, the maiden power,  
The thoughts that breathe a pure heart-air,  
Nor ever shall in any hour  
Forth to the garish day-light fare

Her voice, whose flowing tones I deem  
20 A language for her sympathies,  
A symbol for her mysteries,  
Which words could never be or seem,  
That voice is sounding now in gladness,  
And if a rarer accent say  
25 An earnest and a gentle sadness  
Freshens the spirit of life alway,  
That deepens still the simple charm,  
And blesses all who hear from harm

I may not hear, no influence  
30 Is breathed from her to bless my sense,  
I sit and think of her alone  
Yet, by the sacred stars I swear,  
I would not one so very fair  
And gentle, on this eve, should own  
35 A single pining thought of me  
Oh be she joyous—and the full  
Orb of her soul, so perfect free,  
All glory in the world shall dull!  
So be it, I will think of her

- 40           As going forth a conquerer,  
               And of her voice, her smile, her motion,  
               As something for a bard's devotion  
               No sigh, no treacherous tear shall say  
               I grieve that I am far away,  
 45           And others see her glad to-day!

*[When Two Complaining Spirits]*

[This appears in an unpublished letter to Emily Tennyson postmarked at Hastings, July 12, 1831, and was first printed in 1834 where the title is "A Lover's Reproof." Since there is no title in the letter, the rather forbidding one supplied by Henry Hallam is not perpetuated here. The poem is in other respects as in the MS. rather than according to the transcript of 1834. In the letter it appears that Emily has said, "if I cannot write to cheer, it is better not to write at all." Hallam proceeds to take her to task for seeking to spare him any share in her sadder moments. "Is it to your gaiety, think you," he writes, "and your festive smiles, and your playful humour that I have pledged my whole being?" Oh no—these are not my Emily, very dear are they to me, because they are parts of her, but there was something dearer yet, something more intimately herself, the musical sorrow, like the spirit of the nightingale's song, the dreamy desire of Beauty, only perfected through suffering, the—but why try I to explain the inexplicable—I love *yourself*, 'Emily, the whole of Emily, and nothing but Emily!' I have no higher object on earth than to comfort you, do not depress me to an inferior aim, make not a holiday thing of me, fit to share your amusement but unworthy of your grief!" Then follows the poem.]

---

When two complaining spirits mingle,  
           Santly and calm their woes become  
 Alas the Grief that bideth single, .  
           Whose heart is drear, whose lips are dumb!

My drooping lily, when the tears  
           Of morning bow thy tender head,  
 Oh scatter them, and have no fears,  
           They kill sometimes, if cherished

Dear girl, the precious gift you gave  
           Was of *yourself*, entire and free  
 Why front *alone* Life's gloomy wave,  
           And fling the brilliant foam to me?

III, 4] 1834 and subsequent editions have 'Why fling'



Am I the lover of thy mirth—  
 A trifling thing of sunny days—  
 A soul forbid, for want of worth,  
 To tread with thee th' unpleasant ways?

No—trust me, love, if I delight  
 To mark thy brightening hour of pleasure,  
 To deep-eyed Passion's watchful sight  
 Thy sadness is a costlier treasure

V, 2] The editions have 'brighter'

V, 3] The MS has 'deepeyed'

*[Lines for Ellen Hallam, with a Copy of Wordsworth]*

[The original copy of the following unpublished lines appears in Hallam's own hand on the fly-leaf of a copy of *Selections From the Poems of William Wordsworth, Esq Chiefly For the Use of Schools and Young Persons* London Edward Moxon 1831, with the inscription, "Eleanor Hallam from her affectionate brother Arthur Hallam August 3<sup>d</sup> 1831," which belongs to Beatrice, Lady Lennard Another copy of the poem appears in the Heath MS, f 185 The poem invites comparison with "On My Sister's Birthday," composed two years earlier, when Ellen was thirteen ]

---

Already in thy breast has childish thought  
 Peacefully died, and orient lights of youth,  
 Like early stars, ere night has well set in,  
 Emerge, and tremble in their loveliness  
 5 Along the surface of my sister's mind  
 Fair is the time and still but coming storms  
 Lie on the viewless air, thy life is changed,  
 And in all human change is fearful chance  
 Therefore, thou dear one, with no thankless heart  
 10 Receive the gift of him, who watches thee  
 With anxious love fraternal, who has faced  
 Himself the tempest, and can prize the calm  
 Within these pages is the truth of life,  
 The constant meaning of a fleeting shew,  
 15 The lesson, soon or late we all must learn  
 Oh learn it thou, my sister let the earth,  
 With all its harmonies and sights of joy,

1 12] Heath MS has 'discerns' for 'can prize,' either a later revision or a copyist's error

- Be precious to thee, as a pictured sketch  
 Of thy own home, which is beyond the grave,  
 20 The home we all have known, we all regret,  
 And they shall see again, who love their God

*[English Reformers and the Polish Insurrection]*

[These lines appear in the Heath MS, ff 187-188. The last ten lines were first printed by Charles Tennyson in "J M Heath's Commonplace Book," *Cornhill Magazine*, April, 1936, pp 426-449. The rest is here first printed. The date of composition appears to lie between the Battle of Ostrolenka, May 26, 1831, which marked the turning-point in the ill fortunes of the Polish Insurrection of 1830-1831, and the passing of the Reform Bill in May, 1832. Tennyson's volume of 1833 contained two sonnets on Poland, that "Written on Hearing of the Outbreak of the Polish Insurrection," and that entitled "Poland," to which latter Hallam's blank verse is a companion-piece if not a direct rejoinder.]

- 
- Oh falsely they blaspheme us, honoured friend,  
 Who say the faith of liberty is gone  
 Out of our bosoms, and a slavish fear  
 Down settled on the region of our hearts  
 5 There is no change, rather with tenfold zeal,  
 And a far purer hope of other times  
 We worship in the temple, keeping there  
 With choicest perfumes of the Orient  
 Those numbered flames round the high Altar's base  
 10 Burning for ever, and with purged ears  
 Drinking the flooded sound that slow dilates,  
 Parting the incense—clouded o'er with power—  
 Forth from rich vaults and chapels ranged aside  
 True—we have bared our arms against the slave  
 15 Who steals the name, because he hates the thing,  
 The fool who thinks to satiate the lusts  
 Of lawless men by yielding up the law,  
 And bidding Justice bear the sword in vain  
 True we have leagued to keep a watch and ward  
 20 O'er the deposit of our forefathers,  
 The chartered rights, the links of age with age,  
 The ancientries of sovereign Parliament,  
 And law-created pomp of English Kings  
 Yet not the less the beating of our hearts  
 25 Was heard, and the blood seen up in the face

When in a righteous cause a nation rose  
 To tame their despot, and the ground was moist  
 At Ostrolenka with their slaughtered brave

[*A Letter from Tunbridge Wells*]

[This survivor of what must have been a considerable mass of prose and verse foolishness among Hallam's wide circle of friends opens a letter from him to William Henry Brookfield, postmarked from the fashionable resort of Tunbridge Wells on February 6, 1832. Within the week, on February first, Hallam had attained his majority and, the long year's separation from Emily Tennyson decreed by his father being up, was about to go to Somersby to make the engagement formal. His letter is therefore high-spirited, and suitably sent to the most high-spirited of his friends Brookfield, though not himself an Apostle was, as his biographer puts it, "the friend of the Apostles" (Frances M. Brookfield, *The Cambridge "Apostles,"* New York, 1906.) His closeness to Hallam's affection is recalled by Tennyson's sonnet to "Brooks":

How oft with him we paced that walk of limes,  
 Him, the lost light of those dawn-golden times,  
 Who loved you well!

The Tunbridge Wells, of the 1830's, though populous and fashionable, was the resort of a wide and startling variety of religious sects, to which "sinners" obeisance is made in the fourth line of Hallam's verses. Under such influence various sites in the town sprouted Biblical names, and two hills became Mounts Zion and Ephraim. (Cf. the second volume of Mrs W. Pitt Byrne's *Social Hours with Celebrities*, 2 vols., London, 1898.)

The lines here given were printed with certain omissions by Col. Arthur M. Brookfield in "Some Letters from Arthur Hallam," *Fortnightly Review*, July, 1903, pp. 170-179. The text is that of the original holograph letter in the Pierpont Morgan Library, and is now printed with the permission of the Trustees.]

---

Dear Brooks,

I'm sure you will compassionate  
 The sad condition I've been in of late,  
 Doomed to a series of most awful dinners  
 With coteries of ancient Tunbridge sinners,  
 5 And cards, where all, save I, are always winners,  
 Then every morning forced to play the lion  
 Along the dusty summits of Mount Zion,  
 Or, niched 'tween First and Second Maidens prim,  
 To do the honours of Mt. Ephraim

- 10 I' faith, but that I hear you better will  
Than to inflict such pennance, honest Bill,  
I half could bribe you with some shag and beer  
To share my troublesome quandary here,  
Cut in at whust, or help me at a pinch
- 15 When *tête à tête* with hideous Mistress Winch  
You might resolve the problem, whether Cholera  
Could do more service than by killing Molly Ray,  
Or whether any reasonable men co-  
-exist a second hour with Mr Blencowe
- 20 With the Archbishop's brother, parson Pope,  
Your fluent tongue might have some chance to cope,  
And, unlike me, perhaps by Mrs N Tighe  
You would not be set down Ass in Praesenti  
What can I do, alas? I cannot prate
- 25 Of the last altered road or mended gate,  
Nor weigh the merits of each rival thickhead  
Who tells the poor at Church not to be wicked,  
Nor wonder how much Miss Pug gives in charity,  
Nor swear "Sir Bobby's timber *is* a rarity"
- 30 Woe to my skull! Nor Essay nor Oration  
Are worth a straw for Tunbridge reputation  
It really is a most unpleasant station!

l 22] 'Mrs N Tighe "the Queen of Tunbridge a clever Irish woman and a great friend of Uncle Hallam's She gives parties twice a week, I believe, and has a very pretty house and a lovely garden" (From letters written in 1842 by Jane Elton Brookfield to her husband, W H Brookfield, in Charles and Frances Brookfield, *Mrs Brookfield and Her Circle*, 2 vols London, 1905, I, 116, 118 )

l 30] 'Essay nor Oration' alludes to Hallam's two pamphlets printed in Cambridge in 1832

### *Scene at Rome*

[Printed 1834 and all later editions with the date, 1832, this was probably written on the Rhine journey from which Tennyson and Hallam returned in late July or early August (See the letter from J M Kemble to W B Donne in Catharine B Johnson's, *Wm Bodham Donne and His Friends*, London [1905] pp 14-15 )]

---

RAFFAELLE *sitting in his Studio*, FIAMMETTA *enters*

R Dearest, I wished for thee a moment gone,  
And lo, upon the wish thou art here  
F.

Perhaps

It was thy wish that even now as I entered,  
Gleamed through the citron-shadow, like a star-beam,  
5 One star-beam of some high predominant star

*R* Why, little trifier, whither hast thou been  
That thou return'st so fair fantastical?

*F* Down by the fountain, where the dark cool alley  
Yields into sudden light of cooler spray  
10 It is a noble evening—one to shame thee—  
For the least hue of that all-coloured heaven  
Bears a more full and rich divinity  
Than the best touch thy pencil ever gave,—  
Thou smilest at me

*R* Rather should I sigh  
15 To think that while I learn to love thee better,  
And better prize all that belongs to thee,  
In the fair company I live with always,  
The tempting faces, and warm loving shapes  
That make my little room a paradise,  
20 Thou wandering about, from lighted fountains,  
From groves at twilight full of changing magic,  
Or yon great gallery picture hung with stars,  
Gatherest contempt for that poor, mimic thing,  
An artist

*F* Thou believest not thy words,  
25 Else could I call a thousand witnesses  
To swear me into innocence again

*R* Where are they?

*F* Out alas! I had forgot—  
I have them not—I know not where they dwell,  
They roam in a dim field I may not come to,  
30 Nor ever see them more, yet were they once  
Familiar beings, inward to my soul  
As is the lifeblood to the life

*R* The answer—  
We have the riddle Who are these unkind ones  
Who knew the thing it is to be beside thee,  
35 Looked on thy face, yet had the hearts to leave thee?

*F* Oh there you are mistaken—you are too quick—  
They had no eyes and could not see my face—  
They had no power to stay—they must have left me—  
Each in his turn stood on the downleft edge  
40 Of a most mighty river, stood and fell,

Borne to the silent things that are no more

*R* Are they then dead?

*F* Ay, dead, entombed within

A glorious sepulchre, to whose broad space

The world of present things is but an atom

45 There they lie dead, and here I'd weep for them,

But that I have a fairy mirror by me

Shows me their spirits, pale and beautiful

With a sweet mournful beauty

*R* Thou art mocking me,

These are but fancies thou art speaking of,

50 The incorporeal children of the brain

*F* Aha, brave Œdipus! my lady Sphinx

Had stood in danger with thee Hast thou guessed it?

These friends once harboured with me, now departed,

These witnesses to my clear faith and fondness,

55 They are all thoughts, all glorious thoughts of thee,

Infinite in their number, bright as rainbows,

And in pervading presence visitant

Whenever I am forced to be alone,

And losing thee to talk with stars and streams

60 *R* And, by our Lady, 'tis a good exchange

The stars and streams are silent—cannot chide thee—

Will let a foolish woman talk by the hour

Her gentle nonsense, and reprove her never,

Nor with one frown dim their ambrosial smiles,

65 Thou find'st not me so easy

*F* Still suspicious!

What, must I tell thee all this day's employment,

Tell how I read the heavens with curious glances,

And by a sort of wild astrology

Taught me by a young god, whose name is Love,

70 But who before all things resembles thee,

I tried to shape in those high starry eyes

The very looks of thine?

*R* Nay, own Fiammetta,

If we must needs have such usurping spirits,

And turn the bright heavens from the things they are

75 Into poor semblances of earthly creatures,

They shall be all thine own—take them and wear them,

Be thou the moon, the sunset, what thou wilt

So I behold thee

*F* I will be the sky!

- No narrower bound than its far unknown limit  
 80 Shall keep me prisoner Thou hast called me fan—  
 Often and often on my lips thou hast sworn it—  
 What wilt thou say when thou shalt see me come  
 To press thee in those blue celestial folds,  
 To gaze upon thee with a million eyes,  
 85 Each eye like these, and each a fire of love?  
*R* I would not have thee other than thou art,  
 Even in the least complexion of a dimple,  
 For all the pictures Pietro Perugin,  
 My master, ever painted And pardon me,  
 90 I would not have the heavens anything  
 But what they are and were and still shall be,  
 Despite thy wish, Fiammetta 'Tis not well  
 To make th' eternal Beauty ministrant  
 To our frail lives and frailer human loves  
 95 Three thousand years perhaps before we lived,  
 Some Eastern maiden framed thy very wish,  
 And loved and died, and in the passionless void  
 Vanished forever Yet this glorious Nature  
 Took not a thought of her, but shone above  
 100 The blank she left, as on the place she filled  
 So will it be with us—a dark night waits us—  
 Another moment, we must plunge within it—  
 Let us not mar the glimpses of pure Beauty,  
 Now streaming in like moonlight, with the fears,  
 105 The joys, the hurried thoughts, that rise and fall  
 To the hot pulses of a mortal heart  
*F* How now? Thy voice was wont to speak of Love  
 I shall not know it, if its language change  
 The clear, low utterance, and angelic tone  
 110 Will lose their music, if they praise not love  
*R* And when I praise it not, or cease to fold thee  
 Thus in my arms, Fiametta, may I die  
 Unwept, unhonored, barred without the gate  
 Of that high temple, where I minister  
 115 With daily ritual of colored lights  
 For candelabras, and pure saintly forms  
 To image forth the loveliness I serve  
 I did but chide thee that thou minglest ever  
 Beauty with beauty, as with perfume perfume  
 120 Thou canst not love a rosebud for itself,

1. 98] 1834 and other editions have 'for ever'

But thinkest straight who gave that rose to thee,  
 The leaping fountain minds thee of the music  
 We heard together, and the very heaven,  
 Th' illimitable firmament of God,

125 Must steal a likeness to a Roman studio  
 Ere it can please thee

*F* I am a poor woman, sir,  
 A woman, poor in all things but her heart,  
 And when I cease to love I cease to live  
 You will not cure me of this heresy,

130 Flames would not burn it out, nor sharp rocks tear it

*R* I am a merciful Inquisitor,  
 I shall enjoin thee but a gentle penance

*F* The culprit trusts the judge, and feels no fear  
 In his immediate presence, a rare thing

135 In Italy! Proceed

*R* There was a thing  
 Thou askedst me this morning

*F* I remember—  
 To see the picture thou hast kept from me  
 I prithee, let me

*R* It shall be thy penance  
 To find it full of faults, and not one beauty

140 *F* Where stands it?

*R* There, behind the canopy  
 A great Venetian nobleman, esteemed  
 For a good judge, they say, by Lionardo,  
 Paid me a princely sum but yesterday  
 For this portrait

*F* Portrait? and of whom?

145 Is it a lady?

*R* Yes—a Roman lady—  
 About your stature, and her hair is bound  
 With a pearl fillet, even as your own  
 Her eyes are just Fiammetta's, they are turned  
 On a fair youth, who sits beside her, gazing

150 As he would drink up all their light in his  
 Upon her arm a bracelet and thereon  
 Is graven—

*F* Name it!

*R* RAPHAEL URBINENSIS

*F* This kiss—and this—reward thee Let me see it



*Lines Spoken in the Character of Pygmalion*

Written on the Occasion of a Represented Charade

[Printed 1834 and all later editions with the date, 1832 In an unpublished letter to Emily Tennyson, postmarked November 20, 1832, Hallam describes the performance as an event of the previous week "My most decided success was in the character of Pygmalion Charlotte Sotheby was my Statue she looked it to perfection when the curtain drew up, & shewed her standing motionless on the pedestal, draped in white, & a white veil concealing all her head except the beautiful features not unlike in truth the work of Grecian art—when I, dressed as a sculptor, chisel in hand, poured forth a speech (in verse) of my own composition in praise of my supposed statue, ending with a prayer to Venus that she might live, & at the word slowly & gracefully the form began to move, to bend forward, to descend, to meet my embrace—the room rang with acclamations, & I—I thought of several things, but of none so much, as of the pleasure I should have in describing this to you, & perhaps on some occasion acting it with you"]

---

'Tis done, the work is finished—that last touch  
 Was as a God's! Lo! now it stands before me,  
 Even as long years ago I dreamed of it,  
 Consummate offspring of consummate art,  
 5 Ideal form itself! Ye Gods, I thank you,  
 That I have lived to this for this thrown off  
 The pleasure of my kind, for this have toiled  
 Days, nights, months, years,—am not I recompensed?  
 Who says an artist's life is not a king's?  
 10 I *am* a king, alone among the crowd  
 Of busy hearts and looks—apart with nature  
 I sit, a God upon the earth, creating  
 More lovely forms than flesh and blood can equal  
 Jove's workmanship is perishable clay,  
 15 But mine immortal marble, when the proudest  
 Of our fair city dames is laid i' the dust  
 This creature of my soul will still be lovely  
 Let me contemplate thee again That lip—  
 How near it wears the crimson! and that eye—  
 20 How strives it with the marble's vacancy!  
 Methinks if thou wert human, I could love thee,  
 But that thou art not, nor wilt ever be—  
 Ne'er know and feel how beautiful thou art  
 O God, I am alone then—she hears not—  
 25 And yet how like to life! Ha—blessed thought,

- Gods have heard prayers ere now, Hear me, bright Venus,  
 Queen of my dreams, hear from thy throne of light,  
 Forgive the pride that made my human heart  
 Forget its nature Let her live and love!
- 30 I dare not look again—my brain swims round—  
 I dream—I dream—even now methought she moved—  
 If 'tis a dream, how will I curse the dawn  
 That wakes me from it! There—that bend again—  
 It is no dream—Oh, speak to me and bless me

[*A Farewell to Poetry*]

[Since this hitherto unpublished sonnet has clear title to stand, spiritually, if not chronologically, at the end of Hallam's poems, it is here given out of strict time sequence. It appears in the Heath MS, f 184, with no indication of date. Its unregretful renunciation of poetry expresses a mood subsequent to that of the sonnet, "Oh Poetry, oh rarest spirit of all," of June, 1831, while its sober contemplation of the life beyond life and reunion with the meek Son of our Almighty Lover expresses the religious philosophy of the *Theodicaea* of October, 1831, and the basic purpose of the prose writings which, beginning in 1831, almost wholly supplanted poetry in Hallam's endeavors.]

---

Long hast thou wandered on the happy mountain  
 Where the sweet Muses are forever dwelling,  
 And by the waters of that hallowed fountain  
 Which from Earth's deep is musically welling  
 Hast heard Apollo's ancient lips recounting  
 Legends of Gods too high for human telling,  
 Until thy heart its mortal bound surmounting  
 Grew faint amid the pains of joy o'er-swelling  
 Then wisely shalt thou leave the wizard places,  
 That charming wisdom, and that voice melodious,  
 To seek a home not distant many paces,  
 A peaceful home to weary souls commodious,  
 Where the meek Son of our Almighty Lover  
 Stills every pang and bids all fear be over

1 8] no hyphen in MS

1 13] MS has 'eternal' struck out and replaced with 'Almighty'

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE VITA NUOVA  
OF DANTE

Dante, heir  
Of a world's wonder, whom the Almighty gave  
To be an earnest of His power to erect  
Our souls above themselves, so as to leave  
No depth of Love, no height of intellect  
Unknown, unmaster'd

Hallam, *A Farewell to the South*, ll 241-4



WHATEVER use Arthur Hallam might have put his talents to had he lived, it is certain that in his death literature lost a scholarly critic whose especial competence in Italian studies would have furnished the Victorians a valuable counterweight for the disproportionate reverence which the leadership of Coleridge and Carlyle bestowed upon things German. Of the ten prose pieces in this volume, four are essays in Italian literature. All reflect the rigorous self-training in the languages—German, French, Provençal, Spanish—in history, in the philosophy of the medieval schoolmen, with which Hallam prepared himself for the first of what might have grown to many substantial scholarly undertakings.

The twenty-five sonnets here first printed are all that survives of that first ambitious and pioneer project, an edition of the *Vita Nuova*. The work of translation was apparently well under way when Hallam wrote Tennyson, "I expect to glean a good deal of knowledge from you concerning metres which may be serviceable, as well for my philosophy in the notes as for my actual handiwork in the text. I purpose to discuss considerably about poetry in general, and about the ethical character of Dante's poetry"<sup>1</sup>. On January 29, 1832, to his much less intimate friend, W. B. Donne, Hallam wrote more frivolously, as the young are wont to do when they wish to appear casual about matters very close to their hearts: "Towards the end of the year I may have ready for the Public (alas, most incurious of such things!) a translation of Dante's *Vita Nuova*, prefaced by some biographical chatter, & wound up by some philosophical balderdash about poetry & morality & metre & everything. If in the interim you have any views on any of these subjects, which you can charitably spare, suggestions will be thankfully received"<sup>2</sup>.

But the edition was never finished. How much of it passed to Henry Hallam at Arthur's death, it is impossible to say, as that careful father-editor, finding the sonnets, as he said in the Preface to the *Remains* of 1834, "rather too literal and consequently harsh," destroyed them. They reach print a century later only through their having been pre-

<sup>1</sup> From a fragment quoted in the Tennyson *Memoir*, i, 45, under the dates 1828-1830. According to the amiable custom of the author of that work, the rest of the letter not being desired for the *Memoir*, was destroyed. Hallam's work on the Dante edition may have been begun as early as 1827 or 1828 in Italy, it certainly gathered momentum in the last days at Cambridge, and occupied much of the leisure between graduation in January, 1832, and entering a law office in October, 1832.

<sup>2</sup> From a letter belonging to Geoffrey Madan, Esq., by whose kindness the editor was permitted to copy it. The letter, with a wrong date, is printed in Catharine B. Johnson, *William Bodham Donne and His Friends*, London [1905], pp. 8-9.

served in the commonplace book of Hallam's Cambridge contemporary, J M Heath<sup>3</sup>

That the refusal of an over-scrupulous parent to print the sonnets in 1834 robbed his son of such credit as goes to a pioneer for originality and scholarly initiative, is apparent when it is realized that Charles Lyell's translation of the sonnets and canzoni of the *Vita Nuova*, which appeared in 1835, was the first in English, that not until 1846, with the work of Joseph Garrow, was there a translation of the whole, prose as well as poetry, and that not until 1861, with Dante Rossetti's *The Early Italian Poets*, was Hallam's project for a translation with full apparatus achieved<sup>4</sup>

There is no need to avoid the inevitable comparison of Hallam's rough and incomplete draft with Rossetti's finished masterpiece. Though the present edition neither attempts nor requires such apparatus as belongs with a finished translation of Dante, a few notes after the text have been suggested by Henry Hallam's charge of excessive literalness. A few others point out where the honors, so plentifully attached to Rossetti's work, occasionally fall to his twenty-one year old predecessor, who had once made such learned and delightful sport of that same Rossetti's father's mistaking Beatrice for an ingenious but mechanical allegory.

That Beatrice was a compound of the ideal was true enough to Hallam, but no truer than that she was almost terribly real to his vivid imagination and racing intelligence. Her story in the *Vita Nuova* and the *Commedia* bulks large among those influences which formed his mind and developed his attitudes toward life. For the Donna Angelicata of Dante, adored unselfishly, served unremittingly, became for the boy who fell in love in Italy one golden winter between Eton and Cambridge, the very Anna Wintour whom he loved, and his youthful poems to her, *A Farewell to the South*, and *To One Early Loved, Now in India*, record his acceptance of Dante's faith that the loved one is the means of God's grace, and that sexual love exerts an ennobling spiritual power upon the lover. This essentially medieval Christian attitude toward woman became fused in Hallam's thinking with the Platonic ideas of love and friendship expounded in both the

<sup>3</sup> Heath MS, ff 189-213. Sir Sydney Cockerell pointed out the translations to the editor in 1935, as he had done previously to Mr Charles B L Tennyson, who printed Nos I and II in the *Cornhill Magazine*, 153 (1936), 426-449. One other sonnet, No V, appeared in Hallam's essay on Rossetti's Dante theories in 1832, and was reprinted in Paget Toynbee, *Dante in English Literature from Chaucer to Cary*, 2 vols, London [1909], II, 423-424.

<sup>4</sup> See Toynbee, *op cit*

essay on Cicero and the Rossetti pamphlet, and these in turn were modified by the theological basis of love and friendship worked out in the *Theodicaea Novissima*, as well as by the modern, Hartleian psychological approach attempted in the Apostolic paper, *On Sympathy*. Hallam's short life was, in fact, unified by a single pursuit of the love of God through embracing the love of man, and it is safe to say that to Dante and the *Vita Nuova* he owed the first systematic direction of his thought toward understanding the greatest mystery of the divine scheme.

The copy of Dante used by Hallam is a little, worn volume which bears on its flyleaf the signature, A. H. Hallam, and the date, 1828, in Hallam's hand, and underneath, in pencil the autograph of Alfred Tennyson. The volume was still at Farringford in 1935 and has the following title-page: *Canzoni E Sonetti di Dante Alighieri Per La Prima Volta di Note Illustrati Da Romualdo Zotti Con Una Dissertazione Sulla Divina Commedia, Scritta da Mr Merian, Dell' Accademia Di Berlino*. Volume Quarto. Londra. 1809. This volume is divided into five books of sonetti and canzoni, of which Hallam translated the entire contents of the first book with the exception of one ballad and five canzoni. The translations here given, as the identifications with the accepted modern text of the *Vita Nuova* show, comprise twenty-three of Dante's sonnets (all but the second and fourth, both of twenty lines), the third canzone from section twenty-eight, and the sonnet of Guido Cavalcanti (Hallam's number II).

In the text following, the indentations of the MS. are followed for the first five sonnets. After that, since the scribe indents no more, it is impossible to tell whether that was Hallam's intention or the scribe's. The remaining sonnets are therefore indented according to the plan usually followed by Hallam in his own English sonnets.

## I

"A ciascun' alma presa, e genti core"

Sonnet 1, §3

To every love-caught soul and tender heart  
 Toward whose kind reading may these presents move,  
 Waiting a courteous answer on their part,  
 Be blessing in their Lord, the mighty Love  
 It was the third hour from the solemn time  
 When every star is more divinely clear,  
 Suddenly Love I saw, but this weak rhyme  
 Images not the form my thoughts yet fear

Joyful he seemed, and held within his hand  
 My wretched heart, but in his hands enclasped  
 Madonna sleeping, folded in a veil  
 Then woke her, and that burning thing he grasped  
 Proffered for food unto that Lady pale  
 And wept and faded off where he bid stand

## II

[Guido Cavalcanti's Reply to the Foregoing Dream, Interpreting It]

Thou hast seen in my belief all worthiness,  
 Every fine joy, and whatsoe'er of good  
 The human heart may feel, if thou hast viewed  
 That King who sways the world of nobleness  
 He dwelleth in a place where pain is dead,  
 Holdeth sweet converse in the innocent mind,  
 With softest touch can into bosoms wind,  
 Steal out their hearts and leave no wound instead  
 Your heart, my friend, he stole, because he saw  
 That sullen Death your lady did require,  
 For fear whereof he fed her with your heart  
 Then that he seemed lamenting to retire,  
 This was but sweet sleep's close, by Nature's law,  
 Yielding just then to Life's severer part

## III

"Piangete, amanti, poichè piange Amore"  
 Sonnet, 3, §8

Weep! lovers, for the God of love is weeping  
 Weep! for ye know the reason of his tears!<sup>1</sup>  
 Ladies for pity making moan he hears,  
 And in their eyes grief's bitter tokens keeping,  
 Because in gentle heart abhorred Death  
 Hath wrought the operance of his fell despite,  
 Spoiling that garment of a lady bright  
 Which man above all honour honoureth  
 Hear ye how Love himself esteemed the dead  
 In his true shape I saw him come and wail  
 Over the lifeless image full of grace  
 Oft too he gazed at Heaven within whose pale

<sup>1</sup> 11] The MS has the alternative reading "Over the lifeless form's yet living grace"



Was the pure spirit already harboured,  
For ever heavenly bright had been her face

## IV

"Cavalcando l' altr' ier per un cammino"  
Sonnet 5, §9

Pricking the other day across a land  
Of my long journey, taking toilsome thought,  
I saw, Oh words! Love before me stand  
In a light raiment, like a pilgrim's wrought  
Of sad behaviour he appeared to me,  
As though his empery had passed away  
Sighing and glooming came he on his way,  
And hung his head that he might no one see

Yet when he saw me, he pronounced my name,  
And said, "I come from a far distant place  
Where thro' my mighty will your heart abode,  
I bring it now to serve another claim"  
Then in large presence into me he flowed,  
So vanished sudden, and I saw no trace

## V

"Tutti li miei pensier parlan d' amore"  
Sonnet 6, §13

I have no thought that does not speak of love,  
They have in them so great variety,  
That one bids me desire his sovranty,  
One with mad speech his goodness would approve,  
Another, bringing hope, brings pleasantness,  
And yet another makes me often weep  
In one thing only do they concord keep,  
Calling for Pity, in timorous distress  
So know I not which thought to chuse for song,  
Fain would I speak, but wild words come and go,  
And in an amorous maze I wander long  
No way but this, if Concord must be made,  
To call upon Madonna Pity's aid,  
And yet Madonna Pity is my foe

1 14] Whether "Pietà" is in this instance adequately translated by "Pity," seems rather difficult to determine. On Rossetti's hypothesis, it signifies "Piety." There are, however, innumerable passages in Dante, which, without the most barefaced

violence, could not be brought to bear such a construction of the word. In the *Vocabolario della Crusca*, only one instance is cited (from *Casa*), in which *Pietà* is used in this sense — “Buon animo, conforme alla perpetua *Pieta* e religione di Dio.” Generally speaking, *Pietà* may either be rendered by compassion, or it has a wider signification, answering in some degree to that of *Pietas* in Latin, or *εὐσέβεια* in Greek, as e.g., in this passage from the *Tesoretto* of *Latini*: “*Pietade non è passione, anzi una nobile disposizione d’animo, apparecchiata di ricevere amore, misericordia e altre caritative passioni*” [H.] This note is transferred from the *Remarks* on *Gabriele Rossetti’s Dante theories*.

## VI

“Coll’ altre donne mia vista gabbate”

Sonnet 7, §14

You laugh in that fair laughing company,  
Mocking my altered looks, and take no thought  
What the strong causes are that alter me  
When to the presence of your Beauty brought  
Could you but know them, Pity in your breast  
Would never let the accustomed barrier stay  
For aye when near you Love discerns me placed,  
Boldly he takes to his tyrannic sway,  
And strikes amain, and routs the timorous crowd  
Of my young spirits, some he does to death,  
Some with a milder rage he banisheth,  
And then remains alone to gaze on you  
So new a thing I am, yet not so new,  
But I hear still those exiles groan aloud

## VII

“Ciò, che m’ incontra nella mente more”

Sonnet 8, §15

Each thought that stirred within my spirit dies  
When I contemplate thee, thou beauteous Joy!  
Placid beside thee I feel young Love arise,  
And murmur, “Fly, if Death will thee annoy”  
My look the colour of my heart explains,  
The heart which faints and no where can abide,  
While the mad trembling in my drunken veins  
Makes the mute rocks cry “Death” on every side  
Ill doth the man who sees that wretched state  
And comforts not my overshadowed spright

With a bare word, a tone of sympathy  
Such comfort thou wouldst give, but cruel glee  
Kills the kind thought, and pastures on the sight  
Of my wan eyes that fondly seek their fate

## VIII

*"Spesse fiate venemū alla mente"*

Sonnet 9, §16

Oft do I muse within my silent mind  
On the mysterious moods which Love creates,  
And oft such pity for myself I find,  
I sigh, "None ever had these painful states"  
For sometimes Love assails me suddenly,  
And drives the fearful life from out my veins  
One spirit only dares abide with me,  
Because he speaks of you, that one remains  
Then, with stern Will, I seek deliverance,  
Rising all pale, and reft of living strength,  
I come to look on you, hoping for life  
But as I raise my eyes and meet your glance,  
Throbs thro' my heart an Earthquake's awful strife,  
So that I sink and faint and die at length

## IX

*"Amore e cor gentil sono una cosa"*

Sonnet 10, §20

Love and the noble heart are but one thing,  
So saith the sage in his philosophy,  
And one without the other dares to be  
As much as Reason without reasoning  
Almighty Nature, being amorous, makes  
A King of Love, and of the heart a throne,  
Slumbering whereon his royal rest he takes,  
Now sleeping long, and now awakening soon  
Then in some virtuous maiden graces move,  
Charming the eye, whereat within the heart  
Springs a sweet longing for the thing that charms  
And this desire such living motion warms,  
That soon it wakes, a spirit of perfect love,  
Nor unresembling is the maiden's part

## X

"Negli occhi porta la mia donna Amore"  
Sonnet 11, §21

Within her eyes my Lady carries love,  
Therefore all things are fair on which she gazes  
Where'er she passes all men toward her move,  
And whomso she salutes, a tremor seizes,  
So that he droops his face, and all dismayed  
Bewails the many times that he doth err  
Anger and scorn before her fly afraid  
Ladies, I crave your aid to honour her  
All tenderness, all lowly thoughts and kind  
Rise on his heart who hears her speak awhile  
He that first saw her hath a glory rare  
No one can say, no one can keep in mind  
The things she seems when she begins to smile,  
So new a marvel is she, and so fair

## XI

"Voi, che portate la sembianza umile"  
Sonnet 12, §22

Oh ye that bear a lowly countenance,  
Shewing with drowndropt eyes a silent woe,  
Whence are ye come, from what malign mischance,  
That with Grief's colours ye are painted so?  
Have ye perhaps our gentle lady seen  
Bathing with tears the amorous ministers  
That live within her eyes? Say if't has been,  
Say, for your men hath something new of hers  
Then, if ye come indeed from such a sorrow,  
Please you awhile with me to linger here,  
And nothing hide of what concerns my love  
I see your eyes, how faint with many a tear,  
I see your steps, how wild and sad ye move,  
Even to see thus much my soul doth harrow

## XII

"Se' tu colui, c' hai trattato sovente"  
Sonnet 13, §22

Art thou the man who often talked to us  
Of our sweet Lady, meeting us alone?

Thy voice is like his voice, the rest is grown  
 Into another semblance dolorous  
 Ah why do tears burst from thy laden heart,  
 Making us all lament to see thy woe?  
 Hast thou beheld her weep, that madly so  
 Thou shewest all thy soul's distressful smart?  
 Leave us to weep, us to go wearily,  
 (Ill would he do that strove our grief to soothe)  
 For we have heard her speak thro' thickening tears  
 Upon her face are Sorrow's characters,  
 Graven so burning deep, that who would see  
 Surely will fall before her, dead of ruth

## XIII

"Io mi sentu svegliar dentro allo core"  
 Sonnet 14, §24

Sudden I felt within my heart uprise  
 A tender Spirit who was sleeping there  
 And strait I saw Love coming pilgrimwise,  
 Whom scarce I knew, he was so joyous fair  
 He spake, "Now is the time to honour me"  
 He spake, and every word was drest in smiles  
 A little while he staid, then tremblingly,  
 Looking the way my Lord had come somewhiles,  
 I saw the Lady Vanna, and the Lady  
 Bice approach the spot where I was rooted—  
 One marvel after the other rarely suited—  
 Then, as assures me a remembrance ready,  
 Love spake again, "She is the Spring, and she,  
 —We call her Love, she is so like to me"

## XIV

"Tanto gentile e tanto onesta pare"  
 Sonnet 15, §26

Such nobleness in her, such gentle grace  
 Appareth when she greets a company,  
 That every tongue is silent tremblingly,  
 And the eyes dare not look upon her face  
 So goes she on and hears the countless praises,  
 Graciously clothed in humility  
 Seems it she is a creature sent to be

A sign from Heaven that all the earth amazes  
 So pleasant is she unto every eye,  
 That thro' the eye she sends the heart a bliss  
 No one can know but he that inly feels  
 Then from her lips softmoving forth there steals  
 A spirit sweet with amorous blessedness,  
 Who comes, and murmurs thro' the soul, "Oh sigh!"

## XV

"Vede perfettamenteemente ogni salute"

Sonnet 16, §27

All grace and glory doth he see, who sees  
 My lady's form where other ladies are  
 For they that dwell with her on reverent knees  
 May thank their God for this his bounty rare  
 Such is the virtue of her loveliness,  
 It never envious thought in other waketh,  
 But by her side a goodly train she taketh,  
 Clad in all noble love and trustfulness  
 The sight of Her makes every thing be lowly,  
 Not in herself alone her charms we find,  
 But others thro' her grace are gracious wholly,  
 In action too, she is so perfect sooth,  
 That none can call her after to their mind  
 Without a sigh of sweet and amorous ruth

## XVI

"Sì lungamente m' ha tenuto Amore"

Canzone 3, §28

So long a while hath Love held me in thrall  
 Worn to the usance of his seignory,  
 That for the tyrant he was wont to be,  
 Now to my heart he is delightful all  
 Yet often comes a stirring of his might,  
 Such that methinks the mortal instruments  
 Scatter themselves afar, then with delight  
 Swoons my frail soul, pale are my lineaments  
 Then too, so boundless is the sway of Love  
 Within me, that he bids those genu move

In utterance, and lo  
 Forth at his hest, calling on Her, they go  
 Thus hath it been whene'er we've met of late,  
 And low beyond endurance is my state

## XVII

"Venite a intender li sospiri miei"

Sonnet 17, §33

Come ye, to listen to my murmuring sighs,  
 Oh gentle hearts, for it is Pity's will,  
 They go their way and find no comfort still,  
 But if they went not, Death would me surprise  
 For then my eyes with heavier cruelty  
 Would weigh me down, yea, more than I desire,  
 Whom constant wailings for Madonna tire,  
 Then should my heart be stifled, I should die  
 Come now, and ye shall hear them often call  
 My gracious lady that is gone away  
 Into a world sole worthy of her grace,  
 And sometimes of this life shall hear them say  
 Things bitter as may suit that spirit's place,  
 Which is alone, lorn of its blessed all

## XVIII

"Era venuta nella mente mia"

Sonnet 18, Secondo cominciamento, §35

Ah, she was come again into my mind,  
 That gracious Lady, she whom Love deplores,  
 Just in the very moment when his powers  
 Drew you to glance at what my hand designed  
 Love who her presence in my mind had felt,  
 Sudden awoke in my abandoned heart,  
 And called the sighs and said, "Oh sighs, depart,"  
 Whereat they left the places where they dwelt  
 Plaining and wailing went they from my breast  
 In such a tone of woe as oft may start  
 From grief-accustomed eyes the ready tear  
 But one, sad, set moaning a sharper smart,  
 Came saying, "Oh thou spirit great and clear,  
 One year is gone since thou in Heaven didst rest"

## XIX

"Videro gli occhi miei quanta pietate"

Sonnet 19, §36

Mine eyes beheld what rare compassion  
 Shone out apparent in your countenance,  
 When you observed the mien and action  
 Of me, lone-brooding oft on my mischance  
 Then was I 'ware that you did meditate  
 Upon the doom of my o'ershadowed life,  
 So in me was a sudden horror rife  
 Of shewing by my eyes my vile estate  
 Then I went from before you, and I felt  
 Those bitter tears outwelling from my heart,  
 Which from your gaze I wisely did remove  
 And to my weary soul I said, apart,  
 "Truly with her that very Love hath dwelt  
 Who makes me thus in weepings live and move "

## XX

"Color d'amore, e di pieta sembianti"

Sonnet 20, §37

Colour of Love and mien of pitying fears  
 Held never such admired sovranly  
 In face of any lady, that might see  
 Beautiful eyes dim with abounding tears,  
 As in your visage when within your sight  
 Come my sad looks and wild behavior,  
 Therefore for you, for you thoughts are astir—  
 Such thoughts! My heart will burst beneath their might  
 I cannot keep mine eyes so close and far  
 But often times they steal a look at you  
 For the desire they have to weep anew  
 And you give wild increase to that desire,  
 So that they needs must waste with inward fire,  
 Because the tears arise not where you are

## XXI

"L'amaro lagrimar che voi faceste"

Sonnet 21, §38

Oh eyes, unhappy eyes, the bitter weeping  
 Which for so long a season ye have made,



Enmarvailed others at your grief unsleeping,  
 So that ye saw them in sad hues arrayed  
 Yet now it seems ye would forget it quite,  
 If on my part a recreant soul I bore,  
 Nor dashed oblivious causes out of sight,  
 Bringing her image up whom ye deplore  
 Your silliness o'ercasts me much with thought,  
 Yea, so affrightens me that I have dread  
 Of a fair maiden's glance that toward you flies  
 You have a bounden duty, and you ought  
 Never forget our Lady who is dead  
 So saith my heart, and then—and then it sighs

## XXII

"Gentil pensiero, che parla di vuu"  
 Sonnet 22, §39

Lady, a gentle thought that speaks of you  
 Comes often now to make abode with me  
 Of love he talks, and so delightfully  
 That he constrains my heart his will to do  
 My reason asks my heart, "Who, who is this  
 That comes with consolation to our mind  
 Lo, in his power is such almightiness  
 No other thought can stay with us behind?"  
 And thus the answer, "Oh depththinking mate,  
 This is a new young Spirit, sent by Love,  
 Laying before me gifts of sweet desire  
 His life, and all that we in him admire  
 From out the eyes of yon kind lady move,  
 Who sorrowed lately for our wretched state"

## XXIII

"Lasso! per forza de' molti sospiri"  
 Sonnet 23, §40

Ah welaway! because the many sighs,  
 Born of the thoughts that hold my heart in trance,  
 Have overcome at last my coward eyes,  
 That now they dare not meet another glance  
 Lo, to the likeness of two Passions,  
 Of weeping and bewailing, they are come  
 And often so they weep that Love them crowns  
 With diadems of holy martyrdom

These mournful thoughts, these sighs that force their way  
 In the inmost heart, such utter anguish leave,  
 That Love doth faint and swoon for very woe  
 It is no marvel, they that grieve him so  
 Madonna's dear name graven on them have,  
 And many words about her dying day

## XXIV

"Deh peregrini, che pensosi andante"  
 Sonnet 24, §41

Oh pilgrims, pilgrims, walking on in dream  
 Of something sweet hid in the dreamful Past,  
 Come ye from lands in so far distance placed,  
 As by your weary semblance it may seem?  
 Why weep ye not when ye are passing by  
 The very middle of the doleful city,  
 Why look ye passionless and void of pity,  
 As though ye knew not its calamity?  
 So ye would stay awhile and hear it told,  
 My heart in plaintive sighing certifies  
 That ye would leave us then with tearful eyes  
 This city, Sirs, has lost its Beatrice  
 And all discourse a man of her may hold  
 Hath virtue to cause weepings manifold

## XXV

"Oltre la spera, che più larga gira"  
 Sonnet 25, §42

Beyond that sphere which turns the largest space  
 Passes the sigh that issues from my heart  
 A new intelligence doth love impart  
 Weeping, which draws it toward that lofty place  
 But when it hath arrived where it desires,  
 It sees a Lady meekly taking honour,  
 And for the glory of the light upon her  
 This wandering spright of mine with awe admires  
 He sees her such that when the account he tries,  
 I understand him not, so strange his tone  
 To the sad heart which yet was fain to hear  
 I know he talks about that lovely one,  
 Because he often mentions Beatrice,  
 So that I needs must know it, ladies dear

*Notes*

[These few observations are suggested by Henry Hallam's strictures, referred to in the editorial note preceding the sonnets. Roman numerals refer to Hallam's sonnets, arabic to lines, and the letters D, R and H to Dante, D G Rossetti, and Hallam.]

- I, 11 D Madonna, involta in un drappo dormendo  
R My lady, with a mantle round her, slept
- III, 8 H seems to have missed a part of the sense of "fuora dell'onore"
- V This is unquestionably superior to R's renderings, both as translation and as sonnet
- VI R's does this better
- VII, 12-14 Not literal H's changed figure loses rather than heightens the sense of the original
- VIII No one could call this literal, especially in the difficult final tercet where the sense is admirably expanded to fit the needs of English R's rendering is by comparison rough metrically, and barely literal in the final tercet
- X This is notably closer to the Italian than R's, and is more smoothly rendered
- XI, 2 D Cogli occhi bassi mostrando dolore  
R With lids weighed down by the heart's heaviness
- 4 H renders "pietà" as "Grief"
- 9-14 H seems to have done better than R with a difficult sestet
- XII R is very smooth, but in several parts far from the original sense
- XIII R is here definitely superior
- XIV, 5-8 D Ella sen va, sentendosi laudare,  
Benignamente d' umiltà vestuta,  
E par che sia una cosa venuta  
Di cielo in terra a miracol mostrare  
R And still, amid the praise she hears secure,  
She walks with humbleness for her array,  
Seeming a creature sent from Heaven to stay  
On earth, and show a miracle made sure  
Surely R's version is here the literal one, H's being freer and truer to the inner sense of the original
- XV, 8 R is more faithful to the original with his  
"Of love, and blessed faith, and gentleness"
- 14 D Che non sospiri in dolcezza d'amore  
R Without a passion of exceeding love
- XVI A Canzone, not a sonnet The rime-schemes used are interesting, and betray the difficulty H had in turning this piece into English R's second line, "And made his lordship so familiar," for D's "E costumato alla sua signoria," shows R at his easy best over
- D R H  
a a a  
b b b

b	a	b	H's literal rendering
a	b	a	Again, H's eighth line is
a	b	c	accurately rendered, but the words are unfortu-
b	c	d	nately unpoetical The final couplet is worth no-
b	c	c	ticing
a	b	d	D Questo m'avviene ovunque ella mi vede,
c	d	e	E sì è cosa umil, che non si crede
d	e	e	R Whenever she beholds me, it is so
d	e	e	Who is more sweet than any words can show
		f	
c	d	f	
d	b		
d	b	g	
		g	

- XVII, 5-8 H doesn't seem so apt with this quatram as R D's figures are intricate and difficult
- 9-11 Here H is truer and smoother than R
- XVIII, 14 D's "O nobile intelletto" becomes R's literal "O noble intellect," to rime with "ached" a few lines earlier
- XXI, 9 D La vostra venità  
R Your fickleness  
H Your silliness
- 12 H ignores D's "se non per morte," substituting "You have a bounden duty," which, with "and you ought," is too repetitious  
Otherwise this sonnet comes off well
- XXII, 5 D L'anima dice al cor  
R The soul saith to the heart  
H My reason asks my heart
- XXIII, 5-8 R ignores the "due desiri" of l 5, but reaching up into the prose of section XL turns this quatram, with his "red circle in sign of martyrdom," more vividly than the sonnet's "ch' Amore/Gli cerchia di corona di martiri"
- XXV, 3 D Intelligenza nuova  
R A new perception  
H A new intelligence
- 8 D Lo peregrino spirito  
R pilgrim spirit  
H This wandering spright
- 11 R does not render D's "Al cor dolente, che lo fa parlare," recasting the tercet into only a partial rendering

## PROSE ESSAYS AND REVIEWS

Looking, then, to the lurid presages of the times that are coming, believing that amidst the awful commotions of society which few of us do not expect—the disruption, it may be of those common bands which hold together our social existence—that in such a desolation nothing possibly can be found to support men but a true spiritual Christianity, I am not entirely without hope that round such an element of vital light, constrained once more to put forth its illuminating energies for protection and deliverance to its children, may gather once again the scattered rays of human knowledge

Hallam, *The Influence of Italian  
Upon English Literature*

There is another world and some have deemed  
It is a world of music, and of light,  
And human voices, and delightful forms,  
Where the material shall no more be cursed  
By dominance of evil, but become  
A beauteous evolution of pure spirit,  
Opposite, but not warring, rather yielding  
New grace, and evidence of liberty

Hallam, *A Meeting and a Farewell*,  
II 30-37



## On Sympathy

[Shortly after rejoining his family upon his return from the Spanish expedition with Tennyson, Hallam wrote his friend on October 4, 1830 "I have been studious too, partly after my fashion, and partly after my father's, i e, I read six books of Herodotus with him, and I take occasional plunges into David Hartley, and Buhle's *Philosophie Moderne* for my own gratification" (*Memoir*, 1, 70) The present essay, which owes its basic principle to Hartley's *Observations on Man, His Frame, His Duty, and His Expectations*, 2 vols., London, 1791 (first ed 1749) was read to the Apostles on December 4, 1830 if, as seems likely, it was the paper supporting a theory which derives the moral sentiments from the principle of Association, noted by H Sidgwick in a list of subjects debated by the Apostles, prepared in November, 1894 for Hallam, Lord Tennyson, and kindly put at the editor's disposal by Mr Charles Tennyson Henry Hallam in 1834 printed the essay from MS and his text is here followed save where noted The essay has appeared in all editions of the *Remains* ]

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*Is it necessary to consider sympathy as an ultimate principle, or are there grounds for supposing it to be generated by association out of primary pleasures and pains?*

It was my first intention to have given you an Essay on a much more copious subject I wished to detail the successive formations of the virtuous affections from simple feelings of sympathy, and to examine the true nature of the moral sentiments This is much more interesting to my mind than the actual subject of the following Essay, but I began with it, and I had not time to get beyond it The admission of sympathy as an ultimate principle would not invalidate any subsequent conclusions respecting the virtues that arise out of it, but the contrary opinion will perhaps give so clear an impression of the great powers of association, as to help very considerably the future investigation And in itself I think the question a very curious and pleasing one Before I begin to discuss it, I must premise that the word sympathy, which like most others in moral science has a fluctuating import, is used in this Essay to denote the simple affection of the soul, by which it is pleased with another's pleasure and pained with another's pain, immediately and for their own sakes

Let us take the soul at that precise moment in which she becomes assured that another soul exists From tones, gestures, and other objects of sensation she has inferred that existence according to the simplest rules of association Some philosophers, indeed, conceive an original instinct by which we infer design, and therefore mental existence, from the phenomena of animal motion, and the expressions of voice and

countenance I have no fondness, I confess, for these easy limitations of inquiry, these instincts, so fashionable in certain schools, and I know not why any new principle should be invented to account for one of these plainest of all the associative processes

Be this as it may, the soul, then, has become aware of another individual subject, capable of thoughts and feelings like her own. How does this discovery affect her? It is possible she may feel pleasure in the mere knowledge of mere existence in this other subject, since it is probable that pleasure is inherent in the exercise of all the soul's capacities as such, and, therefore, the idea of a new similar set of capacities may irresistibly call up the idea, and the reality of pleasure. For association, I need hardly observe, does not only produce ideas of what in the past is similar to the present, but revives in many cases the feelings themselves. But as these probabilities are rather of a shadowy complexion, let us move a step further. The person thus recognised by the soul will probably have been occupied in acts of kindness towards it, by which indeed its attention was first attracted and the recognition rendered possible. Before that recognition, therefore, pleasure has been associated with that person as a mere object. The infant cannot separate the sensations of nourishment from the form of his nurse or mother. But the expressions of voice and countenance in the person conferring this or any other pleasure were themselves agreeable, and such as indicate internal pleasure in that person. So soon, therefore, as the infant makes the recognition we spoke of, that is, assumes a conscious subject of those expressions, he is competent to make a second assumption, to wit, that the looks and tones in the other being, which accompany his own pleasure, are accompanied at the same time by pleasure in that other. Hence, wherever he perceives the indications of another's joy, he is prepared to rejoice, and, by parity of reasoning, wherever he perceives indications of pain, he is grieved, because those painful appearances have been connected by him with the absence of pleasurable sensations to himself, or even the positive presence of painful ones. A great step is thus gained in the soul's progress. She is immediately pleased by another's pleasure, and pained by another's pain.

Close upon the experience of pleasure follows desire. As the soul in its first development, within the sphere of itself, desired the recurrence of that object which had gratified it, so now, having connected its pleasure with that of another, she connects her desire with his desire. So also from the correspondence of pains will arise a correspondence of *aversions*, by which I mean *active dislikes*, the opposites of desire. Thus the machinery of sympathy, it might seem, would be complete, and since I have exhibited a legitimate process, by which the soul might arrive at



a state precisely answering to the definition with which I set out, you may expect perhaps that the argument of this Essay is already terminated. Indeed some philosophers appear to consider this a complete account of the matter. But when I reflect on the peculiar force of sympathy itself, and the equivalent strength of those reflex sentiments regarding it, which I shall come presently to examine, I cannot but think something more is wanted.

It seems to me that several processes of association operate simultaneously in the same direction, and that the united power of all imparts a character to this portion of our nature, which each taken singly would not be able to produce. Let us again consider the soul at the starting-point, where it recognises a kindred being. The discovery is made, and the soul dwells upon it fondly, wishing to justify its own inference, and anxiously seeking for means of verification. Every new expression of feeling in the other being, the object of its contemplation, becomes an additional evidence. The more it can discern of pleasure, the more it becomes confirmed in its belief. I have alluded to the probability that every new exercise of a new function, every change of state, is to the soul an enjoyment. Pain may supervene, but in the nature of the thing, to feel, to live, is to enjoy. Pleasure, therefore, will be the surest sign of life to the soul. Hence there is the strongest possible inducement to be pleased with those marks of pleasure in another, which justify, as it were, the assumed similarity of that other to its own nature. Marks of pain, in a less degree, will also be proofs.

How then, I may be asked, does it happen we are not pleased with the pain of our fellow-being? Because another result of association here intervenes. The sudden interruption of any train of feeling in which the mind acquiesces, has a uniform tendency to displease and shock us. When the perception of suffering in another interferes with our satisfaction in contemplating him, and in pursuing our process of verification, if I may so call it, this contrast produces pain. Besides, as the image of his enjoyment recalled images, and thereby awoke realities of pleasure in ourselves, so the perception of suffering makes us recollect our own suffering, and causes us to suffer. Thus by a second chain of associated feelings, the soul arrives at the same result, at union of joys and sorrows, in other words, at sympathy. I should remark, however, that compassion is not unmixed pain, and the pleasure mingling with it may still be legitimately referred to that assurance of life, which the marks of suffering afford.

I shall now proceed to a third principle, from which the same result may be deduced. This is the principle of imitation. All animals are

imitative To repeat desires, volitions, actions, is the unquestionable tendency of conscious beings It was a profound remark of Bishop Butler, one of those anticipations of philosophic minds which are pregnant with theories, that perhaps the same simple power in the mind which disposes our actions to habitual courses, may be sufficient to account for the phenomena of memory This is a very deep subject, and when we remember that the sphere of imitation is not confined to human, or even animal exertions, but appears to be co-extensive with organic life, we have reason to be cautious in dealing with this principle So far, however, as it applies to our desires, there seems ground for supposing that the soul may desire another's gratification from the same impulse that leads a monkey to mimic the gestures of a man

Novelty is in itself an evident source of pleasure To become something new, to add a mode of being to those we have experienced, is a temptation alike to the lisping infant in the cradle and the old man on the verge of the grave This may partly arise from that essential inherence of pleasure in every state to which I have alluded, partly from a pleasure of contrast and surprise felt by the soul on gaining a new position Now nothing can be more new than such a foreign capacity of enjoyment as the soul has here discovered To become this new thing, to imitate, in a word, the discovered agent, no less in the internal than the outward elements of action, will naturally be the endeavor of faculties already accustomed in their own development to numberless courses of imitation For we imitate our previous acts in order to establish our very earliest knowledge<sup>1</sup> Through the medium of imitation alone, automatic notions become voluntary It is then possible that through the desire to feel as another feels, we may come to feel so

I know not whether I have succeeded in stating with tolerable clearness these three processes by which I conceive the association principle to operate in the production of sympathy The number, however, is not yet exhausted, and those that remain to be described are perhaps more important, and will carry us more to the bottom of the matter, although for this very reason it will be difficult to avoid some obscurity in speaking of them Some of you, perhaps, may be disposed to set me down as a mystic, for what I am about to say, just as some of you may have despised me as a mechanist, or a materialist, on account of what I have said already In one and the other, however, I proceed upon tangible facts, or upon probabilities directly issuing out of such facts

<sup>1</sup> So 1863 Boston, 1834, 1862, 1869 have 'of very'

It is an ultimate fact of consciousness, that the soul exists as one subject in various successive states. Our belief in this is the foundation of all reasoning. Far back as memory can carry us, or far forward as anticipation can travel unrestrained, the remembered state in the one case, and the imagined one in the other, are forms of self. With the first dawn of feeling began the conception of existence, distinct from that of the moment in which the conception arose. Hope, desire, apprehension, aversion, soon made the soul live entirely in reference to things non-existent. But what were these things? Possible conditions of the soul, the same undivided soul which existed in the conception and desire of them. Wide, therefore, as that universe might be, which comprehended for the imagination all varieties of untried consciousness, it was no wider than that self which imagined it. Material objects were indeed perceived as external. But how? As unknown limits of the soul's activity, they were not a part of subjective consciousness, they defined, restrained, and regulated it. Still the soul attributed itself to every consciousness, past or future. At length the discovery of another being is made. Another being, another subject, conscious, having a world of feelings like the soul's own world! How, how can the soul imagine feeling which is not its own? I repeat, she realizes this conception only by considering the other being as a separate part of self, a state of her own consciousness existing apart from the present, just as imagined states exist in the future. Thus absorbing, if I may speak so, this other being into her universal nature, the soul transfers at once her own feelings and adopts those of the new-comer.

It is very possible there may be nothing in this notion of mine, which I doubt not many of you will think too refined. But it seems to deserve attentive consideration. The force of it lies in a supposed difficulty attending the structure of our consciousness, a difficulty of conceiving any existence, except in the way of matter, external to the conceiving mind. It may be objected, however, that this conjectural explanation is after all no explanation, since it can only account for an interest taken in the other being, but not for a coalition of pleasures or pains. The supposed identification is not assuredly closer than that which exists between the past and the present in ourselves, yet how often does our actual self desire different objects from those which allured us in a previous condition!

The objection is weighty, but let us see what may be said against it. The soul, we have seen, exists as one permanent subject of innumerable successive states. But not only is there unity of subject, there is likewise a tendency to unity of form. The order of nature is uniform under the sway of invariable laws, the same phenomena perpetually

recur And there is a pre-established harmony in mind by which it anticipates this uniformity I do not imagine any original principle distinct from association is necessary to account for this fact But a fact it is, and the foundation of all inductive judgments The soul naturally takes a great pleasure in this expectation of sameness, so perpetually answered, and affording scope for the development of all faculties, and all dominion over surrounding things Thus a wish for complete uniformity will arise wherever a similarity of any kind is observed

But a still deeper feeling is caused by that immediate knowledge of the past which is supplied by memory To know a thing as past, and to know it as similar to something present, is a source of mingled emotions There is pleasure, in so far as it is a revelation of self, but there is pain, in so far that it is a divided self, a being at once our own and not our own, a portion cut away from what we feel, nevertheless, to be single and indivisible

I fear these expressions will be thought to border on mysticism Yet I must believe that if any one, in the least accustomed to analyze his feelings, will take the pains to reflect on it, he may remember moments in which the burden of this mystery has lain heavy on him, in which he has felt it miserable to exist, as it were, piece-meal, and in the continual flux of a stream, in which he has wondered, as at a new thing, how we can be, and have been, and not be that which we have been But the yearnings of the human soul for the irrecoverable past are checked by a stern knowledge of impossibility

So also in its eager rushings towards the future, its desire of that mysterious something which now is not, but which in another minute we shall be, the soul is checked by a lesson of experience, which teaches her that she cannot carry into that future the actual mode of her existence But were these impossibilities removed, were it conceivable that the soul in one state should coexist with the soul in another, how impetuous would be that desire of reunion, which even the awful laws of time cannot entirely forbid!

The cause, you will say, is inconceivable Not so, it is the very case before us The soul, we have seen, contemplates a separate being as a separate state of itself, the only being it can conceive But the two exist simultaneously Therefore that impetuous desire arises Therefore, in her anxiety to break down all obstacles, and to amalgamate two portions of her divided substance, she will hasten to blend emotions and desires with those apparent in the kindred spirit I request it may be considered whether these two circumstances, to wit, the anticipation of uniformity natural to the soul, and the melancholy pleasure occasioned by the idea of time, are not sufficient to remove

the objection started<sup>2</sup> above, and finally, whether this notion of the soul's identifying the perceived being with herself may not be thought to have some weight, especially when such identification is relied upon as a concurrent cause with the others first spoken of

Before I proceed to examine what consequences such a passion as sympathy might be expected to have in the mind, and how far those consequences, as predicted from a general knowledge of the workings of association, are in conformity with the actual constitution of our minds, it may be well to make one remark as to the character of the system I have been explaining

That system asserts the absolute disinterestedness of sympathy It is, as I understand it, no modification of the selfish theory It has, however, been so represented, and I must allow there is a strong *primâ facie* appearance of its being so, owing to the fallacies of language The selfish theory denies the disinterested nature of affection on grounds which prove, if anything, the absolute impossibility of disinterestedness, at least in any shape conceivable by a human intellect What would be the correct inference from such a proof? Simply this, that the theorists are using words in a different sense from the common, and applying them to a distinction which never came in question, not to that real and broad distinction which those words designate for common understandings

But is this the inference really drawn by these philosophers? No, so it would make no theory Either with a strange inconsistency they make use of their principle to *depreciate mankind*, thus recognising in fact the possibility and naturalness of what they pronounce impossible and unnatural, or they employ it to narrow the interval between vice and virtue and to weaken the authority of the moral sentiments Neither of these defects is fairly chargeable on the system I have recommended

What is the true distinction, according to common language and common feeling, between selfish and unselfish? Certainly this that the object of the first is one's own gratification, the object of the second is the gratification of another The difference of names arises from the difference of objects recognized by the understanding It relates entirely to a single act of the soul, taken in and by itself, limited by its object, and not at all considered in reference to its origin or its consequence To require that pleasure should not have preceded this act so as to render it possible, or that pleasure should not inhere in the sub-

<sup>2</sup> So 1834 and all the editions

jective part of this act so as to cause a subsequent reflex sentiment, is to require what the understanding assuredly never required, when it separated the class of selfish from that of unselfish sentiments

But I may be told that the view I have taken of sympathy, as originating in an adoption of the other being into self, is quite incompatible with the disinterested character. If a conscious agent can only be imagined as a separate and co-existent part of self, is it not obvious all love not only springs from, but is in itself a modification of, self-love? For here the object is the same as the subject and though the logical distinction mentioned may be a good justification of the common use of the words, it is no reason against a strict philosophical acceptance of them at proper times and places. Now I cannot object to this argument *in toto*. That is, I admit that if the view I took of the origin of sympathy was correct, all love is, in one sense, a modification of self-love. Nor do I deny that self-love is perhaps as good a term to express this meaning as a philosopher could expect to find at his disposal. But I deny altogether that this philosophical sense of the term has anything to do with the usual signification of self-love, or with the words interest, disinterested, selfish, and the like.

Nay, there is another important portion of human nature to which some recent philosophers have wished to confine these phrases. Popularly speaking, every feeling is selfish, or springs from self-love, which regards our own gratification as its end. But the philosophers I allude to wish to remove these words to the vacant office of designating, not our particular desires and passions seeking their own gratification, but that more general desire for general well-being which arises out of those particular desires, and could not have subsisted without their precedence. This is what Hartley calls "rational self-interest", Butler, if I mistake not, "cool self-love", and Mackintosh, "desire of happiness."

It is easy to prove that this passion is not entitled to those lofty prerogative rights, which in common parlance are often attributed to self-love and the desire of happiness. When Pascal says "it is to gain happiness than a man hangs himself," it is easy to show that if by "happiness" he intended "the greatest possible well-being," nothing can be more absurd and untrue than the assertion. We hang ourselves to get rid of present uneasiness, not with a view to permanent welfare. But it may surely be permitted to doubt whether Pascal meant any such nonsense as the refutation supposes. However this may be, I think I have said enough to show, that in this acceptance of the word self-love, the act of sympathy has nothing to do with it. Our desire of our neighbor's pleasure, our grief for his pain, are immediate passions acting upon an immediate object, and having no reference to the means

of establishing an ultimate balance of pleasures to ourselves As to the popular sense, I have already shown that the term selfish is confined to that class of desires which are not excited by the idea of another's gratification The distinction is in the nature of what the exciting idea represents, not in the mode of its rising, or the reasons of its efficiency

Now, although I have supposed it possible that the conception of a distinct conscious agent must pass through a process of imagination and feeling before it can be sufficiently realised to have any hold upon us, I must not be so misunderstood as to be thought to deny the intellectual conception itself It is because the intellect apprehends another agent, that this process may take place, not because it is incapable of such apprehension

I hold, therefore, that the notions here laid down concerning the composition of sympathy are not liable to the fatal accusation of being incompatible with the disinterested character of the affections, in any sense at least which can have a bearing upon practice But I think it still a curious speculative question, whether there is not a species of self-love of a very primary formation, anterior indeed to everything in the soul (considered as the subject of feeling) except the susceptibility of pleasure and pain And I have my doubts whether the vast concourse of writers who speak of some such principle are fairly open, otherwise than through the imperfections and entanglements of language, to the impeachment of those modern reformers, who choose to restrain the words on which the debate turns to a different, a limited, though I admit an important, part of our nature

It was my intention to have continued this Essay so as to exhibit the rise and progress of those pains and pleasures, aversions and desires, which arise in the soul in consequence of sympathy, and whose peculiar force I should have shewn to depend on the peculiar powers of the several feelings composing sympathy These may be comprised under the terms remorse and moral satisfaction, or any equivalent, there being no single word I should then have detailed the gradual generation of the virtues from the primary feelings of sympathy, taking for my guide the principle of association I should have shewn gratitude, resentment, justice, veracity, inevitably resulting from combinations of the primary pleasures and pains with their offspring, sympathy, and with those reflex sentiments which regard it I should have shewn these sentiments overshadowing the generated affections as they had protected the parent one, and acquiring at every step additional force

and authority I should have attempted to prove that moral approbation and blame are not applied to agents and actions unconnected with ourselves in virtue of any faculty of approving or any *realist* ideas of Right and Wrong, but by a simple extension of sympathy, strengthened as that passion has become by the reaction of all the secondary affections, according to the obvious nature of association I should have spoken of the self-regarding virtues, temperance, fortitude, prudence, and explained how far they come under the jurisdiction of the reflex sentiments. Finally, I should have endeavored to express how sympathy receives its final consummation, and the moral sentiments their strongest sanction, from the aid of religion, the power which binds over again (relegare, according to some, is the etymology of the word) what the bond of nature was unable adequately to secure. But these considerations I must leave to some other and more favourable opportunity.

### *Essay on the Philosophical Writings of Cicero*

[In a letter to Frederick Tennyson dated July 8, 1831 (printed in *Letters to Frederick Tennyson*, ed. by Hugh J. Schonfield, London, 1930, pp. 22-24) Hallam writes "I take the first moments of freedom from the interminable Essay (now, thanks to all gods and demons, terminated) to devote them to Somersby and you. Your letter was read with great pleasure over a table, crowded with Latin books, and a desk bursting with pompous paragraphs." He goes on to say he will send Frederick a copy if he can persuade Higman to print it.

The essay won a Trinity College prize in 1831 for the best English essay on some "Literary, Moral, or Antiquarian" subject (Cf. *The Cambridge University Calendar for the Year 1832*, p. 315) and was printed as a pamphlet of 56 pp. early in 1832 by W. Metcalfe, Cambridge. It was reprinted in all editions of the *Remains*. The present text is that of 1832.]

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*"Ille, decus Latu, magnæ spes altera Romæ,  
Ore effundit opes fandi certissimus auctor,  
Tantum omnes superans præclaro munere linguæ,  
Quantum ut ante alias Romana potentia gentes"*—VIDA<sup>1</sup>

To write worthily concerning the character of Cicero, would be an undertaking, than which few are more difficult, or more extensive. For, first, it is impossible not to be touched with reverence, and a kind of religious awe, when we look towards the figure of any great and noble mind, belonging, as regards his natural course, to times long departed, but living among us all, by his thoughts perpetuated in writing, which,

<sup>1</sup> Thus appeared on the title page of 1832.



actively circulating through numberless minds, and present without difficulty to several points of place and time, give us a far greater impression of efficiency than any act whatever (though voluntary, which these are not) of the same man, when conscious and alive. In fact, it is hardly to be thought surprising, that many should care for no immortality so much as this, for although there will be no sense, or pleasure of enjoyment in it, when it comes, they can relish it, at least, by anticipation, which has often a better taste than fruition, and they may have full assurance of its nature by observing the celebrity of other men.

Some of these immortals, however, do not puzzle us much when, putting aside the first sentiments of wonder and respect, we step nearer to examine with precision their lineaments and true demeanor. But when we have to do with a mind of various powers, whose solicitous activity neither public business nor private study can exhaust, and which can steal time from the engrossing occupations of state policy for the pursuit of liberal knowledge, and the communication of it to mankind, we find ourselves involved in much perplexity, and feel that, even after some labor has been expended, it will be little better than guesswork that finally strikes the balance, and ascertains by relative estimation of unlike qualities his true station in the temple of fame.

The jocular anathema, pronounced by Sir Robert Walpole on history in general, hits with peculiar force the judgments we form of motives and intellectual qualities, things so curiously complicated in the reality of nature, that our little knowledge has nothing to ground itself upon but a few loose rules collected by a very confined induction from external appearances. How little, in fact, does one creature know of another, even if he lives with him, sees him constantly, and, in popular language, knows all about him! Of that immense chain of mental successions, which extends from the cradle to the death-bed, how few links, comparatively speaking, are visible to any other person! Yet from these fragments of being (if the expression may be pardoned) you shall hear one decide as confidently about the unseen and unimagined whole, as a geologist from his chip of stone will explain the structure of the mass to which it belonged, and even the changes of fortune which it has received at the hand of time.

Experience, however, the final judge, treats these two speculators in a very different manner. And what is the reason? Unfortunately, human beings are not lapidary formations: they are not even animals of pure understanding, which might come near it: their microcosm is as infinite in its forms as the world without us, and in one, as in the other, we must obey the laws by observation and experiment, before we can venture

to command the elements by arbitrary combination. A question may be raised, whether, if the veil that obscures other existence from view were altogether removed, and that mode of immediate vision became usual, which Rousseau<sup>2</sup> fancied was more conceivable than the communication of motion by impact, we should, after all, derive much benefit from the change. But there can be no doubt it would wonderfully alter for the better our histories and biographical memoirs, and would effect a prodigious shifting of place among many worthies who are set high, or low, without much warrant, according to our present system of knowledge.

This Essay, however, has no such ambitious aim, as to include the whole character of Cicero within the scope of its observations. It is intended only to take a brief survey of one element in his diversified genius, the philosophical, but it will be difficult to mark the limits of this without an occasional glance at those other qualities, by which it is bounded, and which sometimes curiously intersect it. This will be evident if we consider that a question concerning the merits of Ciceronian philosophy naturally resolves itself into two parts. In what temper of mind, it should first be asked, did Cicero come to form and deliver his opinions? And, secondly, what those opinions were? Now the first of these is, beyond comparison, the most interesting and important.

A man, it has been well said, "is always other and more than his opinions." To understand something of the predispositions in any mind, is to occupy a height of vantage, from which we may more clearly perceive the true bearings of his thoughts, than was possible for a spectator on the level. By knowing how much a man loves truth, we learn how far he is likely to teach it us. By ascertaining the special bent of his passions and habits, we are on our guard against giving that credit to conclusions in favor of them, which our notion of his discernment might otherwise incline us to give. But there is more than this. The inward life of a great man, the sum total of his impressions, customs, sentiments, gradual processes of thought, rapid suggestions, and the like, contains a far greater truth, both in extent and in magnitude, than all the fixed and positive forms of belief that occupy the front-row in his understanding. It is more our interest to know the first, for we know more in knowing it, and are brought by it into closer contact with real greatness. Opinion is often the product of an exhausted, not an energetic condition of mind. A few thoughts are suffi-

<sup>2</sup> See *Nouvelle Héloïse* [H]

cient to make up many opinions, and though these are always in some proportion to the degree of elevation allotted to their parent mind, they are seldom, perhaps, its certain measure

In the instance we have now to consider, many such predisposing influences will occur to the most careless observer Cicero was a Roman, and we must view him with reference to the circumstances of Roman life, and the peculiar tendencies of its national feeling He was a Roman statesman, and we must not forget the absorbing interest of politics in his time, and country, while we estimate the value he set on the calmer studies of his retirement He was also a Roman gentleman, fond of social life, and capable of guiding and adorning its movements he had elevated his family and name, by his own indefatigable exertions, from the ranks of provincial society, and was naturally ambitious of that life of literary brilliance which had already superseded in public estimation the honors of patrician birth, and was beginning to vie with the more substantial reverence paid to high dignities and large possessions Above all, he was, by long habit and peculiar genius, a Roman orator, accustomed alike to the grave deliberations of the senate and the impassioned pleadings of the forum All these influences (and some of them were not a little feverish and disturbing) he carried with him into the quiet fields and lucid atmosphere of philosophy Whether he agitated that region by what he brought, more than he benefited himself, and through himself the world, by what he found, is an inquiry which may prove entertaining and useful, and which we shall be better able to bring to a satisfactory conclusion when we have considered rather more at length the relation of these previous tendencies to the investigation and discovery of truth

It has been a favourite notion with those modern writers, who are fond of considering the unity of mood, produced by a constant action of similar circumstances on the mind of a nation, in rather an abstract point of view, that the Romans represent the *political*, as the Greeks did the *individual* development of human intelligence and energy Whatever objections may lie against forms of expression, which, when habitually applied by speculators on history, are apt to mislead by a frequently recurring appearance of system, always seductive to the imagination, but proportionately dangerous to the observing intellect, it seems impossible to deny that much truth is contained in this remark It is not of course meant, that the institutions of social convention did not attain a singular degree of perfection among the Grecian states, or that their complexion was not generally favourable to the cultivation of individual genius, but simply that no strong national spirit impelled the Greeks to national aggrandizement as the para-

mount object of their activity, which was the case with the conquering people who succeeded them in the career of civilization. A country of small republics, perpetually at strife with each other, had little unity of aim, except when menaced by barbarian inroads. Patriotism, indeed, was raised high in the scale of duties, and on the same plea that "*omnes omnium caritates patria complectitur*," the same energy was exerted for the public good, which afterwards, on a larger theatre, enforced the admiring submission of mankind. But the public sympathies of the Athenian were opposed to those of the Lacedemonian, and no single city threatened to absorb the world into the greatness of its name. The fascination of that name was wanting, and the sense of favouring destiny, which in the thought of every Roman blended his proud recollections of past triumph with the confident hope of an equally subservient future. Nor do we find that, where the bonds of Grecian polity were strongest, the vigor of literary genius was most conspicuous or effective. The severer, as well as the lighter Muses, fled from the walls of Sparta, for the patronage, extended by Lycurgus to the shade of Homer, failed to kindle the finer sentiments among the subjects of his legislation.

On the other side (if we except the dramatic poets, whose local attachments were naturally strengthened by the necessities of their art) no strong sympathy with national advance or decline seems, under climates more congenial to art and knowledge, to have inspired the eminent leaders of human thought. Pindar attended on a court, Plato could exchange the liberal air of Athens for the atmosphere of Syracusan tyranny. Aristotle,<sup>3</sup> "the soul of the academy," was attached to it only by the life of its founder, and turned contentedly, after his death, to the court of Hermeas, and the counsels of Macedonian oppression.

This comparative laxity of civil ties, owing perhaps in some measure to the capricious nature of these "fierce democracies" which made political eminence less desirable, because less secure, was conducive to that depth of meditation and comprehensiveness of views, which carried the Grecian spirit to heights of excellence, that will exercise the wondering gaze of our latest posterity. The sculptors and poets were left free to enjoy the unlimited inspiration of natural beauties, which are not of this age, or of that empire, but everlasting, and complete in themselves as the ideas they produce in the meditative artist, who has a higher standard of perfection within him than the most glorious of recollected names—a Fabricius, a Brutus, or a Numa. Whatever

<sup>3</sup> "Ὁ νοῦς τῆς διατριβῆς," was the appellation given by Plato to his future rival [H.]

elevation the contemplative and creative parts of our nature were fitted to attain, when left to the free exercise of their own functions, neither restrained, and, as it were, *overlaid* by a bond of national feeling intent on national glory, nor deriving an auxiliar, yet heterogeneous force from the diffusion of a spiritual faith, such elevation, we may safely say, was attained by the Greeks. The fair inventions of their art, the pure deductions of their science, all the curious and splendid combinations of thought, which arise from the habit of viewing the circumstances of man in the single light of poetic beauty, or according to distinct forms of intellectual congruity, remain to us in their precious literature, and attest how clear, how serene, how majestically independent of merely local and temporary views, was the genius of ancient Greece, who laid the honey on the lips of Plato, and raised the temple of the graces within the bosom of Sophocles.

Every thing in the Roman character was the reverse of this, and announced to attentive reflection a different destiny, and a new evolution of mental nature. Sprung from the embrace of Mars, this people of determined warriors rose by slow degrees to an universal dominion, and every separate will, that came into action under the auspices of their patron god, seemed to bend itself by spontaneous impulse to fulfil his overruling intention and redeem his early promise. The infancy of Rome was nourished by a martial and religious poetry, which became extinct when the season of extended action arrived. Then the lessons taught and matured in probationary struggles with the brave Italian populations were applied to a tremendous battle against the several supremacies of Europe, and, the scabbard being thrown away, that sword was displayed in irresistible splendour, which for a space of centuries was to tame the haughty and proudly spare the suppliant. Such was, throughout, the consistency of their progress, that all their institutions and customs bore the impress of one ruling idea, and insensate things seemed to unite with human volitions in a glad furtherance of the glorious race. The paths of scientific discovery and secluded imagination were naturally unheeded by minds so strongly possessed with notions of "pride, pomp, and circumstance." Their ordinary pursuits were practical, and their highest aims political. They had no original literature, and they did not feel the want. There was much vigorous conception, but it all went into the outward world, the empire of their triumphant will.<sup>4</sup>

<sup>4</sup> "The austere frugality of the ancient republicans, their carelessness about the possessions and the pleasures of wealth, the strict regard for law among the people, its universal and steadfast loyalty during the happy centuries when the constitution, after the pretensions of the aristocracy had been curbed, were flourishing in its

When, at length, conquest brought luxury in its train, and artificial appetites sprang from the excess of social stimulus, the graces of a foreign language were first sought to supply a fashionable gratification, and soon produced their emollient effects of taste and refined pleasure, but they never touched the ground of character,<sup>5</sup> which was far too solidly fixed to admit of change from superinduction. Systems of philosophy were imported for the amusement and use of a highly civilized population, but amidst much ingenious discussion and collision of opinions, no sparks of strong philosophic thought were elicited, and those chasms in knowledge, which were left obscure by the burning lights of elder science, received no new illumination from the masters of the earth.

If the obstacles to the rise of an original philosophy, grounded on the intrinsic character of the Romans, may fairly seem insuperable, they must doubtless be considered as deriving an immense accession of force from the peculiar condition of the republic in the age of Cicero. Corruption had reached the heart of the state; the few, in whom the lifeblood of patriotism still circulated, felt the indispensable importance and awful interest attached to an active life, the larger number, with whom a superficial acquaintance with theories, nicknamed philosophical knowledge, served as an excuse for indolence, or a varnish for vice, were constitutionally disqualified for the keen intuition of truth, and the generous mood of enthusiasm, in which suggestion strikes the mind like inspiration. The Greek teachers, from whom their little learning was immediately derived, were very unlike that former race, the *ἑσὶ παλαιοὶ* of philosophy. There were exceptions, perhaps, at all events there were degrees of merit: a Posidonius,<sup>6</sup> or a Panætius, is not to be classed with the vulgar herd of sophists. But the general difference was too manifest to be mistaken: what in the hands of Plato had been an

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full perfection, the sound feeling which never, amid internal discord, allowed of an appeal to foreign interference, the absolute empire of the laws and customs, and the steadiness with which, nevertheless, whatever in them was no longer expedient, was amended, the wisdom of the constitution, the ideal perfection of fortitude, realized in the citizens and in the state, all these qualities unquestionably excite a feeling of reverence which cannot equally be awakened by the contemplation of any other people." This summary of Roman virtues is extracted from the work of a philosophic historian, who proceeds to fill the opposite scale, and to mark out their vices with a wise impartiality.—See NIEBUHR *Lecture prefixed to second edition of Translation*, Hare and Thirlwall, p. 26 [H].

<sup>5</sup> Lucretius and Catullus are the confirming exceptions. That must indeed be a barren and fetid soil, in which poetry cannot strike a single root [H].

<sup>6</sup> Was it not a fine acknowledgment of the inherent supremacy of wisdom, when the imperatorial fasces were lowered by command of Pompey, before the person of Posidonius? [H].

art, in those of Aristotle a science, was now become an easy trade. A minute fastidious casuistry supplied the place of that reasoning, and that "κρείττον τι λόγου," which sought to elevate mankind to the level of true wisdom by an assiduous cultivation of sentiments, possessed by all, at least in the germ, sentiments, by whose action on a plastic imagination the most beautiful phenomena of mental combination are elicited, and a mass of desires and hopes receive their form and constitution, whose luminous nature repels the darkness of the grave.

Wiser in their own generation than the children of light, these new instructors readily yielded to the prevalent temper of their age, and while they flattered the reigning profligacy of manners, by relegating morality into the arid regions of rules, maxims, and verbal distinctions, they effectually secured the profits and reputation of their own vagabond profession. The general tendency of men's minds at this momentous era, was unquestionably towards a sceptical indifference, such must ever be the effect of degenerate institutions and corrupted manners, accompanied with great operative energy in the machine of the state, and an habitual reliance of almost every individual mind on external and transitory things, the vicissitudes of fortune, and the obligations of palpable interest. It was an unbelieving age, and none who lived within its term escaped altogether the contagion. In periods of this description, the aphelia of national existence, some will generally be found who withstand to a certain extent the predominant tendency, and attest to a future generation the inherent dignity of our nature. Their efforts are limited, and their self-elevation is not constant, yet they are green places in the moral wilderness on which our thoughts should delight to linger.

If there be any truth in these observations, we should expect, *à priori*, what the examination of his writings will abundantly demonstrate, that the expressed mind of Cicero would exhibit signatures of both these impressions, the general impression, I mean, of national predilections, and active, external tendencies of thought, and that particular impression, originating in the character of the times, and leading to disputation about prevailing opinions, rather than independent research, to pulling down in the spirit of incredulity, without attempting to reconstruct in a temper of faith. But we could not have told beforehand, that he would be included in that small class of partial exceptions I have mentioned, and that the scepticism he shared with many was tinged and modified by a genial warmth, which was peculiarly his own. Sometimes a disciple of Carneades, sometimes of Plato, he

varies the tone of his language according to the alternate moods that possess him. In a memorable passage he owns, that to preserve the fair proportions of his moral edifice, it was necessary to keep out of thought and mention, "*harum perturbatricem omnium academiam*"<sup>7</sup>

I shall now consider a characteristic of Cicero's disposition, which was more dependent on himself, and the traces of which are every where perceptible in his life and writings. Whatever he thought, whatever he experienced, assumed with him an oratorical form. Truth had few charms for him, unadorned and ἀτρεῖς καὶ ἀστρεῖς, he delighted, indeed, in the analogies which reason presents, but it was because they are susceptible of brilliant coloring and emphatic display. Once, when undergoing the misery of exile, and disgusted for a time with the bold game he had been playing with the passions and habits that had made him what he was, he besought his friends "ut non oratorem se, sed philosophum appellarent, nam se philosophiam, ut rem sibi proposuisse, arte, oratoriâ, tanquam instrumento, in rebus publicis tractandis uti"<sup>8</sup> Other times brought another language, and, in direct contradiction to the above, he has declared, in more than one passage<sup>9</sup> what the internal evidence of his life and writings was amply sufficient to establish, that he learned philosophy "*eloquentiæ gratiâ*"

Much as has been said, since the idols were first stricken in the temple by the commissioned hand of Bacon, about the mischief of substituting poetical illustration for real cohesion of truth to truth, it may perhaps be found, on examination, that a rhetorical spirit is a more dangerous intruder. Poetry, indeed, is seductive by exciting in us that mood of feeling which conjoins all mental states that pass in review before it, according to congruity of sentiment, not agreement of conceptions, and it is with justice, therefore, that the Muses are condemned by the genius of a profound philosophy. But though poetry

"*Exoremus ut sileat*," he continues, "*nam si invaserit in hæc quæ satis scite instructa et composita videantur, nimis edet rumas, quam quidem ego PLACARE cupio, SUBMOVERE NON AUDEO*"—*De Legibus*, i. 13. The principles of the Academic sect, "*hæc ab Arcesilâ et Carneade recens*," are unfolded in the books of Academic Questions, and those *De Naturâ Deorum*. In the *Offices*, i. ii. c. 2, he thus briefly expresses them "*Non sumus ii quorum vagetur mens errore, nec habeat unquam, quod sequatur quæ enim esset ista mens, vel quæ vita potius, non solum disputandi, sed etiam vivendi ratione sublatâ?* Nos autem, ut ceteri, qui alia certa, alia incerta esse dicunt, sic ab his dissentientes alia probabilia, contra alia improbabilia esse dicimus." Aulus Gellius, in a jesting manner, explains the difference between the Pyrrhonians and these Academics "The latter," he says, "were certain they could know nothing, the former were not more certain of that than of anything else!" [H.]

<sup>7</sup> See BRUCKER, *Hist. Philosoph.*, Vol. 2, p. 39, and his reference to Plutarch [H.]

<sup>8</sup> See *Proem Paradox*, *Orator sub init.*, *Tusc. Quæst.*, 2, 3 [H.]



encourages a wrong condition of feeling with respect to the discovery of truth, its enchantments tend to keep the mind within that circle of contemplative enjoyment, which is not less indispensably necessary to the exertions of a philosophic spirit. We may be led wrong by the sorcery, but that wrong is contiguous to the right.

Now it is part of our idea and description of oratory, that it appeals to the active functions of our nature. It is the bringing of one man's mind to bear upon another man's will. We call up our scattered knowledge, we arrange our various powers of feeling, we select and marshal the objects of our observation, and then we combine them under the command of one strong impulse, and concentrate their operations upon one point. That point is in every instance some change in the views, and some corresponding assent in the will of the person, or persons, whom we address. Thus we are transported entirely out of the sphere of contemplation, and are submitted to the guidance of a new set of passions, far more vehement, confused, and perplexing, than those pure desires that elevate the soul towards the "ὄντως ὄντα," because they have far more immediate control over individual futurity, and are much more concerned with the representations of the senses.

I do not mean to deny that the vivid impression of truth is naturally accompanied by its eloquent utterance. Wherever there is strong emotion, there will be always a corresponding vigor of expression, unless the channel between thought and language happens to be obstructed by peculiar causes. But eloquence is spread abroad among mankind, while oratory is the portion of a few. The one is the immediate voice of nature, and derives its charm from momentary impulse, the other is an art, circumscribed by definite laws which have their origin in the creative power of genius. Excited in the first instance by our social instincts, the faculty of speech has become to civilized man a source of independent pleasure, which mingles with, or rather constitutes, the delight of his solitary reveries and intellectual meditations. In proportion to the refinement of his feeling, the liveliness of his mental images, and the varieties of knowledge treasured up in memory, will be the graceful forms and multiplied combinations of his internal language. But as regards himself, if he has in any degree the power of searching out the relations of things by intellectual application, he will not suffer his trains of active thought to be trenched upon by those arrangements of diction, whose place is posterior to thought in natural order, and which appear to confer on the mind that forms them a kind of recompense for its keener labors of introspection.

When again his eloquence is directed to others, a man of this description is too sensible of that truth, or belief, of which it is the spon-

taneous overflow, to have any reflex action of thought on his own relative position, and the power which he may exert to mould the determinations of those whom he addresses. He seeks to persuade, but it is because he is persuaded, and requires the concurrence of sympathy. He may lead his fellow-creatures from the truth, but this chance is unavoidable, so long as words are our only signs of notions and media of reasoning. Still everything has occupied its right place: the faculties have had free play, and each has kept clear of the other.

But in a mind, whose conformation is oratorical, the whole process is in danger of being inverted and confused. The orator mistakes the suggestion of his art for the analogies of solid reason. He begins by arguing where he ought to infer, and thus deceives himself. Then he pleads when he ought to state, and thus deceives others. There is little danger, indeed, that an orator of the highest order—a man, who not only feels the dignity of the mission which he fulfils, but who, from the clearness and multiplicity and uniform direction of his rapid ideas, acquires that intuitive and comprehensive intelligence, which by condensing, and, as it were, fusing his powers, almost seems to communicate to his soul a larger portion of existence—there is little danger that such a man will relinquish his art, will leave this high mode of vision and power, will descend, as into plains and valleys, to the methods of ordinary knowledge, or (which is least probable) will transfer his attention to a new province of the higher intellect, the character of which is dissimilar, and requires capacities not moulded like his own. Let a man but enter deep into his favourite art, and he is not likely to make use of it to subvert the laws, or tarnish the qualities, of any other mental pursuit.

Every art is the application of knowledge to some definite end, but the ends are many, and the methods are distinct. The fine or imaginative arts—painting, sculpture, music, and poetry—have for their end the production of a mood of delightful contemplation with the sense of beauty. A vivid impression of some mental state, as beautiful, tends to bring in a train of associated states, which will all be under the same mood of lively emotion, as the first in the train. If we change the character of the mood, the continuity of association will be broken, and there is nothing so disagreeable to the mind as any such interruption. Hence, if, while the mind is delineating its own previous states under the influence of some particular mood, any object is presented by casual association, the tendency of which is to excite feelings not congenial to that which has taken possession of the mind, there arises a perception of unfitness, and the object is rejected. This is the subtle law of

Taste, that exists in the creative artist as a sort of conscience, against which his will may trespass, but his judgment cannot rebel

The same law is absolute for the orator but the difference in his case results from the difference of his aim, and, consequently, of his materials He, too, resigns himself to one luminous mood, which extends its radiance over successive states, and is unwilling to admit any form of mental existence, besides itself But his aim is the commotion of will, not the production of beauty This, therefore, is the bearing of the emotion that casts an awakening light over his mind by their analogy to this leading sentiment, the hosts of Suggestion are judged, and from a variety, thus harmonized, results the distinctive unity of his art

But the number of pure artists is small few souls are so finely tempered as to preserve the delicacy of meditative feeling, untainted by the allurements of accidental suggestion The voice of the critical conscience is still and small, like that of the moral it cannot entirely be stifled where it has been heard, but it may be disobeyed Temptations are never wanting some immediate and temporary effect can be produced at less expense of inward exertion than the high and more ideal effect which art demands it is much easier to pander to the ordinary, and often recurring wish for excitement, than to promote the rare and difficult intuition of beauty To raise the many to his own real point of view, the artist must employ his energies, and create energy in others to descend to their position is less noble, but practicable with ease If I may be allowed the metaphor, one partakes of the nature of redemptive power, the other, of that self-abased and degenerate will, which "flung from his splendours" the fairest star in heaven

They who debase, in this manner, the persuasive art, are commonly called rhetoricians, not orators They speak for immediate effect, careless how it is produced They never measure existing circumstances by the relations of the *περὶ τὸν*, internally perceived In the mind of the true orator, all accidents of place and time seem to be attracted to the magnetic force of his conceptions, which have an order of their own, not wholly dependent on the observation of the moment But the rhetorician makes himself the servant of circumstances, and yet, after all, cannot penetrate their meaning His examination is close and coarse, and he sees little, in his hurry to see better, the orator stands upon a height, and commands the whole prospect, and can modify his view by the lens of genius

Between the pure orator and the mere rhetorician many shades of mixture intervene To degrade that powerful mind, which in its ma-

turity of vigor uttered "tonitrua magis quam verba" against the desperate Catiline, and whose later age produced the "divina Philippica," to the lowest of these ranks, would be to pass sentence on my own judgment but I must hesitate, even against the opinion of many wise men, before I consent to elevate him to the highest The loftier powers of imagination were altogether wanting There was none of the vivid painting and instinctive sublimity, which make Demosthenes the model of ages His happiest efforts are efforts still, the process of intellectual construction is always palpable, and though the ingenuity may be wonderful, and command our high approbation, our minds have in reserve something higher than approbation, and ingenuity will not call it forth Cicero won, and ruled his audience, not by flashes of inspiration, but by industrious thought The thoughts were not wonderful in themselves, were not born one out of another by a generation so rapid as to seem mysterious, but were accumulated by separate exertions of will, and produced their effect by the gross amount of numberless deliberations Where understanding is more active in production than feeling, the predominance of rhetoric (to use the word "in malam partem") over true oratory is the certain result But when this happens to any mind, it will be no easy matter to restrain this predominant tendency within the limits of its own pursuit The delicate sense of fitness, which grows with the growth of the contemplative feelings, becomes weak when they are neglected, and the busy intellect, unembarrassed by its inconvenient monitions, begins to meddle with all the range of practical and speculative knowledge in a temper of incessant argumentation

From these considerations it is evident that Cicero laboured under strong previous disadvantages in his approach to the sanctuary of Wisdom The "φυγα μουου προς μουου," preached by the latter Platonists, was not possible for him He did not come *alone*, he brought with him a thousand worldly prepossessions, which were to him as the veil of the temple at Sais, hiding impenetrably, "that which was, and had been, and was to be" He adventured, nevertheless, and if he wanted altogether the originality and freshness of the Grecian thinkers, we owe to his industry, patience, and acuteness, the general diffusion and reduction to popular language of much that had been finely thought, and without him might never have obtained free currency among mankind I shall proceed to notice briefly the opinions maintained by him on some of the most important subjects of human speculation

It is doubtless in the character of a moral instructor, that Cicero

challenges the largest share of our admiration. The simplicity and distinctness of his precepts render them intelligible to all, while the gravity and persuasive energy, the richness and graceful elegance of his manner, tend to fix them in memory, and interest the imagination in their behalf. Seldom or never does he rise to the occasional elevation of Seneca, but he is free also from that writer's exaggeration and causeless refinements. All that department of morality, which contains the duties of justice, and from which public and private legislation immediately emanate, was treated by him with the greatest copiousness and accuracy. This the view I have taken of his ruling habits would lead us to expect, and it is certain that this branch of philosophical knowledge could not but borrow additional vigor from his political pursuits. After the example of Plato, he composed six books "*De Republicâ*," (the newly-recovered treasure of our fortunate age!) on which he evidently rested much of his reputation, because he had applied to their composition the utmost maturity of his thoughts. His notions of government were large and republican, yet they differ perhaps as much from the popular schemes of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries, as from Filmer's patriarchal theory or the profligate slavishness of Hobbesism. They are the principles by which Rome sprang up and flourished, the corruption of which changed her vigorous prosperity into splendid misery of decay. They contain the idea of a balanced constitution, with a preponderating influence of the higher ranks, as the best means offered by the experience of ages for approximating to that ideal condition of a state, which the ancients never lost sight of, the *ἀριστοκρατία*, or government by the wisest and best. We meet no traces in what Cicero has written of his considering a nation as a mere aggregate of individuals on a particular point of geographical position, the majority of whom have an inalienable right to bind the minority by their will and pleasure. That venerable name, the Nation, implied for him a body of men, actuated by one spirit, by a community, that is, of habits, feelings, and impressions from circumstances, tending to some especial development of human nature, which without that especial combination would never have existed, and fulfilling therefore some part of the great Providential design. That other word, the State, was not less sacred, for it denoted the natural form of action assumed by the nation, the mass of well-cemented institutions by which the particular character of its condition of feeling was best expressed in habitual conduct, so as to enable it to be continually, but gravely progressive. His attachment, however, to the interests of stability and order never for a moment induced Cicero to forget his Roman abhorrence of the kingly office and title. In every thing he

spoke for law and counsel, proscribing arbitrary will, I have said that he carried his politics too far into philosophy, it is time to say the converse, that his politics were uniformly philosophical

That important division of Ethics, which enforces the moral necessity of self-restraint, and prescribes its most salutary methods, furnished our author with a wide field for his rhetorical powers This subject may, indeed, be considered as exhausted by the ancients the wit of man will probably say nothing finer, or more calculated to set this duty in the clearest light of reason, than has already been put on record by the heathen moralists Many of them have surpassed Cicero in the energy of their conceptions but it would be difficult to point out any of their arguments for the power of man over himself, which are not touched upon in the books "De Officiis," the "Tusculan Questions," and others of a like description It is true we find little that appears entirely his own, he used with no niggard hand the stores of his predecessors, and hardly seemed to have much confidence in what he said, unless he could get somebody else to vouch for it The Stoic, Panætius, supplied him with the whole scheme, and most of the details in his Offices From the Epicureans, whose general doctrine he regarded with aversion, he seems to have borrowed those views concerning friendship,<sup>10</sup> which diffuse a gentle light over the sterner aspect of his other opinions The inflexible followers of Zeno and Chrysippus were entirely devoted to the heroic attributes of human will <sup>11</sup> they often mistook pride for virtue, the selfish feeling that leads men to persevere in a particular course of thought and conduct, in order to prove to themselves their power of determination, for the humble and self-sacrificing spirit, which desires only to know itself as the servant of conscience and of God Their κατορθωμα, or ideal life of rectitude, was entirely devoid of passion, and incapable (had they known it!) of virtue, as of vice The later Stoics, indeed, were made of better stuff a new light had then begun to shine in the darkness of the world, and the warmth of its beams made them unconsciously relax the folds of their "Stoic fur" "Αμα ἀπαθεστάτον εἶναι, ἀμα δὲ φιλοστοργητάτον," is the milder form in which the imperial sage contemplated his idea of moral perfection

<sup>10</sup> I mean their conviction of its importance, and earnest recommendation of it by counsel and by practice, not their theory of "φιλία δια χρείας," against which Cicero justly inveighs The friendships of the Epicureans were famous all over the world Gassendi is so impressed with the amiable picture of concord, and pleasant intercourse, that he is ready to believe "talem Societatem cælestis concordix sinu genitam, nutritam, ac finitam"—*De vitâ et moribus Epicuri* l 2, c 6 [H]

<sup>11</sup> "Τὴν προαίρεσιν," says Epictetus, in the spirit of the founder, "οὐδὲ ὁ Ζεὺς νικῆσαι δύναται" [H]

Before the time of Cicero, the meek and passive affections were held by these scholastics unworthy of the loftiness of virtue. Fortunately, however, he was not, like them, a philosopher by profession, he was a Roman gentleman, and would not consent to give up feelings that adorned society, and constituted domestic life. His dialogues "*De Amicitia*" and "*De Senectute*" have a fine mellow tone of colouring, which sets them perhaps above all his other works in point of originality and beauty.<sup>12</sup> They come more from the man himself: spontaneous pleasure from his heart seems, like a delicate ether, to surround the recollections he detains, and the anticipation he indulges. How grand and distinct is the person of Cato! What a beautiful blending of the individual patriot, as we know him from history, with the ideal character of age!

When we pass from the eloquent moralities of Cicero to examine the foundations of his ethical system, we find a sudden blank and deficiency. His praises of friendship, as one of the duties as well as ornaments of life, never seem to have suggested to his thoughts any resemblance of that solemn idea which alone solves the enigma of our feelings, and while it supplies a meaning to conscience, explains the destination of man. That he had read Plato with delight, we see abundant tokens, and his expressions of admiration and gratitude to that great man remain as indications of a noble temper; but that he had read him with right discernment can hardly be supposed, since he prefers the sanctions of morality provided by the latter Grecian schools to the sublime principle of love, as taught by the founder of the Academy. My meaning perhaps requires to be explained more in detail.

Love, in its simplest ethical sense, as a word of the same import with sympathy, is the desire which one sentient being feels for another's gratification, and consequent aversion to another's pain. This is the broad and deep foundation of our moral nature. The gradations of superstructure are somewhat less obvious, because they involve the hitherto obscure process by which there arises a particular class of emotions,<sup>13</sup> affecting us with pleasure or with pain, according as the condition of our affections is sympathetic, or the reverse. These emotions

<sup>12</sup> I learn, with pleasure, that this is also the opinion of one of the greatest of our great men now alive,—the Reformer of English Poetry, the author of "*Lyrical Ballads*," and the "*Excursion*" [H]

<sup>13</sup> I refer to Sir J. Mackintosh's *Dissertation on Ethical Philosophy*, (prefixed to the Supplement of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*,) the most important contribution, in my very humble judgment, which, for many years, has enlarged the inductive philosophy of mind [H]

are, in one sense, the strongest we possess, because they are independent of our senses, and of external circumstances, and are only conversant with the sources of action yet, for this very reason, they too often succumb to other passions, less intimately connected with the permanent parts of our constitution, as active beings, but nourished by the changing accidents of sensation, and, in this view, we may lament, with Butler, that "conscience has not power, as she has authority"

The accession of this new mode of consciousness introduces a new kind of affection to other beings, compounded of the original sympathy, and of what has been termed moral complacency<sup>14</sup> A notion of similar susceptibility gave occasion to that primary sentiment, and now a community of moral disposition is required for the exercise of this secondary sentiment We do not cease to be moved by the first but we have superinduced another, more restricted in its choice of objects, but attaching us more powerfully, because derived from a more developed nature Other developments of our faculties will successively produce other similarities, and determine, in different directions, our sensibility, but since our whole frame of thought and feeling is affected by our moral condition, and "an operation of conscience precedes every action deliberate enough to be called in the highest sense voluntary,"<sup>15</sup> this great principle of *moral community* will be found to pervade and tinge every sort of resemblance, sufficient to give rise to attachment

To inspire men with this virtuous passion, which however dispersed over particular affections, and perceptible in them, has, like conscience, from which it springs, too little hold on sensation to act often from its own unaided resources, was the great aim of the Platonic philosophy Its mighty master, who "πτηνω διερρη ἐφεζόμενος" discerned far more of the cardinal points of our human position than numbers, whose more accurate perception of details has given them an inclination,<sup>16</sup> but no right, to sneer at his immortal compositions—Plato saw very early, that to communicate to our nature this noblest kind of love, the love of a worthy object, would have the effect of a regeneration to the

<sup>14</sup> See "A Dissertation on the Nature of Virtue," by Jonathan Edwards,—clarum et venerabile nomen, of which America may be justly proud! [H]

<sup>15</sup> Mackintosh, *Dissert*, p. 181 [H]

<sup>16</sup> We need not wonder at the flippant Bolingbroke for jesting at Plato (see *Fragments and Minutes of Essays*, passim) the lofty intellect of Verulam may well be permitted to occupy its view with the abundant future, even to the detriment of his judgments on antiquity, but what excuse shall be made for Montesquieu, when he coolly pronounces the Platonic dialogues unworthy of modern perusal, and is half inclined to wonder what the ancients could find to like in them?—See *Lettres Persannes* [H]



soul, and would establish conscience in nearly the same intimacy with the world of the senses, which she already maintains with our interior existence. Hence his constant presentation of morality under the aspect of beauty, a practice favored by the language of his country, where from an early period the same *το καλόν* had comprehended them both. Hence that frequent commendation of a more lively sentiment than has existed in other times between man and man, the misunderstanding of which has repelled several from the deep tenderness and splendid imaginations of the *Phædrus* and the *Symposium*, but which was evidently resorted to by Plato, on account of the social prejudices which at that time depressed woman below her natural station, and which, even had the philosopher himself entirely surmounted them, would have rendered it perhaps impossible to persuade an Athenian audience that a female mind, especially if restrained within the limits of chastity and modest obedience, could ever possess attractions at all worthy to fix the regard, much less exhaust the capacities of this highest and purest manly love.

There was also another reason. The soul of man was considered the best object of *ἐρώς*, because it partook most of the presumed nature of Divinity.<sup>17</sup> There are not wanting in the Platonic writings clear traces of his having perceived the ulterior destiny of this passion, and the grandeur of that object, which alone can absorb its rays for time and for eternity. The doctrine of a personal God, himself essentially love, and requiring the love of the creature as the completion of his being, often seems to tremble on the lips of the master, but it was too strange for him, too like a fiction of wayward fancy, too liable to metaphysical objections. "It is difficult," he says, "to find, and more difficult to reveal, the Father of the Universe."<sup>18</sup> There he left it, and there it remained, until the message of universal baptism was given to the twelve.

Few or none of the immediate successors to Plato were impressed with the religious character of his philosophy, or if their hearts were conscious of a new and stirring influence, while they perused those sacred writings, their understanding took no note of its real tendency,

<sup>17</sup> When a general admiration for Plato revived with the revival of arts and learning, the difference of social manners, which had been the gradual effect of Christianity, led men naturally to fix the reverential and ideal affection on the female character. The expressions of Petrarch and Dante have been accused as frigid and unnatural, because they flow from a state of feeling which belonged to very peculiar circumstances of knowledge and social position, and which are not easily comprehended by us who live at a different period. [H.]

<sup>18</sup> In *Timæo* [H.]

but ascribed it to the effect of eloquence, or the Socratic method. The Alexandrian school indeed read with open eyes,<sup>19</sup> but Christianity had given them the hint and it is beyond contradiction, that, before the Christian era, the only part of the earth's surface in which the First and Great commandment was recognized, hardly occupied a larger extent than the principality of Wales, and was inhabited by a set of stiff-necked people, whom the polite and wise of this world esteemed below their contempt. Upon this insulated nation how wonderful had been the effect produced! In their singular literature a strong light was thrown upon recesses of the human heart, unknown to Grecian or Roman genius. Their thoughts pursued a separate track, and their habits of life, consonant to those thoughts, were unlike the customs of nations. In them we see a new phase of the human character, the same that has since been expanded by the Christian dispensation, and the loftiest we can conceive to exist in any body of men.

It proceeds from the recognition of God, as a living and proximate agent, constituting the course of nature and suspending it at will, raising up and overthrowing nations by particular providence, and carrying on a perpetual war for the salvation of each individual soul. The spirit of holy love flows naturally from this faith, and fulfils the obligations of conscience. But it seems impossible that the unrevealed Divinity, however credited by natural reason, should inspire such transports as glowed in the bosoms of Hebrew prophets, or dulled the torture of those flames and racks on which Christian martyrs were eager to expire. Revelation is a voluntary approximation of the Infinite Being to the ways and thoughts of finite humanity. But until this step has been taken by Almighty Grace, how should man have a warrant for loving with all his heart and mind and strength? How may his contracted and localized individuality not be lost in the unfath-

<sup>19</sup> Many tenets, however, of the New Platonists were perversions from the original doctrine to serve an especial purpose. These factious recluses hated Christianity even more than they revered its precursor, and for the erotic character, impressed on the new religion, they would have gladly substituted visions of intellectual union with the Absolute, and complete abstraction from the inlets of sensation. The old Platonic language, out of which they manufactured their systems, was made use of probably by its author, as the best means he could devise for elevating the minds of his hearers above low and vulgar motives. I have no faith in those who fancy a scheme of his real opinions may be constructed from his works, or that it was any part of his design to improve mankind by the communication of psychological knowledge. When he relates a legendary tale, like that of Atlantis in the *Timæus*, we do not suppose it necessary to suppose his credence of the story, but are content to take it for a beautiful piece of mythology, illustrating and serving the main purpose of the dialogue. Why should we not believe the same of his purely metaphysical dissertations? [H]

omable depths of the Eternal and Immense? Can he love what he does not know? Can he know what is essentially incomprehensible? The exercise of his reasoning faculties may have convinced him that a Supreme Mind exists, but the same faculties should have taught that its nature is perfectly dissimilar from the only mind with which he is acquainted, and that when he gives it the same name, it is with reference to the similarity of the respective effects. If regardless of the limits within which he is bound to philosophize, he admits a little Anthropomorphism into his system of belief, yet he will hardly venture to consider a passion, resembling human love, enough to deserve the same appellation, as in any degree compatible with that independent felicity, which he ascribes to the Being of beings. How then can he love a Spirit, to whose happiness he bears no relation, and whose perfections, since they are vast, must be vague, embodied in no action, concentrated upon no point of time? The thing is impossible, and has never been. Without the Gospel, nature exhibits a want of harmony between our intrinsic constitution, and the system in which it is placed. But Christianity has made up the difference. It is possible and natural to love the Father, who has made us his children by the spirit of adoption; it is possible and natural to love the Elder Brother, who was, in all things, like as we are, except sin, and can succor those in temptation, having been himself tempted. Thus the Christian faith is the necessary complement of a sound ethical system.

Ignorant by his position of this fact, untaught by imagination and meditative feeling, the attendant δαίμονες of Plato, to discern the tendencies of man towards this future consummation, the author of Roman philosophy sought a foundation for his moral system in the opposite hemisphere of mind. He turned from the groves of Academus, and the refreshing source "μάλα ψυχρὸν ὕδατος,"<sup>20</sup> to embrace the stately doctrine of Stoicism, or that of the Peripatetics, which he considered as differing rather in words than matter. He left the heart for the head, sentiment for reason, and placed himself boldly in the ranks of those, who, reversing the order of nature, have endeavored to confound the character of our reflection on feeling, with the character of feeling itself, and seek to account for the moral obligation of beings whose activity derives from emotion, by theories only respective of a subsequent congruity in perception. The great and palpable distinctions between the Epicurean and Stoical systems are exposed on the surface of history, and it would be idle to repeat an enumeration, so often

<sup>20</sup> See the exquisite passage in the *Phædrus*, sub init.

made, and so familiar to the most hasty reader. But they may be considered in a more universal relation, than perhaps they yet have been, as illustrating the different positions of human intelligence, with respect to religion on one hand, and philosophical truth on the other. Some justice perhaps remains to be done to Epicurus, if it can be shewn, as I think it can, that his inspection of human nature elicited results of great importance to the science of mind, and conformable to the discoveries of modern analysis, although he did not perceive the real connection and place of these facts, and suffered himself to cover their meaning by a paralogism of specious simplicity, because his mental sight was more quick and keen than it was steady, his imagination not sufficiently delicate to inspire such pure wishes as might have kept up attentive research in the right quarter.

It is important to keep in mind, while we investigate the progress of ancient philosophy, that the province of metaphysical analysis was not (and before the Christian era, could not safely be) disjoined from that of moral instruction. A school of philosophy stood in the place, and answered the purpose, as far as it was able, of a national church. To trace the origin of emotions, and the connection of motives in the mind, was an object, which, however interesting to the lover of truth, yet was justly considered subordinate to the enforcement of moral duties, and the exhibition of the beauty of virtue to the heart. It is a circumstance of the utmost moment in the history of our race, and one which seems an admirable sign of superintending wisdom, that while problems relating to the original formation and secret laws of conscience continue to allure and baffle our speculation, its main results have never admitted of sufficient doubt to perplex those simple reasonings upon them, which from the earliest ages, and in the darkest times, have made the plainest form of address from man to man, for the encouragement of good, and the depression of evil.

But it is clear, also, that the obviousness of these materials for moral argument, and the necessity, felt by every good man, and felt in proportion to his intensity of meditation on these subjects, of using his mental energies to inculcate the lessons deduced from them, must have operated in no slight degree to prevent or confuse a calm, strict, intellectual examination of these all-important parts of our constitution, as objects of inductive science. Truth is a jealous, as well as a lovely mistress, and she will never brook in her adorers a divided attention. On the other hand, such is the awful solemnity that invests the shrine of virtue, that we cannot wonder if they who perceived the signatures of divinity upon it, were reluctant to examine its structure, and determine its proportions.

From these premises, I think, we should be led to expect a more rigorous prosecution of the metaphysics of Ethics among those sects of philosophy, which have least claim on our moral approbation and reverence. We should not look for careful distinction, or close deduction, where we discover the ardor of a noble enthusiasm, and admire an exalted conviction of the purposes, for which our nature was framed, and the dignity to which it may arrive. We should seek them rather among colder temperaments, devoid of imaginative faith, and susceptible of no emotion so strongly, as of the delight in dispelling illusion, and clearly comprehending the fundamental relations of our ideas.

In laying down this position, I hope I shall not be understood to assert a real superiority in this latter class of thinkers. The previous part of this Essay will sufficiently testify my opinion, that the man who is deficient in susceptibility of emotion will make a sorry survey of mental phenomena, precisely because he will leave out of his account the most extensive and efficient portion of the facts. On the other hand, one who contemplates nature through the medium of imagination and feeling, perceives innumerable combinations of subtle emotion, which are entirely out of the other's sight, and does infinitely more to increase the gross amount of human knowledge than the mere logical observer.

We must distinguish, however, between the principles of mental growth, and their products. We are more concerned to know the latter, because it is the infinite variety of these which constitutes our existence. To this knowledge more is ministered by passion than by all the forms of dispassionate perception. But for the particular purpose of searching out the simple principles, on which these manifold results are dependent, the requisite habits of thought are entirely different. The mind must, as much as possible, abstract itself from the influence which all associated modes exert on the will, and permit no feeling, except the desire of truth, to come in contact with the conceptions of the understanding. Of course this will be especially necessary, when the object of research happens to be the character and origin of our moral sentiments: for as none carry such authority with them, so none are more likely to act as a disturbing force. This view receives abundant illustration from the history of every period in the progress of philosophy, but, as has been already intimated, the facts it embraces are most palpable among the ancients, because Christianity has materially altered our situation with respect to ethical studies. That mighty revolution which brought the poor and unlearned into the possession of a pure code of moral opinion, that before had existed only for the wise, and crowned this great benefit by another, of which we have spoken above, which is still more incalculably valuable, the insertion

of a new life-giving motive into the rude mass of human desires, could not fail to add freedom and vigor to intellectual inquiry, by the satisfaction it afforded to moral aspiration, and the certainty, or even triteness, imparted by it to many topics, which in former days had occupied much of the time and thought of philosophers. A little reflection, indeed, will serve to shew us that the causes of hindrance are not removed, but only weakened by the change, and that during some periods in the growth of Christian civilization, they will operate with a force, nourished by the circumstances, and fulfilling the purpose of those peculiar epochs. But into these considerations I have not now to enter. I wish to apply the rules of judgment I have endeavored to establish to the origin of these rival factions of the Porch and the Garden.

The first philosopher who fairly handled the question of Final Good<sup>21</sup> (a question which once set in agitation has continued to excite the most contentious discussion, and has not yet been consigned to a satisfactory repose) was the first also who uplifted a daring voice against the solemn articles of universal belief. Epicurus, who had laid his sacrilegious hand upon the altars of mankind, was not deterred from his pursuit of first principles by any superstitious reverence for the unapproachable sanctity of virtue. Instead of assuming certain impressions as causes, before he had ascertained them not to be effects, he thought it best to begin at the beginning, to discover first by experience some ultimate element in the mind, and then, returning by the way of cautious induction, to trace the extent of its operations, before he ventured to petition Nature for another principle. In this return he committed some very important mistakes, but it has appeared to me that his beginning was correct, and his erroneous additions easily separable from the incumbered truths.

<sup>21</sup> Theories, which made pleasure the chief good, were not indeed unknown before his time, since the school of Cyrene had expressly taught this opinion, and we learn from Aristotle that Eudoxus had similar views. But Aristippus was a coarse sensualist, like our own Mandeville, and the influence of Eudoxus does not appear to have been extensive, or his theory anything better than a formula for selfish habits. In the best schools of antiquity this question is little dwelt upon, and never stated\* in the precise, scholastic shape which it assumed when dialectics became fashionable. Even Aristotle, the great representative of the analytic and theorizing tendencies of human intellect, evades the real metaphysical question concerning the nature of virtue, while his delineations of the habits it produces, are most of them excellent, and his collection of facts of mental experience invaluable, both as a specimen of induction, and an integral part of our sum of knowledge. [H.]

\* All editions from 1832 on have 'started.'

When this eminent man commenced his reflections on human life, his attention seems to have been most forcibly arrested by one primary fact. He saw that man, besides the perceptions of his senses, has two distinct natures, two distinct classes, that is, of mental states, in which he successively, or simultaneously exists, the one "*γῶρις λόγου*," founded in his susceptibility of pleasure and pain, and comprehending all the wonderful combinations of these elements from the simplest forms of delight and grief to the most composite involutions of passion; the other, which is made up of *conceptions* of what has previously existed either for the senses, or the emotions, or this very conceptive faculty, and which, while it brings us irresistible evidence of our connection with something *past*, inspires us with an equal certainty that we can govern something *future*.

He perceived (few so clearly) that to the first of these natures alone is intrusted the high prerogative of directing those states of mind which immediately precede action. Pleasure he found in every desire, desire in every volition, spontaneousness in every act. Throughout the whole range of consciousness he could find no instance in which a conceptive state, a mere thought, stood in the same close relation to any voluntary process, which is occupied by the various conditions of feeling.

Having made this discovery, that pleasure is the mainspring of action, he lost no time in communicating it to the world, but, unfortunately, in his haste to apply this principle, he coupled it with another, utterly unproved, and, as it soon appeared, not only incapable of proof, but productive of the most detrimental consequences to all who received it for truth. He asserted, that as Pleasure is a constituent part of every desire, so it must needs be the only object desired. The assertion has in all ages found an echo, and, while it cannot be matter of surprise that such doctrine should find supporters among the profligate, or the feeble, among republicans declining to luxurious ruin, or the courtly flatterers of a munificent tyranny, yet even an habitual observer of those metaphysical cycles, in which human opinions have their periodical seasons of fluctuation, might perhaps be inclined to deviate from his "*nil admirari*," when he sees a fallacy, liable to such easy detection, reproduced and defended in some more favoured generations.

We all in common conversation and common thought presume the *object* of a desire, that which it exclusively regards, and by which it is limited, to be the very thing which makes a difference between the *quality* of that desire, and the quality of any other. Now, desire can only be excited by a thought of the object,<sup>22</sup> and as we can certainly

<sup>22</sup> Strictly speaking, nothing but *the thought* should be called the *object* of desire.

form a thought of our neighbor's pleasure, as well as of our own, it seems absurd to contend, that no such thought can be the exciting cause, and represent the external object of our desire<sup>28</sup> The reality of benevolence is the corner-stone in the sanctuary, "those who fall upon it will be broken" However a right feeling may have made their conclusions better than their premises, when they come to touch upon this subject the inconsistency of their theories will appear But those, "upon whom it shall fall"—who have been fatally led by their speculations into correspondent practice—"it will grind them to powder!" "C'est la manie," says Rousseau, "de tous les philosophes de nier ce qui est, et de prouver ce qui n'est pas"

Epicurus, having commenced with a mistake of the latter kind, in assuming one thing as proved, because he had shown another to be true, proceeded to deny, or at least to pass over, the most important function of our nature No one, he said, could live rightly without living pleasurable, and no one pleasurable, without living rightly But he omitted to say, that the pleasure arising from virtuous action is a *peculiar* pleasure, *differing in kind from every other*, because it gratifies a peculiar desire, which is not excited by the conception of any external circumstance, but solely by the thought of pure, disinterested affection, or qualities conducive to it By this confusion of the pleasures and pains, dependent on moral desire, with others which result from extrinsic circumstances, and never therefore can affect the essentials

For desire implies futurity, and nothing future can *actually* exist, although it may be represented If we wish to give an exhaustive definition of that internal condition, which we experience when we desire, we must include not only the strong pleasurable impulse, together with the painful sense of privation, but an accompanying judgment that our thought is not fallacious, and will have a corresponding reality in the nature of things [H]

<sup>28</sup> The idea of our own previous pleasure may sometimes coexist with, or form part of such a thought, but when we feel generously it occupies a small place, and in point of fact is *never the part regarded* The desire of happiness, considered as *permanent well being*, is still more repugnant to the presence of virtuous desire, which is always intensely occupied with some *proximate* point of futurity, beyond which it does not cast a glance To excite the desire of happiness, or rational self-love (*amour de soi*, as distinguished from *amour propre*) in order to produce a *return* to virtue, is laudable, and very effectual In the imperfect condition of humanity this is the strongest impulse to those heights which the soul is "competent to gain," but not "to keep" Upon them, however, "punor æther Incubat, et largè diffuso lumine ridet" The act of loving another excludes self-love An eternity, then, which should consist in love of God, would imply, by the terms of the definition, the impossibility, not of feeling felicity, nor even of reflecting upon it, but certainly of *desiring* its continuance for its own sake That one sublime love would embrace the whole range of desirous susceptibility in the mind [H]



of our emotive constitution, although they may accidentally be connected with its operations, the door was opened to those dangerous heresies, which set up external advantages, as the legitimate aims of virtue, and discourage not only the refined enjoyments that rest in contemplation, but that large proportion of a happy life, which is composed of subtle and minute pleasures, accompanying action and evanescent in it, leaving few distinct traces perhaps in our visible existence, but unspeakably valuable, because they communicate a healthful tone to our whole mental system. In spite of these grievous errors, whose consequences ran riot through many generations, there was this merit in the Epicurean theory, that it laid the basis of morality in the right quarter. Sentiment, not thought, was declared the motive power: the agent acted from feeling, and *was* by feeling: thoughts were but the ligatures that held together the delicate materials of emotion.

But the doctrine, which has conferred immortality on the name of Zeno of Citium, contained no sound *psychological* principle. It was wrong in the beginning, wrong in the middle, wrong in the end. It was not less opposed to the Epicurean system in its fundamental principles, than in its practical results. Impressed with the grandeur of moral excellence, and the beauty of that universal harmony which it seems to subserve, the Stoics thought they could not recede too far from the maxims of their irreligious opponents.<sup>24</sup> They protested against the simple tenet, from which such fatal consequences were ostensibly derived: "Not the capacity of pleasure," they said, "but the desire of self-preservation, was the original cause of choice and rejection in the human mind." They did not perceive they were beginning a step lower than the Epicureans, without in the least affecting that axiom, which alone in fact could make this step possible. For how can we conceive a desire of which pleasure is not a component part? There can be no desire in the mind, until some object is contemplated as delightful. Again, Self only exists to our consciousness as the common character of a series of momentary beings. The proposition, I desire my preservation, includes, if it is not defined by, this other, one of these momentary beings exists in the pleasurable thought of a possible successor. Now, what has made the thought pleasurable? Unquestionably, a previous experience of similar states to that which the thought represents. A majority of such states, then, must have been attended with pleasure, and any argument for the early origin and universal tenure of our

<sup>24</sup> Zeno came into the field before his rival: but there can be no question that the Stoical doctrines were much influenced, and kept in extremes, by the repelling force of the new opinions. [H.]

appetite for existence, goes to establish on a firmer basis that priority and universality of the obnoxious *Hδονη*, for which Epicurus contended, since it necessarily presumes that agreeable feeling is attached to the exercise of every faculty

The next great dogma of the Stoics was sadly destitute of metaphysical precision, however useful it might be in moral exhortation. Man ought to live agreeably to nature. The nature of man, they proceeded to explain, was rational, and the law of right reason therefore was the criterion of conduct, and the source of obligation. This law, they said, was imprinted on every mind: it was permanent, it was universal, it was absolute: there could be no appeal from a decision, which was the voice of unchangeable Divinity. By listening to this internal mandate we acquire a sense of moral obligation, which nothing else can confer: for we are irresistibly led to perceive our position, as parts of a system, and the consequent impropriety of all acts that tend to an individual purpose, instead of furthering the great plans of universal legislation. It does not seem very clear, whether the supporters of this theory added to it, as many since have done, the notion of an *immediate* perception of Right and Wrong by the intellect, or whether they derived the intellectual conviction simply from a reflective survey of the several bearings and relations of mental states, and a strong conviction from experience, that whatever holds good for one intelligent and sentient being, will hold good wherever these qualities obtain.

These, however, are the two forms which the Intellectual theory has assumed, and in neither of these, I think, can its lofty pretensions be justified. To the first opinion, that of immediate perception, it may be sufficient to reply, that until it can be shown that our notion of Right expresses *essentially*<sup>25</sup> anything more than a relation and character of feeling, it would be highly unphilosophical to substitute for this simple, reflective notion, which we all understand, a phenomenon, perfectly dissimilar by the terms of its definition from every other mental state, and yet producing no effect in the mind, that might not as well be produced by those natural processes which prevail in every other instance.

The second view is undoubtedly correct in itself, but the "budge

<sup>25</sup> I say "essentially," because it is undoubtedly true that many notions have been so joined with this by custom, as to coalesce with it in the eyes of ordinary reflection. That of a Supreme *Governor*, for instance, and our duty to him as living under his rule, which is clearly transferred from our observation of civil society. That of *Utility*, also, and of *Beauty*, and these are more readily *imagined* by the mind, as being more connected with visible forms, than a feeling which has no outward object, but is terminated by a spiritual disposition like itself. [H]

doctors" have taken it out of place. It embraces the result of certain mental combinations, not their origin, or their law. We come to know that we are parts of a system, and to perceive that additional charm in virtue, which it derives from association with intellectual congruity, long after we have felt ourselves moral beings, and it may be questioned whether the addition makes much difference in the conduct of any, except perhaps the few whose minds have been exclusively directed to the peculiar pleasures of scientific meditation.

But the vice of this celebrated theory lies deeper—in the *motive* of its adoption, the wrong wish to obtain a greater certainty for the operations of feeling than its own nature affords, supported by the wrong supposition that this certainty would be found within the domain of intellect. "Man is, what he knows." The pregnant words of Bacon! but this is only true, because he knows what he feels. We are apt to be misled by the common use of language, which sets reason or reflection in one scale, and impulse or feeling in the other, and appropriates a right course of conduct to the former alone. The fact is, as may be evident to any who will take the pains to consider, that reflection has no more immediate influence on action in the one case than in the other. But here lies the difference: reflection may bring up conceptions of many feelings, good, bad, and indifferent, so that the mind may choose, but those who act from the impulse of one predominant passion without allowing the intervention of any conceptive state, debar themselves from their power of election, and voluntarily act as slaves.

We are now better enabled to consider the question, which of these two sects, Stoic or Epicurean, did most for the advance of psychological knowledge, and, if the foregoing observations be founded on truth, we cannot, I think, hesitate to pronounce, that it was not that sect which did most for the general increase of moral and religious cultivation. The ardour, with which the followers of Zeno contemplated the holiness of conscience, led them to subvert the fundamental distinctions of nature, in order to establish that adorable queen on what they considered a securer throne. On the other side, the sophists of the Garden, who unfortunately for themselves withstood the great instincts of humanity, and turned the legitimate war against superstition into an assault on the strong-holds of religious faith, had no temptation to neglect or pervert those observations of experience, which at first sight seemed to favor their misguided predilections. They stopped too short, and they assumed too much, but they pointed to some primary truths, which, though simple, were, it seems, liable to neglect, and the nearest

deductions from which it has taken many centuries to disentangle from error, the unavoidable consequence of greater laxity in investigation, prompted by the same anxiety to promote the cause of morals by confusing it with that of science, which in a different, and certainly less pardonable form, threw Galileo into his dungeon, and still raises a factious clamor against the discoveries of Geology, and any effectual application of criticism to the style and tenor of the Biblical writings

That in the eternal harmony of things, as it subsists in the creative idea of the Almighty, the two separate worlds of intellect and emotion conspire to the same end, the possible perfection of human nature, that in proportion as we "close up truth to truth," we discover a greater correspondence between the imaginative suggestions, on which the heart reposes, and the actual results of accumulated experience, so that we may enlarge and strengthen in ourselves the expectation of their perfect coincidence in some future condition of being, that the revelations of Christianity, while they approve themselves to our minds by their thorough conformity to the human character, appearing, as Coleridge expresses it, "ideally, morally, and historically true," afford a pledge of this ultimate union, and in many important respects a realization of it to our present selves, these considerations should encourage every man, who makes them a part of his belief, not to refuse his assent to a truth of observation because it is impossible to prove from it a truth of feeling, and still less to flatter mankind into an agreeable delusion by suborning a fictitious origin to notions, which are not really less expressive of eternal truth, because they result from those simple elements and general laws, which the human intellect is invited, because it is enabled, to master, but beyond which "*neque scit, neque potest*"

In adopting the Stoical system, Cicero pledged himself to its errors, and became involved in its confusion. He was less dogmatical than his teachers, thanks to the Academic bias, but he was also less subtle, less strong-sighted, and never clearly understood the question in debate. Justly incensed at the indolence and spreading immorality which characterized the Epicureans of his time, he commenced a war of extermination against the doctrine of "*Cargettius ille*," to whose authority they appealed with almost filial reverence. But he neither did justice to his real merits, nor perceived where his fallacy lay. There is a singular perplexity in his arguments on this subject, and a feebleness even in his declamation. We learn from himself that his antagonists (not those who, created for the purpose of being refuted, figure in his dialogues, but the less easy gentlemen whom he met with in real life) complained loudly of his misapprehensions, and the fretful

spirit, in which he alludes to the charge, betrays a consciousness that it was not wholly unfounded<sup>28</sup>

However unsound may have been these first principles of Ciceronian philosophy, and however uncongenial to the elements of positive religion, they were far from exhibiting any repugnance to the fundamental articles of Natural Theology. A Supreme Lawgiver was the natural complement of an universal law, and they who extended so wide the rightful empire of reason upon earth, could not fail to rejoice when they saw her seated, without opposition, and without fear of change, on the throne of the universe. That Cicero gave a cordial, if not always an unhesitating adhesion to the first article of rational belief, may be fairly gathered from many passages in his works, in which he treats of this important subject. His intellect perceived its evidences, and his imagination exulted in its grandeur. It is not easy perhaps for us, who live in a Christian country, at an advanced period of Christian civilization, and have been familiarly acquainted with the great propositions of Theism from our earliest childhood, hearing them weekly from the pulpit, and meeting them daily in some shape or other, in literature or conversation, it is not easy, I say, for us to conceive the silent rapture, and the eloquent praise, with which the philosophers of former time approached that idea of a Supreme Mind, which had been the object, and seemed to contain the recompense of their solitary meditations. In addition to its natural beauties, there

<sup>28</sup> "Itaque hoc frequenter dici solet a vobis, nos non intelligere quam dicat Epicurus voluptatem. Quod quidem mihi siquando dictum est (*est autem dictum non parum sæpe*) etsi satis clemens sum in disputando, tamen interdum soleo subirasce."—*De Fin* 1 2, c 4. If we compare the elegant sketch of Epicurean philosophy in Diogenes Laertius, and the authentic writings there preserved of Epicurus himself, with this second book, we shall be at no loss for errors of omission and commission on the part of Cicero. For example, he puts the case of an extravagantly drunken fellow, who, he says, quoting the words of Lucilius, supped always "libenter," but never "bene." Therefore, he infers, the Supreme Good cannot consist in pleasure, since good and pleasure do not always coincide. As if it might not be true that all pleasures, *quoad pleasures*, are good, because akin to the "ἀταραξία" sought as the final good, and yet it might be necessary to reject certain pleasures, not because they were such, but because their result would be a preponderance of misery! Epicurus never confounded the subordinate and relative importance of ordinary pleasures with the indispensable importance of that pleasure, which consisted "vivendo bene." In the book *De Senectute*, we find "Quocirca nihil esse tam detestabile, tamque pestiferum, quam voluptatem, siquidum ea, cum major esset atque longior, omne animi lumen extingueret."—*De Sen*, c 12. He is speaking of corporeal pleasure, but can anything be more absurd than to proscribe a thing altogether, because, if increased to an imaginary and extraordinary extent, it will tend to destroy another thing more valuable than itself? [H.]

was this relative attraction, that it was unknown and supposed inaccessible to the multitude. The vast proportion of the race, who drew human breath, and felt human sensations, but on whose mental organization not much creative power had been expended, these poor *ἰδιώται* must be abandoned to live and die under the influence of prone credulity, perhaps of superstitious depravation. But it was the privilege of superior intelligence to offer a pure and reasonable worship in the "*Edita doctrinâ sapientum templa serena*." Perhaps the Roman statesman was especially gratified, when he learned to contemplate the universe under the forms of order and administration. At least, this is the aspect he most delights to present to us. All created beings, according to him, form one immense commonwealth, and never has his eloquence so stately a march, or so sonorous a measure, as when, closely treading on the vestige of Plato, he announces the indelible sanctity of human law, and its foundations, not in blind concurrence, but in the universal analogies of an Eternal Mind.

His arguments are of the description usually called *à posteriori*, and are exactly adapted, by their clearness and their strength, to produce general impression, and to silence, even where they do not convince. He dwells on the natural relation which experience proves to exist between the supposition of Deity and the tendencies of human belief, on the general, if not universal, custom of nations, ancient and recent, barbarian and civilized, on the stability afforded by Theism to the conclusions of reason, the institutions of polity, and the natural expectation of a future state. Above all he directs attention to the harmony of the visible universe,<sup>27</sup> the order and beauty of the celestial motions and the subserviency of material objects to the convenience of organic life. How should the innumerable and wonderful combinations, which our apprehension is tasked in vain to exhaust, be referred to an origin of inapprehensive fate, or void casualty? How may a world, where all is regular and mechanically progressive, arise from a declension of atoms, which would never be considered a possible cause of the far inferior mechanism resulting from human invention?

It is the character of this argument to increase in cumulative force, as the dominion of man over surrounding nature becomes enlarged,

<sup>27</sup> "Esse præstantem aliquam, æternamque naturam, et eam suspiciendam admirandamque hominum generi, pulchritudo mundi, ordoque rerum cœlestium cogit confiteri"—*De Divin*, l 2, c 72 "Quæ quanto consilio gerantur, nos nullo consilio assequi possumus"—*De Nat De*, l 2, c 38 "Cœlestem ergo admirabilem ordinem qui vacare mente putat, is ipse mentis expers habendus est"—*De Nat De*, l 2. See the whole of this book, especially the eloquent translation of a passage from Aristotle [H]

and each new discovery of truth elicits a corresponding harmony of design Beautiful as the fitness of things appeared in the eyes of Cicero, how insignificant was the spectacle when compared to the face of nature, as we behold it, illuminated on every side, and reflected in a thousand mirrors of science? What *then* was the study of the mortal frame? What the condition of experimental physics? What the knowledge of those two infinities which awaited invisibly the revealing powers of the microscope, and the "glass of Fiesole?" Long after the genius of whom I write had passed from his earthly sphere of agency, "the contemplation of an animal skeleton flashed conviction on the mind of Galen, and kindled his solitary meditation into a hymn of praise"<sup>28</sup> It was later yet by many ages, when the voice of one, to whom science is indebted for her new organization, and learning for her manifold advancement, proclaimed to a timid generation, "that much (physical) philosophy would bring back a man to religion" Still nearer our memory that patient thinker—who laid open to the eyes of his understanding the simple governing law, and the interminable procession of subject worlds—Newton found room for the Creator in the creation, and passed with ease from the interrogation of second causes to the exalted strain of piety, in which he penned the concluding chapter of his *Principia*

But to whatever extent our choice of materials for this argument has been enlarged, and whatever additional beauty and interest have accrued to their application, the argument itself, resting upon simple notions of the understanding, and an induction, which, though large, was yet abundantly supplied by the earliest objects of sensation, may be considered as almost coeval with the intelligence of man, and had no less philosophical weight under the sway of Ptolemy than beneath the enlightened ascendancy of Copernicus, no less dignity of reason in the mouth of Anaxagoras, when to his survey of the various phenomena presented by matter and motion, he added the solemn and necessary formula of completion, "Accessit Mens," as when adorned in later times by the graceful industry of Ray, or the lucid strength of Paley

Let us transport ourselves, in imagination, to the contemplative solitude and lofty conversations of our Roman philosopher, when wearied with the business of the city, or despairing of the republic (then in danger of forgetting her hatred of single domination at the feet of the most accomplished of usurpers) he retired to shady Tusculum, or limpid Fibrenus, or the shores of that beautiful bay, which "nullus in orbe sinus præluceat" In those memorable periods of seclu-

<sup>28</sup> COLERIDGE *Aids to Reflection* [H]

sion from a world, which was tempestuous and distressful then, and has not changed its character now, he had leisure to observe the wonders of natural operation, and to speculate on those final causes, which give them a higher meaning than the bare senses can perceive. He saw the earth covered with fruits from which man derived his sustenance, the procession of the seasons, the alternation of day with night, bespoke a providential care for those vital functions, whose tenure is so frail, while their empire is so extensive. If he directed his eyes to the Italian heaven, we can hardly perhaps assert that the same prospect would be disclosed to him, which appears to a modern observer for knowledge will vary and tinge, not indeed the perceptions of sense, but the emotions arising out of them, with which they are closely intertwined, and which language, never rapid enough to go along with quick mental succession, comprehends under the general expression, significant of the sensitive act. Yet to the mere sight that prospect was the same. The stars rose and set in their appointed courses. The moon presented her various phases with a regularity that never deceived anticipation. The appearance of a wandering comet was too rare to dislodge the impression of design, while even learning, unable to explain that phenomenon, was content to lend its aid to superstition, and to consider the apparently lawless intruder as a commissioned herald of change, and "perplexer of monarchs." That which after all is the most important thing we can observe, and of which our perception and belief are necessarily more immediate than of anything else, *the Mind itself*, furnished abundant evidence of purpose by its minute and multiplied correspondencies. Could Cicero think of his own being, and not find it full of mysterious harmony? Fearfully and wonderfully he, like all of us, was made. Endless are the divers undulations of sentiment and idea, which pass through, if they do not compose, the sentient being yet they fluctuate according to settled laws, and every faculty keeps its prescribed limits, without any variation, or the least disturbance.<sup>29</sup>

<sup>29</sup> It will be right also to remember, that while the exact similarity in the *kund* of mutual fitness, which in so many dissimilar instances one thing bears to another, prevents our considering the argument itself as acquiring any accession of intrinsic strength in proportion to the growth of knowledge, the most powerful among the sceptical objections to its validity have increased in that very ratio. Sextus Empiricus was a bold doubter, but he wanted the advantages of position possessed by David Hume. Until the analysis of mind had been rigorously pursued by inductive philosophers, so many states of mental existence appeared simple and ultimate, which have since been shown to be compounded, and the abuse of the words Faculty, Power, Reason, Imagination, and some others, had so flattered men into the impression that they possessed a great deal of proper activity in the soul,



But the "perturbatrix Academia" was not entirely silent Cicero knew that, if he missed truth by the way of free inquiry, "he should not miss the reward of it"<sup>30</sup> In the person of the Academic Cotta he has displayed that principle of his own mind which always rebelled against too much appearance of certainty The dialogue "De Naturâ Deorum," and the book "De Divinatione," are excellent specimens of Cicero's best rhetorical talents, his acuteness, his quick perception, and his legal sagacity It would be much against my conscience to ascribe to him either wit or humor yet there is sometimes an archness of remark, and a learned pleasantry, which have not unfrequently reminded me of Bayle

The doctrine of human immortality is so excellent a theme for the energy of declamation, and the triumph of debate, that, were there no other and better reason, we might on this account have expected to find Cicero its eloquent defender But his heart needed it, as well as his head Struggling all his long and varied life with political and private tempests, banished by the intrigues of one, betrayed by the perfidy of another, slighted by those on whom he had conferred inestimable benefits, yet assured still by his own feelings of the sanctity of affection, and the intrinsic excellence of virtue, it was natural

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independent of, and anterior to the actual states of which they were conscious, that the dependent, composite, and divisible character of the only thinking and feeling substance with which they were acquainted was apt to escape observation, or at least not to appear in its completeness and universality When questioned concerning the origin of things, a modern Pantheist feels of repugnance to the usual answer, because it extends *causation* beyond the system, comprehending within itself the subjective form as well as the objective application of that mode, and because it makes an imaginary repetition of one part in a system (*i.e.* of an effect seemingly organized and therefore by the argument from Final Causes justifying an inference of design) to account for the existence of the whole system, and to be itself the self-existence and designing cause Whatever may be the real strength of this shaft, it will always glance aside from those who have grounded their assurance on the testimonies of revealed religion The supposed objector may by them be ranked in the innocuous company of Berosus, Ocellus Lucanus, and our good old friend in the novel, who was so apt a learner of their "αναρχον και ατελευταιον το παν" They will probably be disposed to recognize the hand of Providence in this, that the most necessary article of belief was supported in times of inferior knowledge by an argument, which, from the constitution of the human understanding, is adapted to produce the strongest impression, and that philosophy was not ripe for the suggestion of anything even plausible on the other side, until a city of permanent refuge had been prepared for human weakness But the self-satisfied Deist, who in his anxiety for the simple and the rational, has reduced to so small a number the positive articles of his belief, will do well to examine, whether the remainder have all that *absolute* impregnability, and *demonstrative* clearness, which he seems so persuaded of [H]

<sup>30</sup> LOCKE [H]

indeed that a man, to whom life had been such a scene of trial, should find peculiar satisfaction in anticipating a state hereafter, in which the inward strength should be greater, and the outward conditions less severe. There is no topic, accordingly, to which Cicero applied himself with greater ardour, and none perhaps on which he had succeeded better in communicating his own view to the minds of succeeding generations. The mode of thought in which he apprehends the subject, the expressions he employs, the figures and allusions which illustrate and point his arguments, have long since become familiar commonplaces, and continue, I suppose, in more cases than we incline to imagine, to give habitual colour to the uncertain notions of "that mob of gentlemen who think with ease"<sup>30a</sup>

In opposition to his general course of sentiment on this subject must be ranked a few sentences, scattered through his works, in which the other, the darker view, suggests itself, and is not for awhile authoritatively repelled. Some of these dubious expressions occur in letters to Epicurean friends, and may be considered as accommodations to their fixed opinion<sup>31</sup>. Others are the offspring of mental distress, and represent with painful fidelity that mood between contentment and despair, in which suffering appears so associated with existence that we would willingly give up one with the other, and look forward with a sort of hope to that silent void where, if there are no smiles, there are at least no tears, and since the heart cannot beat, it will not ever be broken. This is within the range of most men's feeling, and it were morose to blame Cicero for giving it expression.

The truth is, however, that a cloud of doubt could not but obscure the land of promise from the eyes of Pagan moralists. The wise distrusted this doctrine, because it was favored by their passions. The good thought the possession of virtue might perhaps be its own reward. It must be allowed that the subtle, verbal arguments, by which Cicero, in common with most other ancients, sought to confer an appearance of logical proof on propositions which can never admit a higher evidence than probability, must have seemed, when they did not happen to be in a humor for dialectics, as frail and unsatisfactory as the pretended demonstrations of their opponents. What, for instance, can be more vague and sophistical than the curious piece of reasoning which Cicero inserts in his *Republic*, as a worthy and dignified conclusion to the most solemn part of that performance?<sup>32</sup> Nay, lest any of the due effect should be wanting, he puts it into the mouth of an

<sup>30a</sup> Pope's phrase was 'the mob of gentlemen who wrote with ease.'

<sup>31</sup> See *Epist. Famil.* 5, 16, *ib.* 21, 6, 3, *ib.* 4, *ib.* 21 [H]

<sup>32</sup> See *Somn. Scip.*, at the end of the "*De Republicâ*" [H]

immortal being, who wishes by the communication of convincing truth to raise the inheritor of his earthly glory to a participation in his celestial repose. It was transferred from the Phædo of the divine Athenian, where it stands, I must confess, in rank and file with many others not more conclusive than itself. But I have already declared my belief, that they have done wrong to the memory of Plato, and have shown themselves incapable of the spirit of his philosophy, who suppose that in his Dialogues the main impression is intended to be produced by the direct statement of opinion, or any inculcation of complete notions by the way of argument. Admirable as the *method* is, with which the Socratic colloquists conduct their debates, the validity of the premises or of the conclusions was not equally an object of attention in the comprehensive mind that invented their discussions. Not that he was indifferent to truth, but he chose to convey it dramatically, and trusted more to the suggestions of his reader's heart than the convictions of his critical understanding.

Two things are especially worthy of notice in Cicero's exposition of his views concerning futurity. The first is, that contrary to the opinions of most ancient philosophers, he promises the highest rewards to those who cultivated an active life, and busied themselves in political pursuits for the advantage of the state.<sup>33</sup> In this we again recognize the leading idea of the Roman mind, hardly content with bringing this world into subservience to the four magic letters, which had more harmony for them than the Tetractys of Pythagoras, the "*gens togata*" would fain have extended the empire of convention over those shadowy regions, which are ever peopled with different inhabitants, according to the different dispositions of man's prolific imagination.

The second is, his contemptuous disbelief of the doctrine, that for the wicked "*Æternas pœnas in morte timendum*." There seems, indeed, to be no natural connection, but the contrary, between this doctrine and our inherent hope of immortality. Seldom do we find an instance of such a belief gaining ground, independently of positive religion, or analogous traditions. Accustomed to transfer our notions of earthly legislation to the idea of the Divine character, our thoughts readily ascribe remedial punishment to the moral regulation of the universe, but are by no means equally inclined to admit the infliction of absolute ruin as compatible with Supreme Benevolence. But it is not so easy as we imagine, to adjust the deep of creation by measurements of fancy, impelled by passion. "*Omnia exeunt in mysterium*," was the maxim of the schoolmen. That tremendous mystery, which involves the nature

<sup>33</sup> See *Somn. Scip.*, at the end of the "*De Republicâ*." When they get to heaven, however, they are to be busied "*cognitione rerum et scientiâ*" [H.]

of evil, may include the irreversible doom of the sinful creature within some dreadful cycle of its ulterior operations. This view is indeed gloomy, and such as the imagination of man, for whom there are ills enough at hand without a gratuitous conjecture of more, will not naturally contemplate. Yet for this very reason perhaps it is a presumption in favor of any scheme, pretending to revelation, that it contains this awful doctrine.

It does not appear that Cicero ascribed any proper immateriality to the immortal essence of thought. Distinct indeed from the concretions of earthly elements, but endued with extension, and apparently with palpability, it had no right from the character of its substance to infinity of duration.

"As to Physics," says Middleton, "Cicero seems to have had the same notion with Socrates, that a minute and particular attention to it, and the making it the sole end and object of our inquiries, was a study rather curious than profitable, and contributing but little to the improvement of human life. For though he was perfectly acquainted with the various systems of all the Philosophers of any name, from the earliest antiquity, and has explained them all in his works, yet he did not think it worth while either to form any distinct opinions of his own, or at least to declare them."

From the brief and imperfect survey we have now taken of these philosophical works, some general notion may be formed of the rank which Cicero is entitled to occupy among the benefactors of mankind, and the services he has rendered in that great controversy between light and darkness, the issues of which are deeply interesting to us all. We have observed that he writes under the influence of those national predilections, never absent from the literature of Rome, and compressing the individual genius of her children within limits required for her attaining and preserving a complete dominion over the manners of many generations. He obeyed this influence, and by obeying, became a principal instrument of its extension.

We have found him averse to original investigation, but studious of comparison, and more careful to describe historically the thoughts that had hitherto agitated the minds of men, and to transmit them in connected formulas to posterity, than to throw off the weight of example, and try what results his individual intellect might arrive at by a fresh examination of particulars. It is as true perhaps as an epigrammatic expression well can be, that the Romans stand to their Grecian predecessors in the relation of actors to dramatic poets, and Cicero may be

considered as the prompter, supplying them with those thoughts which it was their business to embody in representation

We have seen how his rhetorical habits gave a turn to every exertion of his mind, and while we admire the acute sagacity with which all varieties of opinion are subjected in turn to the elegance and freedom of liberal discussion, we perceive not a few traces of that injustice, often latent in designed impartiality, and that incapacity for the due appreciation of truth, which sometimes lurks in the apparent candour and good faith of an eclectic disposition. His honesty of intention, and extensive observation of the vicissitudes in human society, with the prominent causes on which they depend, have given to his ethical compositions a value and effect, which the reasons already enumerated will not permit us to ascribe to the greater portion of his abstract inquiries. But even these, although they abound with maxims of general use and importance for the regulation of the habits, and for the conservation of social order, were shown to be deficient in vitality, because pervaded with no principle of permanent enthusiasm, sufficient at once to sanction the moral law, and to supply the strongest of human motives to its fulfilment. Nothing but positive religion can properly furnish this principle, yet the defect at least was perceived, and the remedy sought with earnestness, by the great disciple of Socratic wisdom.

In the absence of this requisite, Cicero endeavored to found his system of morality on certain metaphysical positions, which he collected from the works of others, but which not only were erroneous, or insufficient of themselves, but were by him often misunderstood and misrepresented. Those primary truths of Theology, which acquire a natural hold on a cultivated understanding, and suit the course of our common sentiments, without awakening those more complicated forces of emotion, which can only be set in action by a spiritual faith—the doctrines, for example, of Divine existence and attributes, and of a future state, were inculcated, we have seen, generally with warmth, and always with pleasure. But even here the Academy vindicated her right, and the mind of our philosopher was of that sort which cannot be satisfied without some belief in several things, or with much belief in any.

Such then, it has appeared, was the philosophical temper of Cicero, such the opinions which arose from its direction, and have exercised so remarkable an authority over the lives of many men, and the literature of many periods. Subject, like all human reputations, to a flux and reflux of public esteem, at some epochs, he has been the chosen instructor of youth, and the favorite of studious age,<sup>34</sup> at others he has seemed either

<sup>34</sup> He was very popular with the early Fathers. Jerome's zeal, it is well known,

above or below the level of general feeling, and has encountered comparative neglect. But these fluctuations have never materially altered the surface, whether they came to elevate, or to depress. General knowledge, clearness of expression, a polished style, and that indefinable pliancy to the consent of numbers, which is sometimes called *tact*, sometimes common sense, according to the greater or less particularity of the occasion, these will always be passports to public approbation, because they are qualities which may be easily appreciated by the great mass of educated society. It is impossible to deny that these are possessed by Cicero in an eminent degree.

In reading him we never lose sight of the orator, the statesman, the man of the world, and what diminishes his importance to lovers of higher truth, that<sup>35</sup> he could teach—truth absolute, single and severe, dwelling apart from worldly things and men, and requiring to be spiritually discerned, because it is spiritual—is precisely that circumstance which secures his favor with the majority.

But whenever there occurs any great shock of European opinion, any revulsion of ancient creeds and settled habits of assent, the consequence of long prevalent immorality and a general indifference to religion, an era of reaction is likely to follow, in which much intense feeling will quicken the lifeblood of society, and much will be counterfeited that never was felt. Without any purpose of imposture, men will deceive themselves and others, and while they fondly dream that they are elevated above the multitude by the loftiness of their views and the originality of their impulses, they are often only inhaling the dregs of an epidemic passion for excitement, and some perhaps may be lulled by self-love in this singularly illusive dream, until they are forcibly awakened by the pangs of a lacerated conscience, and the failings of an impaired understanding.

Such an era, if I mistake not, is that in which we live, and it is not at epochs of this description, when men are least tolerant of labor, and most ambitious of the results to which labor conducts, when the imagination craves a constant stimulus with a morbid appetite, sometimes leading to delirium, when the prurient desire for novelties, arranged in system, is mistaken for the love of truth, and, because pleasure is the end of poetry, it is supposed indifferent what kind of pleasure a poem confers, it is not now, and in times like the present,

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brought him into suffering. Augustin, whose books of anathema against doubters and Academics amply secured his person from angelic visitation, speaks of Cicero in terms of reverence, even while he rejects his authority, and plainly signifies that this rejection was considered a philosophical heresy [H]

<sup>35</sup> All editions from 1832 on have 'than.'

that Cicero, the sedate, the patient, the practical, will retain his influence over the caprices of literary fashion <sup>36</sup> Already he is superseded in our public schools, and I might add, were it not for the circumstances in which I am now writing, forgotten at our Universities

The language of literature no longer bespeaks the study of those golden periods, which charmed the solitude of Petrarch, and enriched the conversation of Erasmus Undoubtedly the classical Latin, indebted to the interest taken in Cicero's writings for some of the concern that preserved its existence in times of profound ignorance, returned in some degree the benefit at that brilliant period of supremacy, which it enjoyed between the revival of learning and the prevalence of modern tongues these, however, having gained ground for some time by hardly sensible gradations, now openly threaten to occupy the most remote and sacred corners of critical erudition When it was absolutely necessary to converse and write in the language of the dead, it was natural to turn over his pages "nocturnâ manu et diurnâ," that so the student might become imbued with his sentiments, and easily adhere to his expressions

How far the fame of Cicero is independent of these considerations will be easily ascertained by our posterity, but must be a perplexing question for ourselves I do not think it probable that the generations to come, however different may be their ruling impulse from that which constitutes the characteristic virtues and vices of the present age, will restore either the philosophical works of Cicero, or that literature whose spirit they express, to the immense popularity they once enjoyed

Some books, like individuals and nations, have their appointed seasons of decline and extinction It is not in the nature of things, that books consisting entirely of *relative opinion*, or which present society under a merely conventional aspect, should retain an ascendancy over public opinion when the features of society are no longer in any respect similar But in compositions, of which pure genius claims the largest share, these accidents of place and time are preserved, as the straws in amber, nor need we apprehend that any lapse of generations, or augmentation of knowledge, will consign works, like these we have been considering, to the shelf of the commonly learned, or the study of the inquisitive antiquarian

<sup>36</sup> A late writer, who aspired to the honor of reviving the Academic system among the moderns, as Cassendi revived the Epicurean, has left us an elegant, though partial, estimate of Cicero's philosophical merits—Drummond's *Academical Questions*, p 318 Another exception will be found in an ingenious living author, who goes the strange length of setting Cicero above Bacon—See Landor's *Imaginary Conversations* [H]

*On Some of the Characteristics of Modern Poetry,  
and on the Lyrical Poems of Alfred Tennyson*

[This review of Tennyson's *Poems, Chiefly Lyrical*, 1830, appeared unsigned in Moxon's *Englishman's Magazine* for August, 1831, pp 616-628. It was reprinted in part in all editions of the *Remains*, and in full in LeGallienne's edition of 1893. Of it Hallam wrote Edward Spedding under postmark of July 28, 1831: "My general occupations have been of a more grave character, I have read a great deal of Justinian, who is infinitely more entertaining than Miss Edgeworth (*NB* I read them at the same time, so ought to know), and I have been writing a review of Alfred's poems in the forthcoming number of the *Englishman's Magazine*, an affair of my acquaintance Mr Moxon, who I hope will succeed in it. Perhaps my article will not be in time for the August number." (From a letter owned by Lady Charnwood and printed in her *An Autograph Collection and the Making of It*, New York [1930], pp 177-179). Since the August issue was announced to appear August 1 (Cf Leigh Hunt's *Examiner* for July 31, 1831, p 494) not much time was allowed for typesetting. It is not surprising, therefore to read, in a letter from Hallam to Charles Merivale of August 14, 1831 that the August *Englishman's Magazine* contains "a sonnet of Tennyson's and a review of his book written by your humble servant, but so execrably printed that every line contains an error, and these not always palpable. But this is parenthetical—a little by-play of author-vanity" (*Autobiography of Dean Merivale*, London, 1899, pp 119-121). A full discussion of the review appears in an unpublished letter from Hallam to Edward Spedding in the possession of the present editor. Writing on August 23, Hallam said: "I am glad you are pleased with my article. I would sooner have the approbation of one such man, as I take you to be, than of a whole generation of fools. You treat what I have written better than it deserves: it was the hasty product of the evenings of one week. I had no time for revision, or that adding & subtracting work, by means of which Good Sense, 'θυνητος περ εων,' follows up the ἀθανατοις ιπποιοι,' of Imagination. My article went up to its final audit with all its sins on its head, mortal as well as venial: 'unhouseled and unanealed' the poor child of my brain was hurled into the eternity of Print, which alas! is too often one of damnation."

The damnation followed tardily in Christopher North's "Tennyson's Poems" in *Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine* for May, 1832, pp 721-741. Referring to the fact that Moxon's venture failed with the October, 1831, issue, the critic wrote: "The *Englishman's Magazine* ought not to have died, for it threatened to be a very pleasant periodical. An Essay 'on the genius of Alfred Tennyson,' sent it to the grave. The superhuman—nay, supernatural—pomposity of that one paper, incapacitated the whole work for living one day longer in this unceremonious world. The solemnity with which the critic approached the object of his adoration, and the sanctity with which he laid his offerings on the shrine, were too much for our ir-



religious age The Essay 'on the genius of Alfred Tennyson' awoke a general guffaw, and it expired in convulsions Yet the Essay was exceedingly well-written—as well as if it had been 'on the genius of Sir Isaac Newton' Therein lay the mistake Sir Isaac discovered the law of gravitation, Alfred had but written some pretty verses, and mankind were not prepared to set him among the stars But that he has genius is proved by his being at this moment alive, for had he not, he must have breathed his last under that critique"

The opening paragraphs of the review allude to two exceedingly popular works by a young man named Robert Montgomery, whose deficiencies in breeding and education no less than his lack of poetical power inevitably attracted the furious scorn of all critics of the ruling caste *Oxford*, which went through at least three editions soon after its publication in 1831, flowered into several additional editions early in that same year with illustrations by one T. Skelton "and other Artists" That Hallam soon realized the unfortunateness of his participation in the general hue and cry after Montgomery is clear when he wrote Spedding (in the letter of August 23) "in parts I endeavored, [sic] as you observe, to put myself in a Magazine humour, and the result was trash that you are very properly ashamed of, and so am I" The references to Montgomery were among the parts eliminated in 1834 by Henry Hallam (Lounsbury deals illuminatingly with Montgomery in *The Life and Times of Tennyson*, pp. 181-203)

The text of the review here given is that of its first publication, with corrections as noted ]

So Mr. Montgomery's *Oxford*, by the help of some pretty illustrations, has contrived to prolong its miserable existence to a second edition! But this is slow work, compared to that triumphant progress of the *Omnipresence*, which, we concede to the author's friends, was "truly astonishing" We understand, moreover, that a new light has broken upon this "desolator desolate," and since the "columns" have begun to follow the example of "men and gods," by whom our poetaster has long been condemned, "it is the fate of genius," he begins to discover, "to be unpopular"

Now, strongly as we protest against Mr. Montgomery's application of this maxim to his own case, we are much disposed to agree with him as to its abstract correctness Indeed, the truth which it involves seems to afford the only solution of so curious a phenomenon as the success, partial and transient though it be, of himself, and others of his calibre When Mr. Wordsworth, in his celebrated Preface to the *Lyrical Ballads*, asserted that immediate or rapid popularity was not the test of poetry, great was the consternation and clamour among those farmers of public favour, the established critics Never had so audacious

an attack been made upon their undoubted privileges and hereditary charter of oppression

"What! *The Edinburgh Review* not infallible!" shrieked the amiable petulance of Mr Jeffrey

"*The Gentleman's Magazine* incapable of decision!" faltered the feeble garrulity of Silvanus Urban

And straightway the whole sciolist herd, men of rank, men of letters, men of wealth, men of business, all the "mob of gentlemen who think with ease," and a terrible number of old ladies and boarding-school misses began to scream in chorus, and prolonged the notes of execration with which they overwhelmed the new doctrine, until their wits and their voices fairly gave in from exhaustion. Much, no doubt, they did, for much persons will do when they fight for their dear selves but there was one thing they could not do, and unfortunately it was the only one of any importance. They could not put down Mr Wordsworth by clamour, or prevent his doctrine, once uttered, and enforced by his example, from awakening the minds of men, and giving a fresh impulse to art. It was the truth, and it prevailed, not only against the exasperation of that hydra, the Reading Public, whose vanity was hurt, and the blustering of its keepers, whose delusion was exposed, but even against the false glosses and narrow apprehensions of the Wordsworthians themselves. It is the madness of all who loosen some great principle, long buried under a snow-heap of custom and superstition, to imagine that they can restrain its operation, or circumscribe it by their purposes. But the right of private judgment was stronger than the will of Luther, and even the genius of Wordsworth cannot expand itself to the full periphery of poetic art.

It is not true, as his exclusive admirers would have it, that the highest species of poetry is the reflective, it is a gross fallacy, that because certain opinions are acute or profound, the expression of them by the imagination must be eminently beautiful. Whenever the mind of the artist suffers itself to be occupied, during its periods of creation, by any other predominant motive than the desire of beauty, the result is false in art.

Now there is undoubtedly no reason why he may not find beauty in those moods of emotion, which arise from the combinations of reflective thought, and it is possible that he may delineate these with fidelity, and not be led astray by any suggestions of an unpoetical mood. But though possible, it is hardly probable, for a man whose reveries take a reasoning turn, and who is accustomed to measure his ideas by their logical relations rather than the congruity of the sentiments to which they refer, will be apt to mistake the pleasure he has in knowing

a thing to be true, for the pleasure he would have in knowing it to be beautiful, and so will pile his thoughts in a rhetorical battery, that they may convince, instead of letting them flow in a natural course of contemplation, that they may enrapture

It would not be difficult to shew, by reference to the most admired poems of Wordsworth, that he is frequently chargeable with this error, and that much has been said by him which is good as philosophy, powerful as rhetoric, but false as poetry. Perhaps this very distortion of the truth did more in the peculiar juncture of our literary affairs to enlarge and liberalize the genius of our age, than could have been effected by a less sectarian temper.

However this may be, a new school of reformers soon began to attract attention, who, professing the same independence of immediate favor, took their stand on a different region of Parnassus from that occupied by the Lakers,<sup>1</sup> and one, in our opinion, much less liable to perturbing currents of air from ungenial climates. We shall not hesitate to express our conviction, that the cockney school (as it was termed in derision from a cursory view of its accidental circumstances) contained more genuine inspiration, and adhered more steadily<sup>2</sup> to that portion of truth which it embraced, than any *form* of art that has existed in this country since the days of Milton. Their *caposetta* was Mr Leigh Hunt, who did little more than point the way, and was diverted from his aim by a thousand personal predilections and political habits of thought.

But he was followed by two men of very superior make, men who were born poets, lived poets, and went poets to their untimely graves. Shelley and Keats were indeed of opposite genius, that of the one was vast, impetuous, and sublime, the other seemed to be "fed with honey-dew," and to have "drunk the milk of Paradise." Even the softness of Shelley comes out in bold, rapid, comprehensive strokes, he has no patience for minute beauties, unless they can be massed into a general effect of grandeur. On the other hand, the tenderness of Keats cannot sustain a lofty flight, he does not generalize or allegorize Nature, his imagination works with few symbols, and reposes willingly on what is given freely.

<sup>1</sup> This cant term was justly ridiculed by Mr Wordsworth's supporters, but it was not so easy to substitute an inoffensive denomination. We are not at all events the first who have used it without a contemptuous intention, for we remember to have heard a disciple quote Aristophanes in its behalf — 'Ουτος οὐ τῶν ἡθαδῶν τῶνδ' ὢν ὀρεῖται' ὑμεῖς αἰεὶ, ἀλλὰ ΛΙΜΝΑΙΟΣ. "This is no common, no barn-door fowl. No, but a *Lakist*." [H.]

<sup>2</sup> 1831 and 1893 have 'speedily.' But the obvious misprint was corrected in 1834 and all subsequent editions to 1893.

Yet in this formal opposition of character there is, it seems to us, a groundwork of similarity sufficient for the purposes of classification, and constituting a remarkable point in the progress of literature. They are both poets of sensation rather than reflection. Susceptible of the slightest impulse from external nature, their fine organs trembled into emotion at colors, and sounds, and movements, unperceived or unregarded by duller temperaments. Rich and clear were their perceptions of visible forms, full and deep their feelings of music. So vivid was the delight attending the simple exertions of eye and ear, that it became mingled more and more with their trains of active thought, and tended to absorb their whole being into the energy of sense. Other poets *seek* for images to illustrate their conceptions, these men had no need to seek, they lived in a world of images, for the most important and extensive portion of their life consisted in those emotions which are immediately conversant with the sensation. Like the hero of Goethe's novel, they would hardly have been affected by what is called the pathetic parts of a book, but the *merely beautiful* passages, "those from which the spirit of the author looks clearly and mildly forth," would have melted them to tears. Hence they are not descriptive, they are picturesque. They are not smooth and *negatively* harmonious, they are full of deep and varied melodies.

This powerful tendency of imagination to a life of immediate sympathy with the external universe, is not nearly so liable to false views of art as the opposite disposition of purely intellectual contemplation. For where beauty is constantly passing before "that inward eye, which is the bliss of solitude," where the soul seeks it as a perpetual and necessary refreshment to the sources of activity and intuition, where all the other sacred ideas of our nature, the idea of good, the idea of perfection, the idea of truth, are habitually contemplated through the medium of this predominant mood, so that they assume its colour, and are subject to its peculiar laws, there is little danger that the ruling passion of the whole mind will cease to direct its creative operations, or the energetic principle of love for the beautiful sink, even for a brief period, to the level of a mere notion in the understanding.

We do not deny that it is, on other accounts, dangerous for frail humanity to linger with fond attachment in the vicinity of sense. Minds of this description are especially liable to moral temptations, and upon them, more than any, it is incumbent to remember, that their mission as men, which they share with their fellow-beings, is of infinitely higher interest than their mission as artists, which they possess by rare and exclusive privilege. But it is obvious that, critically speaking, such

temptations are of slight moment Not the gross and evident passions of our nature, but the elevated and less separable desires, are the dangerous enemies which misguide the poetic spirit in its attempts at self-cultivation That delicate sense of fitness which grows with the growth of artist feelings, and strengthens with their strength, until it acquires a celerity and weight of decision hardly inferior to the correspondent judgments of conscience, is weakened by every indulgence of heterogeneous aspirations, however pure they may be, however lofty, however suitable to human nature

We are therefore decidedly of opinion that the heights and depths of art are most within the reach of those who have received from nature the "fearful and wonderful" constitution we have described, whose poetry is a sort of magic, producing a number of impressions, too multiplied, too minute, and too diversified to allow of our tracing them to their causes, because just such was the effect, even so boundless and so bewildering, produced on their imaginations by the real appearance of Nature

These things being so, our friends of the new school had evidently much reason to recur to the maxim laid down by Mr Wordsworth, and to appeal from the immediate judgment of lettered or unlettered contemporaries to the decision of a more equitable posterity How should they be popular, whose senses told them a richer and ampler tale than most men could understand, and who constantly expressed, because they constantly felt, sentiments of exquisite pleasure or pain, which most men were not permitted to experience? The public very naturally derided them as visionaries, and gibbeted *in terrorem* those inaccuracies of diction occasioned sometimes by the speed of their conceptions, sometimes by the inadequacy of language to their peculiar conditions of thought

But it may be asked, does not this line of argument prove too much? Does it not prove that there is a barrier between these poets and all other persons so strong and immovable, that, as has been said of the Supreme Essence, we must be themselves before we can understand them in the least? Not only are they not liable to sudden and vulgar estimation, but the lapse of ages, it seems, will not consolidate their fame, nor the suffrages of the wise few produce any impression, however remote or slow matured, on the judgment of the incapacitated many

We answer, this is not the import of our argument Undoubtedly the true poet addresses himself, in all his conceptions, to the common nature of us all Art is a lofty tree, and may shoot up far beyond our grasp, but its roots are in daily life and experience Every bosom con-

tains the elements of those complex emotions which the artist feels, and every head can, to a certain extent, go over in itself the process of their combination, so as to understand his expressions and sympathize with his state. But this requires exertion, more or less, indeed, according to the difference of occasion, but always some degree of exertion. For since the emotions of the poet, during composition, follow a regular law of association, it follows that to accompany their progress up to the harmonious prospect of the whole, and to perceive the proper dependence of every step on that which preceded, it is absolutely necessary *to start from the same point*, i.e. clearly to apprehend that leading sentiment of the poet's mind, by their conformity to which the host of suggestions are arranged.

Now this requisite exertion is not willingly made by the large majority of readers. It is so easy to judge capriciously, and according to indolent impulse! For very many, therefore, it has become *morally* impossible to attain the author's point of vision, on account of their habits, or their prejudices, or their circumstances, but it is never *physically* impossible, because nature has placed in every man the simple elements, of which art is the sublimation. Since then this demand on the reader for activity, when he wants to peruse his author in a luxurious passiveness, is the very thing that moves his bile, it is obvious that those writers will be always most popular who require the least degree of exertion. Hence, whatever is mixed up with art, and appears under its semblance, is always more favorably regarded than art free and unalloyed. Hence, half the fashionable poems in the world are mere rhetoric, and half the remainder are, perhaps, not liked by the generality for their substantial merits. Hence, likewise, of the really pure compositions, those are most universally agreeable which take for their primary subject the *usual* passions of the heart, and deal with them in a simple state, without applying the transforming powers of high imagination. Love, friendship, ambition, religion, &c., are matters of daily experience even amongst unimaginative tempers. The forces of association, therefore, are ready to work in these directions, and little effort of will is necessary to follow the artist.

For the same reason, such subjects often excite a partial power of composition, which is no sign of a truly poetic organization. We are very far from wishing to depreciate this class of poems, whose influence is so extensive, and communicates so refined a pleasure. We contend only that the facility with which its impressions are communicated is no proof of its elevation as a form of art, but rather the contrary.

What, then, some may be ready to exclaim, is the pleasure derived by

most men, from Shakespeare, or Dante, or Homer, entirely false and factitious? If these are really masters of their art, must not the energy required of the ordinary intelligences that come in contact with their mighty genius, be the greatest possible? How comes it then, that they are popular? Shall we not say, after all, that the difference is in the power of the author, not in the tenor of his meditations? Those eminent spirits find no difficulty in conveying to common apprehensions their lofty sense and profound observation of Nature. They keep no aristocratic state, apart from the sentiments of society at large, they speak to the hearts of all, and by the magnetic force of their conceptions, elevate inferior intellects into a higher and purer atmosphere.

The truth contained in this observation is undoubtedly important, geniuses of the most universal order, and assigned by destiny to the most propitious era of a nation's literary development, have a clearer and a larger access to the minds of their compatriots than can ever open to those who are circumscribed by less fortunate circumstances. In the youthful periods of any literature there is an expansive and communicative tendency in mind which produces unreservedness of communion, and reciprocity of vigor between different orders of intelligence.

Without abandoning the ground which has always been defended by the partizans of Mr Wordsworth, who declare with perfect truth, that the number of real admirers of what is really admirable in Shakespeare and Milton is much fewer than the number of apparent admirers might lead one to imagine, we may safely assert that the intense thoughts set in circulation by those "orbs of song" and their noble satellites "in great Eliza's golden time," did not fail to awaken a proportionable intensity of the nature of numberless auditors. Some might feel feebly, some strongly, the effect would vary according to the character of the recipient, but upon none was the stirring influence entirely unimpressive. The knowledge and power thus imbibed became a part of national existence, it was ours as Englishmen, and amid the flux of generations and customs we retain unimpaired this privilege of intercourse with greatness.

But the age in which we live comes late in our national progress. That first raciness and juvenile vigor of literature, when nature "wanton'd as in her prime, and played at will her virgin fancies" is gone, never to return. Since that day we have undergone a period of degradation. "Every handicraftsman has worn the mask<sup>s</sup> of Poesy." It would be tedious to repeat the tale so often related of the French contagion.

<sup>s</sup> 1831 has 'mark,' as does 1893. All other editions, from 1834 on, correct to 'mask.'

and the heresies of the Popian school

With the close of the last century came an era of reaction, an era of painful struggle to bring our over-civilised condition of thought into union with the fresh productive spirit that brightened the morning of our literature. But repentance is unlike innocence, the laborious endeavor to restore has more complicated methods of action than the freedom of untainted nature. Those different powers of poetic disposition, the energies of Sensitive,<sup>4</sup> of Reflective, of Passionate Emotion, which in former times were intermingled, and derived from mutual support an extensive empire over the feelings of men, were now restrained within separate spheres of agency. The whole system no longer worked harmoniously, and by intrinsic harmony acquired external freedom, but there arose a violent and unusual action in the several component functions, each for itself, all striving to reproduce the regular power which the whole had once enjoyed.

Hence the melancholy which so evidently characterises the spirit of modern poetry, hence that return of the mind upon itself and the habit of seeking relief in idiosyncrasies rather than community of interest. In the old times the poetic impulse went along with the general impulse of the nation, in these it is a reaction against it, a check acting for conservation against a propulsion towards change.

We have indeed seen it urged in some of our fashionable publications, that the diffusion of poetry must be in the direct ratio of the diffusion of machinery, because a highly civilized people must have new objects of interest, and thus a new field will be open to description. But this notable argument forgets that against this *objective* amelioration may be set the decrease of *subjective* power, arising from a prevalence of social activity, and a continual absorption of the higher feelings into the palpable interests of ordinary life. The French Revolution may be a finer theme than the war of Troy, but it does not so evidently follow that Homer is to find his superior.

Our inference, therefore, from this change in the relative position of artists to the rest of the community is, that modern poetry in proportion to its depth and truth is likely to have little immediate authority over public opinion. Admirers it will have, sects consequently it will form, and these strong under-currents will in time sensibly affect the principal stream. Those writers whose genius, though great, is not

<sup>4</sup> We are aware that this is not the right word, being appropriated by common use to a different signification. Those who think the caution given by Caesar should not stand in the way of urgent occasion, may substitute "sensuous," a word in use amongst our elder divines, and revived by a few bold writers in our own time [H]



strictly and essentially poetic, become mediators between the votaries of art and the careless cravers for excitement<sup>5</sup> Art herself, less manifestly glorious than in her periods of undisputed supremacy, retains her essential prerogatives, and forgets not to raise up chosen spirits who may minister to her state and vindicate her title

One of the faithful Islâm, a poet in the truest and highest sense, we are anxious to present to our readers He has yet written little and published less, but in these "preludes of a loftier strain" we recognize the inspiring god Mr Tennyson belongs decidedly to the class we have already described as Poets of Sensation He sees all the forms of nature with the "eruditus oculus," and his ear has a fairy fineness There is a strange earnestness in his worship of beauty which throws a charm over his impassioned song, more easily felt than described, and not to be escaped by those who have once felt it We think he has more definiteness and roundness<sup>6</sup> of general conception than the late Mr Keats, and is much more free from blemishes of diction and hasty capriccios of fancy He has also this advantage over that poet and his friend Shelley, that he comes before the public unconnected with any political party or peculiar system of opinions Nevertheless, true to the theory we have stated, we believe his participation in their characteristic excellences is sufficient to secure him a share of their unpopularity

The volume of "Poems, chiefly Lyrical," does not contain above 154 pages, but it shews us much more of the character of its parent mind, than many books we have known of much larger compass and more boastful pretensions The features of original genius are clearly and strongly marked The author imitates nobody, we recognise the spirit of his age, but not the individual form of this or that writer His thoughts bear no more resemblance to Byron or Scott, Shelley or Coleridge, than to Homer or Calderon, Firdûsî or Calidasa<sup>7</sup>

We have remarked five distinctive excellencies of his own manner First, his luxuriance of imagination, and at the same time his control over it Secondly his power of embodying himself in ideal characters, or rather moods of character, with such extreme accuracy of adjustment, that the circumstances of the narration seem to have a natural correspondence with the predominant feeling, and, as it were, to be

<sup>5</sup> May we not compare them to the bright but unsubstantial clouds which, in still evenings, girdle the sides of lofty mountains, and seem to form a natural connexion between the lowly vallies spread out beneath, and those isolated peaks above that hold the "last parley with the setting sun?" [H]

<sup>6</sup> 1831 and 1893 have 'definiteness and soundness' 1834 has 'definiteness and roundness' 1853 and all following editions have 'definitiveness and roundness'

<sup>7</sup> 1831 and 1893 have "Ferdusi," "Calidas" 1834, "Ferdusi," 1853 and following, as here given

evolved from it by assimilative force Thirdly his vivid, picturesque delineation of objects, and the peculiar skill with which he holds all of them *fused*, to borrow a metaphor from science, in a medium of strong emotion Fourthly, the variety of his lyrical measures, and exquisite modulation of harmonious words and cadences to the swell and fall of the feelings expressed Fifthly, the elevated habits of thought, implied in these compositions, and imparting a mellow soberness of tone, more impressive, to our minds, than if the author had drawn up a set of opinions in verse, and sought to instruct the understanding rather than to communicate the love of beauty to the heart

We shall proceed to give our readers some specimens in illustration of these remarks, and, if possible, we will give them entire, for no poet can be fairly judged of by fragments, least of all, a poet like Mr Tennyson, whose mind conceives nothing isolated, nothing abrupt, but every part with reference to some other part, and in subservience to the idea of the whole

*Recollections of the Arabian Nights!*—What a delightful, endearing title! How we pity those to whom it calls up no reminiscence of early enjoyment, no sentiment of kindness as towards one who sings a song they have loved, or mentions with affection a departed friend! But let nobody expect a multifarious enumeration of Viziers, Barmecides, Fire-worshippers, and Cadis, trees that sing, horses that fly, and Goules that eat rice-pudding!

Our author knows what he is about, he has, with great judgment, selected our old acquaintance, “the good Haroun Alraschid,” as the most prominent object of our childish interest, and with him has called up one of those luxurious garden scenes, the account of which, in plain prose, used to make our mouth water for sherbet, since luckily we were too young to think much about Zobeide! We think this poem will be the favourite among Mr Tennyson’s admirers, perhaps upon the whole it is our own, at least we find ourselves recurring to it oftener than to any other, and every time we read it, we feel the freshness of its beauty increase, and are inclined to exclaim with Madame de Sévigné, “à force d’être ancien, il m’est nouveau” But let us draw the curtain

*[The poem is reprinted here]*

Criticism will sound but poorly after this, yet we cannot give silent votes The first stanza, we beg leave to observe, places us at once in the position of feeling, which the poem requires The scene is before us, around us, we cannot mistake its localities, or blind ourselves to its colours That happy ductility of childhood returns for the moment,

"true Mussulmans are we, and sworn," and yet there is a latent knowledge, which heightens the pleasure, that to our change from really childish thought we owe the capacities by which we enjoy the recollection

As the poem proceeds, all is in perfect keeping. There is a solemn distinctness in every image, a majesty of slow motion in every cadence, that aids the illusion of thought, and steadies its contemplation of the complete picture. Originality of observation seems to cost nothing to our author's liberal genius, he lavishes images of exquisite accuracy and elaborate splendour, as a common writer throws about metaphorical truisms, and exhausted tropes. Amidst all the varied luxuriance of the sensations described, we are never permitted to lose sight of the idea which gives unity to this variety, and by the recurrence of which, as a sort of mysterious influence, at the close of every stanza, the mind is wrought up, with consummate art, to the final disclosure. This poem is a perfect gallery of pictures, and the concise boldness, with which in a few words an object is clearly painted, is sometimes (see the 6th stanza) majestic as Milton, sometimes (see the 12th) sublime as Aeschylus.

We have not, however, so far forgot our vocation as critics, that we would leave without notice the slight faults which adhere to this precious work. In the 8th stanza, we doubt the propriety of using the bold compound "black-green," at least in such close vicinity to "gold-green," nor is it perfectly clear by the term, although indicated by the context, that "diamond plots" relates to shape rather than colour. We are perhaps very stupid, but "vivid stars unrayed" does not convey to us a very precise notion. "*Rosaries* of scented thorn," in the 10th stanza is, we believe, an entirely unauthorized use of the word. Would our author translate "*biferique rosaria Paesti*"—"And *rosaries* of Paestum, twice in bloom?"

To the beautiful 13th stanza we are sorry to find any objection, but even the bewitching loveliness of that "Persian girl" shall not prevent our performing the rigid duty we have undertaken, and we must hint to Mr. Tennyson that "redolent" is no synonyme for "fragrant." Bees may be redolent of honey, spring may be "redolent of youth and love," but the absolute use of the word has, we fear, neither in Latin nor English any better authority than the monastic epitaph on Fair Rosamond "*Hic jacet in tombâ Rosa Mundi, non Rosa Munda, non redolet, sed olet, quae redolere solet*."

We are disposed to agree with Mr. Coleridge when he says "no adequate compensation can be made for the mischief a writer does by confounding the distinct senses of words." At the same time our feelings

in this instance rebel strongly in behalf of "redolent," for the melody the passage, as it stands, is beyond the possibility of improvement and unless he should chance to light upon a word very nearly resembling this in consonants and vowels, we can hardly quarrel with Mr Tennyson if, in spite of our judgment, he retains the offender in service

Our next specimen is of a totally different character, but not less complete, we think, in its kind. Have we among our readers any who delight in the heroic poems of Old England, the inimitable ballads? Any to whom Sir Patrick Spens, and Clym of the Clough, and Glorie Robyn are consecrated names? Any who sigh with disgust at the miserable abortions of simpleness mistaken for simplicity, or florid weakness substituted for plain energy which they may often have seen dignified with the title of Modern Ballads?

Let such draw near and read *The Ballad of Oriana*. We know more happy seizure of the antique spirit in the whole compass of our literature, yet there is no foolish self-desertion, no attempt at obliterating the present, but everywhere a full discrimination of how much ought to be yielded and how much retained. The author is well aware that the art of one generation cannot *become* that of another by a will or skill, but the artist may transfer the spirit of the past, making it a temporary form for his own spirit, and so effect, by idealizing power, a new and legitimate combination. If we were asked to name among the real antiques that which bears greatest resemblance to this gem, we should refer to the ballad of *Fair Helen of Kirkconnel*. *Lea in the Minstrelsy of the Scottish Border*. It is a resemblance of mood, not execution. They are both highly wrought lyrical expressions of pathos and it is very remarkable with what intuitive art every expression and cadence in *Fair Helen* is accorded to the main feeling.

The characters that distinguish the language of our *lyrical* from that of our *epic* ballads have never yet been examined with the accuracy they deserve. But, beyond question, the class of poems which in point of harmonious combination *Oriana* most resembles, is the Italian. Just thus the meditative tenderness of Dante and Petrarch embodied in the clear, searching notes of Tuscan song. These mighty masters produce two-thirds of their effect by *sound*. Not that they sacrifice sense to sound, but that sound conveys their meaning where words would not. There are innumerable shades of fine emotion in the human heart, especially when the senses are keen and vigilant, which are too subtle and too rapid to admit of corresponding phrases. The understanding takes no definite note of them, how then can they leave signatures in language? Yet they exist, in plenitude of being and

beauty they exist, and in music they find a medium through which they pass from heart to heart. The tone becomes the sign of the feeling, and they reciprocally suggest each other.

Analogous to this suggestive power may be reckoned, perhaps, in a sister art, the effects of Venetian colouring. Titian *explains* by tints, as Petrarch by tones. Words would not have done the business of the one, nor any groupings or *narration by form*, that of the other. But, shame upon us! we are going back to our metaphysics, when that "sweet, meek face" is waiting to be admitted.

[*The poem is reprinted here*]

We have heard it objected to this poem that the name occurs once too often in every stanza. We have taken the plea into our judicial consideration, and the result is that we overrule it and pronounce that the proportion of the melodious cadences to the pathetic parts of the narration could not be diminished without materially affecting the rich lyrical impression of the ballad.

For what is the author's intention? To gratify our curiosity with a strange adventure? To shake our nerves with a painful story? Very far from it. Tears indeed may "blind our sight" as we read, but they are "blissful tears." The strong musical delight prevails over every painful feeling and mingles them all in its deep swell until they attain a composure of exalted sorrow, a mood in which the latest repose of agitation becomes visible, and the influence of beauty spreads like light over the surface of the mind.

The last line, with its dreamy wildness, reveals the design of the whole. It is transferred, if we mistake not, from an old ballad (a freedom of immemorial usage with ballad-mongers, as our readers doubtless know) but the merit lies in the abrupt application of it to the leading sentiment, so as to flash upon us in a few little words a world of meaning, and to consecrate the passion that was beyond cure or hope by resigning it to the accordance of inanimate Nature, who, like man, has her tempests and occasions of horror, but august in their largeness of operation, awful by their dependence on a fixed and perpetual necessity.

We must give one more extract, and we are almost tempted to choose by lot among many that crowd on our recollection, and solicit our preference with such witchery as it is not easy to withstand. The poems towards the middle of the volume seem to have been written at an earlier period than the rest. They display more unrestrained fancy and are less evidently proportioned to their ruling ideas than those

which we have the poet's authority for referring to early life—there is a majesty of expression, united to a truth of thought, which almost confounds our preconceived distinctions

The *Confessions of a Second-rate, Sensitive Mind* are full of deep insight into human nature, and into those particular trials which are sure to beset men who think and feel for themselves at this epoch of social development. The title is perhaps ill-chosen. Not only has it an appearance of quaintness which has no sufficient reason, but it seems to us incorrect. The mood portrayed in this poem, unless the admirable skill of delineation has deceived us, is rather the clouded season of a strong mind than the habitual condition of one feeble and "second-rate." Ordinary tempers build up fortresses of opinion on one side or another, they will see only what they choose to see. The distant glimpse of such an agony as is here brought out to view is sufficient to keep them for ever in illusions, voluntarily raised at first, but soon trusted in with full reliance as inseparable parts of self.

Mr Tennyson's mode of "rating" is different from ours. He may esteem none worthy of the first order who has not attained a complete universality of thought, and such trustful reliance on a principle of repose which lies beyond the war of conflicting opinions, that the grand ideas, "*qui planent sans cesse au dessus de l'humanité*," cease to affect him with bewildering impulses of hope and fear. We have not space to enter further into this topic, but we should not despair of convincing Mr Tennyson that such a position of intellect would not be the most elevated, nor even the most conducive to perfection of art.

*The "How" and the "Why"* appears to present the reverse of the same picture. It is the same mind still—the sensitive sceptic, whom we have looked upon in his hour of distress, now scoffing at his own state with an earnest mirth that borders on sorrow. It is exquisitely beautiful to see in this, as in the former portrait, how the feeling of art is kept ascendant in our minds over distressful realities, by constant reference to images of tranquil beauty, whether touched pathetically, as the Ox and the Lamb in the first piece, or with fine humour, as the "great bird" and "little bird" in the second.

*The Sea Fairies* is another strange title, but those who turn to it with the very natural curiosity of discovering who these new births of mythology may be, will be unpardonable if they do not linger over it with higher feelings. A stretch of lyrical power is here exhibited which we did not think the English language had possessed. The proud swell of verse as the harp tones "run up the ridged sea," and the soft and melancholy lapse as the sounds die along the widening space of water, are instances of that right imitation which is becoming to art,

but which in the hands of the unskilful, or the affecters of easy popularity, is often converted into a degrading mimicry, detrimental to the best interests of the imagination

A considerable portion of this book is taken up with a very singular and very beautiful class of poems on which the author has evidently bestowed much thought and elaboration We allude to the female characters, every trait of which presumes an uncommon degree of observation and reflection Mr Tennyson's way of proceeding seems to be this He collects the most striking phenomena of individual minds until he arrives at some leading fact, which allows him to lay down an axiom or law, and then, working on the law thus attained, he clearly discerns the tendency of what new particulars his invention suggests, and is enabled to impress an individual freshness and unity on ideal combinations These expressions of character are brief and coherent, nothing extraneous to the dominant fact is admitted, nothing illustrative of it, and, as it were, growing out of it, is rejected They are like summaries of mighty dramas We do not say this method admits of such large luxuriance of power as that of our real dramatists, but we contend that it is a new species of poetry, a graft of the lyric on the dramatic, and Mr Tennyson deserves the laurel of an inventor, an enlarger of our modes of knowledge and power

We must hasten to make our election, so, passing by the "airy, fairy Lilian," who "clasps her hands" in vain to retain us, the "stately flower" of matronly fortitude, "revered Isabel", Madeline, with her voluptuous alternation of smile and frown, Mariana, last, but oh not least—we swear by the memory of Shakespeare, to whom a monument of observant love has here been raised by simply expanding all the latent meanings and beauties contained in one stray thought of his genius—we shall fix on a lovely, albeit somewhat mysterious lady, who has fairly taken our "heart from out our breast"

[Here follows *Adeline*]

Is not this beautiful? When this Poet dies, will not the Graces and the Loves mourn over him, "*fortunatâque favilla nascentur violae?*" How original is the imagery, and how delicate! How wonderful the new world thus created for us, the region between real and unreal! The gardens of Armida were but poorly musical compared with the roses and lillies that bloom around thee, thou faint smiler, Adeline, on whom the glory of imagination reposes, endowing all thou lookest on with sudden and mysterious life We could expatiate on the deep meaning of this poem, but it is time to twitch our critical mantles, and, as our trade is not that of mere enthusiasm, we shall take our leave with

an objection (perhaps a cavil) to the language of cowslips, which we think too ambiguously spoken of for a subject on which nobody, except Mr Tennyson, can have any information. The "ringing bluebell," too, if it be not a pun, suggests one, and might probably be altered to advantage.

One word more before we have done, and it shall be a word of praise. The language of this book, with one or two rare exceptions, is thorough and sterling English. A little more respect, perhaps, was due to the "*ius et norma loquendi*," but we are inclined to consider as venial a fault arising from generous enthusiasm for the principles of sound analogy, and for that Saxon element, which constituted the intrinsic freedom and nervousness of our native tongue. We see no signs in what Mr Tennyson has written of the Quixotic spirit which has led some persons to desire the reduction of English to a single form, by excluding nearly the whole of Latin and Roman derivatives. Ours is necessarily a compound language, as such alone it can flourish and increase, nor will the author of the poems we have extracted be likely to barter for a barren appearance of symmetrical structure that fertility of expression and variety of harmony which "the speech that Shakespeare spoke" derived from the sources of southern phraseology.

In presenting this young poet to the public as one not studious of instant popularity, nor likely to obtain it, we may be thought to play the part of a fashionable lady who deludes her refractory mate into doing what she chooses by pretending to wish the exact contrary, or of a cunning pedagogue who practises a similar manoeuvre on some self-willed Flibbertigibbet of the schoolroom. But the supposition would do us wrong. We have spoken in good faith, commending this volume to feeling hearts and imaginative tempers, not to the stupid readers, or the voracious readers, or the malignant readers, or the readers after dinner!

We confess, indeed, we never knew an instance in which the theoretical abjurers of popularity have shewn themselves very reluctant to admit its actual advances. So much virtue is not, perhaps, in human nature, and if the world should take a fancy to buy up these poems, in order to be revenged on the *Englishman's Magazine*, who knows whether even we might not disappoint its malice by a cheerful adaptation of our theory to "existing circumstances?"

### *Theodicea Novissima*

[This essay, printed from the *Remains* of 1834, was there subtitled "Hints for an Effectual Construction of the Higher Philosophy on the Basis of Revelation." It appears to be the essay read to the Apostles by Hallam on



October 29, 1831, noted by H Sidgwick as presenting the proposition, "That there is ground for believing that the existence of moral evil is absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of God's essential love for Christ"

The intervention of Tennyson procured a place for this essay in the *Remains* of 1834, qualified by faintly patronizing observations in the first editor's Preface (pp xxxix-xl) Henry Hallam, however, suppressed both the essay and his remarks upon it in subsequent editions, with the result that, although it was once reprinted in the edition of 1869, it has always been virtually unknown Yet it is the most interesting and important of Hallam's writings, being at once a kind of summation of Hallam's belief and practice, and a suggestive guide to a quality of mind and personality which carried more weight with Tennyson than all the formal philosophical disquisitions in the world

There is now no way of knowing whether Tennyson came up to Cambridge to hear his friend read the *Theodiceæ*, or whether the essay had the benefit of talks between them while it was being composed After it was read Hallam sent Tennyson the notebook in which the essay was written out, for in an unpublished letter to Emily Tennyson, dated December 14, 1831 he wrote, "My love to Alfred and recommend his sending back my book" If Tennyson annotated the MS or offered suggestions in correspondence, Henry Hallam has destroyed the evidence But there is no question but that Tennyson was strongly affected by the essay and felt for it associations not wholly philosophical

That it had for Hallam personal as well as philosophical significance is plain from a passage in an unpublished letter to Emily, dated January 22, 1832 "I hope you will do all you can to assist me in endeavouring to restore Alfred to better hopes & more steady purposes It will be sweet to labour together for so holy an end I would sacrifice all my own peace to see you & him at peace with yourselves & with God I was half inclined to be sorry that you looked into that *Theodiceæ* of mine I must have perplexed rather than cleared your sight of those high matters I do not think women ought to trouble themselves much with theology we, who are more liable to the subtle objections of the Understanding, have more need to handle the weapons that lay them prostrate But where there is greater innocence, there are larger materials for a singlehearted faith It is by the heart, not by the head, that we must all be convinced of the two great fundamental truths, the reality of Love, & the reality of Evil Do not, my beloved Emily, let any cloudy mistrusts & perplexities bewilder your perception of these, & of the great corresponding fact, I mean the Redemption, which makes them objects of delight instead of horror"

The *Theodiceæ Novissima* is an original effort to combine trinitarian speculation with the theodicy worked out by Leibnitz when he replied to Bayle's *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique* with his *Essais de Théodicée sur la Bonté de Dieu, la Liberté de l'Homme et l'Origine du Mal* Hallam acknowledges his interest in Jonathan Edwards, and it is apparent that he has sometimes chosen to follow another American, William Ellery Chan-

ning, especially the "Discourse at the Ordination of Rev F A Farley 1828"]

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I am about to meet the discussion of the most serious of all subjects, and I am entitled to ask that it may be seriously considered. In these times, when knowledge is increased, and many go to and fro on the earth to spread it, those who are not against the cause of Christianity must be anxious to give a reason for the faith that is in them, not only that the assaults of infidel opinion may be repelled, but for the sake also of knowledge itself, that a right value may be set on all portions of truth, and those which really are most elevated, most pregnant with consequences, may not be defrauded of their full and legitimate estimation. This seems to be well understood by many recent writers on the subject. Christianity is no longer generally treated, as a topic apart from intellectual inquiry, but is viewed in its connection with other elements of knowledge, and especially with the main facts of our moral and rational constitution. In throwing together then some thoughts, which have occurred to my own mind, while employed in such meditations, I wish to contribute what little I can to the completion of a true intellectual system.

There is of course a strong presumption against any theory, that bears an appearance of novelty, on a subject already familiar to the successive intellects of so many generations, but this consideration while it should make me diffident as to the correctness of my views, ought not, I think to discourage me from submitting them to the judgment of others. Many theories, false as theories, i.e. as complete surveys, may contain germs of important truth, and sometimes the merest accident, by presenting old combinations in a new and striking light, even to so insignificant an observer as myself, may be the means of disclosing new relations of things, hitherto latent and unlooked for. As it is my particular wish to obtain the assistance of other minds, I have endeavoured to state my notions in as simple a form as possible, and to set aside, as much as the subject permitted, questions on which difference of sentiment would arise, foreign to the immediate purpose of this inquiry. I believe, however, that if these speculations should be thought to have any soundness, much advantage will be derived from combining them with other psychological opinions, which on former occasions I have recommended to the notice of this society. Still they may be received alone, for they rest on independent grounds, and it is hardly necessary for me to remark, that while all truth must in some way affect our conduct, truths of this description have a direct tendency to affect it in the highest degree. But I wish to be understood, as con-

sidering Christianity in the present Essay rather in its relation to the intellect, as constituting the higher philosophy, than in its far more important bearing upon the hearts and destinies of us all I shall propose the question in this form, "Is there ground for believing that the existence of moral evil is absolutely necessary to the fulfillment of God's essential love for Christ?"

Can man by searching find out God? I believe not I believe that the unassisted efforts of man's reason have not established the existence and attributes of Deity on so sure a basis as the Deist imagines However sublime may be the notion of a supreme original mind, and however naturally human feelings adhered to it, the reasons by which it was justified were not, in my opinion, sufficient to clear it from considerable doubt and confusion Between the opposing weight of reasonings, equally inalienable from the structure of our intellect, the scale hung with doubtful inclination, until the Bible turned it I hesitate not to say that I derive from Revelation a conviction of Theism, which without that assistance would have been but a dark and ambiguous hope I see that the Bible fits into every fold of the human heart I am a man, and I believe it to be God's book because it is man's book It is true that the Bible affords me no additional means of demonstrating the falsity of Atheism, if mind had nothing to do with the formation of the Universe, doubtless *whatever had* was competent also to make the Bible, but I have gained this advantage, that my feelings and thoughts can no longer refuse their assent to *what is evidently framed to engage that assent*, and what is it to me that I cannot disprove the bare logical possibility of my whole nature being fallacious? To seek for a certainty above certainty, an evidence beyond necessary belief, is the very lunacy of scepticism we must trust our own faculties, or we can put no trust in anything, save that moment we call the present, which escapes us while we articulate its name I am determined therefore to receive the Bible as divinely authorized, and the scheme of human and divine things which it contains, as essentially true I consider it as an axiom, or law, to which I have ascended by legitimate induction of particulars, and from which I am entitled to descend with increased knowledge on the heap of remaining phenomena <sup>1</sup>

<sup>1</sup> In these preliminary observations I wish to be understood as not *arguing* in behalf of Revelation Such argument does not come within the scope of this Essay, but it is presumed in it I have here merely stated my own impressions respecting the credibility of that fundamental point, which I take for granted what is said therefore of the only remaining impediment being a bare possibility that human reason is fallacious applies only to those who, like myself, believe that the

Now what is the scheme of Christian philosophy? What account does it give of the reasons for which God created us? I find in the Bible that "man is created in the image of God" I find also these words, "God is love" "In Christ alone God loved the world" "By Christ and for Christ all things consist" "Through Christ God constituted the ages" "He is the well beloved Son in whom the Father is well pleased" "He is the express image of His person" "He was made perfect through sufferings" "He came into the world to destroy the works of the devil" From these and several other passages I collect the following scheme, which I am prepared to shew is consistent with facts and reason as well as with Scripture, and is liable to no objection that does not bear with equal force against Deism

**GOD IS LOVE** What do these words mean? Some will say they signify the general benevolence of God's nature, his wish to see all his creatures happy Undoubtedly they include this, but is this all? I think not Since man is in the image of God, and since nothing can be more essential to man, as an intelligent being, than to act upon a motive, some motive must have actuated the Supreme Being in his original fiat of creation Now have we any knowledge, or can we form any reasonable conjecture, what that motive was? The Deist would probably answer, it was a wish to enjoy the happiness of multitudes, to see everywhere around him his own capacity of existence and delight communicated to forms of his creation Unfortunately however, "*Je vois le mal sur la terre*"<sup>2</sup> how comes that? The Deist answers that he does not know, but that if we suppose it impossible for finite beings to attain certain measures of felicity without previous pain, the existence of evil will be no impeachment of the Sovereign Goodness<sup>3</sup> Upon which I shall

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preponderance of evidence is decidedly in favour of Christianity, not to any who think they see cause for a contrary opinion [H]

<sup>2</sup> Rousseau, *Confession de Foi du Vicaire Savoyard* [H]

<sup>3</sup> Another popular answer is, that evil is the unavoidable consequence of free will, and that free will is the ground of all morality Nine out of ten who use this language would, if pressed further, reply that morality was valuable only as it leads to happiness, so that this argument would resolve itself into the one mentioned in the text Some, however, contend that God delights in holiness for its own sake, and since holiness, they say, is only possible through liberty, it was indispensable that the creature should have the power of determining itself to evil But without mentioning the enormous difficulties which embarrass this scheme, by the consideration of that dependence on the creature which it ascribes to God, the question still remains to be asked, how it can be conceived compatible with His Justice that a great part of the creation should be given up to evil, in order that the remainder may fulfil the necessary conditions of holy life If it is asserted that the communication of his moral excellences was not an act, from which God could refrain at pleasure, but was the necessary evolution of His Nature, I have

only make this remark, that we have here three hypotheses made in the dark, which for anything we know may be in direct contradiction to the nature of things. First the hypothesis with respect to God's chief end is in creation. Secondly, the hypothesis that certain degrees of happiness cannot be attained without previous torment. Thirdly, the hypothesis that, even if the second were true, the creation of suffering would be no impeachment to Divine Mercy. Now then what says the Bible? It seems to me to declare emphatically, that the motive which drew God from eternity into time was *the love of Christ*.

We know that in the human mind, passions, of which the objects are remote, general, or vague, do not interest, or excite to action nearly so often as objects of immediate and concentered allurements. Why else do all passions, the evil and the good, the self regarding as well as, alas! more than, the disinterested and conscientious, uniformly prevail over the calmer emotions excited by views of balanced interest and reasonable advantage? Why else, which is more to the present purpose, do the affections of domestic and friendly intercourse overcome our diffusive sentiments of philanthropy? Why is love exclusive and absorbing in its tendencies, so that, whenever it exists in greatest perfection in our bosoms, we feel it sin and sacrilege to withdraw any considerable portion of our heart from the adored object?

Philosophers, who have fallen in love, and lovers who have acquired philosophy by reflecting on their peculiar states of consciousness, tell us that the passion is grounded on a conviction, true or false, of similarity, and consequent irresistible desire of union or rather identification, as though we had suddenly found a bit of ourselves that had been dropt by mischance as we descended upon earth. The same philosophic persons have been strenuous maintainers of the doctrine, that this erotic feeling is of origin peculiarly divine, and raises the soul to heights of existence, which no other passion is permitted to attain. It should follow then from their opinion, that while we consider human thought, design, volition, &c., as images of qualities somehow resembling these, though at infinite distance, in the Divine Mind, a passion so manifestly the noblest attribute of our nature should also be considered as representing some principle equally eminent in the Supreme Character.

If it be answered, God is without passions, He has no need of any other being, His felicity is supreme, independent, unalterable, I ask,

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no objection to the statement, for the ground of it is the very same which I am proceeding to establish. But then I go further, for I shew how and why it was a necessary evolution, and it is obvious that nothing is gained on this position by introducing the supposed liberty of indifference into our argument [H]

whether or not God has created the Universe? If he has, he must have had some motive, some desire of some object to be attained by action. If his motive was the desire of creating happy beings, as is commonly said, this was a feeling just as much as the motive I have supposed, and implied a want no less. If the analogy of man does not deceive us, the feeling would indeed be weaker than on my supposition, but does a sentiment become unworthy of God by becoming intense, and is it not evident the objection arises from the ambiguous sense of the word "passion," which is generally used to denote unreasonable or dangerous feelings? In our frail nature strong feeling is prone to error, but are we afraid for God? It is mere abuse of terms to talk of God as wrapt in independent felicity, we should not be here to say it, if he were.

Having thus disposed of this objection, I revert to my former conclusion, that love, by which I mean direct, immediate, absorbing affection for one object, on the ground of similarity perceived, and with a view to more complete union, as it is the noblest quality of the human soul, must represent the noblest affection of the Divine Nature. And here the words of St. John meet us, "God is love." Are we at a loss to interpret them right? Let us place beside them the words of the blessed Jesus, when in solemn prayer to His Father he said, "Thou lovedst me before the foundation of the world."

Surely these views throw light on the assertion that Christ is God. He is God, not in that highest sense in which the Absolute, the  $\Theta\acute{\epsilon}\varsigma$  is God, but as the object of that Infinite Being's love, the necessary completion of his being, the reproduction of Him, without which His nature could not have been fulfilled, because He is love. The generation of this reflex being is manifestly eternal, since God's nature is eternal, and the only possible thought of God on his own being, must have comprised the thought of the necessity of Christ's existence. I believe this, but I believe also, that the Godhead of the Son has not been a fixed, invariable thing from the beginning: he is more God now than he was once, and will be perfectly united to God hereafter, when he has put all enemies under his feet. Is this heterodox? Yet the Scriptures say it plainly, "He is made perfect through sufferings." That which is already perfect hath no need to be made so. I will explain myself further.

Similarity, it has been said, is an essential condition of love, and it is equally true that reciprocity is implied in its idea. I do not mean that it is impossible truly to love a person, who does not return the affection, but that it is impossible to love without desiring such return, and without feeling the nature and purpose of love to be unfulfilled so long as it is confined to one party. Is it not reasonable therefore to conclude

that the love of the Eternal Being will require similarity in the object that excites it, and a proportionable return of it, when once excited? But here arises a difficulty. Whatever personality is generated by God out of His substance must be essentially subordinate to God. I say not how subordinate, or to what extent, I contend for the plain truth that he must be so in one sense, and that an important one. Elevate and magnify the Son, as you will, he is the Son still, and not in all points or in all senses equal to the Father. A personality derived must be wonderfully different from one self-existent and original. How then will the requisite similarity be possible, since the nature of God is Infinite, Absolute, Perfect? And how will the Reciprocity be possible, since the attributes of God are all infinite, and that great attribute so infinite to Him, that the Apostle asserts it to be His essence, must be altogether illimitable?

I believe the Universe, as it exists, full of sin and sorrow, is the solution of this difficulty. The supposition that no being, not properly self-existent, can attain conformity of character with the Supreme God, except by a contest with evil, seems admirably adapted to explain existing phenomena, and is not without antecedent probability. The strength of love in sublunary concerns is manifested by collision with opposing principles. When amidst doubt and ignorance and suffering, and temptation, a heart perseveres in love, we may be sure of the indomitable character of that heart's affection.

It may be said, that although the force of love is thus manifested to our human apprehension, God, who sees all things, could see the whole extent and capacity of a heart without this process of trial. I answer that, until we know more clearly the nature of sentient being, and the ground of that mysterious principle we term personality, we have no power to determine, whether the every existence of exalted love in any Being, short of Absolute Deity, may not depend on collision with evil. Doubtless the mere consideration, that "the course of true love never doth run smooth" in this mortal condition, is of itself no proof that such is the intrinsic nature of that sentiment; but at the same time it is no proof, or shadow of proof, to the contrary, and it leaves the field of dispute freely open to those accumulated probabilities, which are supplied by the language of the Scripture, the apparently natural suggestions of our own most affectionate moods, and the conditions of the great problem which we have to solve, and which no other method can solve without more postulates than are here required.

If these thoughts have any foundation, evil may have been called into existence and power, because it was the necessary and only condition

of Christ's being enabled to exert the highest acts of love, that any generated Being could perform, and thereby attaining that high degree of conformity comprised in the Divine Idea of his existence, and that high degree of reciprocate affection required by the eternal love of his Father. Whether then we consider evil merely as a negation, or chuse to acquiesce in the opinion of a personal ill principle, the purpose of its existence is equally clear, and since that purpose is the fulfilment of the Eternal Nature by completing those conditions, without which Christ could not have been the object of Supreme Love, and the first self affirmation of God would have become contradictory and impossible, who will dare to maintain that the existence of evil impugns, rather than establishes, the Divine attributes?

It may still perhaps be asked "How could the pure mind of the most holy God conceive the idea of evil? Is it not blasphemy to make God the author of sin?" Undoubtedly it would be blasphemous to assert that sin exists in virtue of the particular approbation, and according to the desire of God. but to say that it exists in virtue of His power, as the perpetual shadow of His light, for the purpose of fulfilling a nature perfectly opposite to itself, and which could not be fulfilled without this contrast, what is there in this contrary to religious veneration?

It is obvious that in the idea of perfect obedience must have been included the possibility of disobedience, and the power, inscrutable and incomprehensible as it must ever be to man, by which God could set beyond the limits of His own personality another individual spirit, capable of separate love, may well be presumed to extend even to the formation of a froward soul, capable of swerving from the sovereign will. It should seem too that pain, at once cause and effect of sin, is inalienable from the source of all enjoyment. we talk of the supreme happiness of God, and doubtless He hath within Himself a capacity of infinite pleasure, but I say, leaning on the Bible, the full satisfaction of this capacity is future, not actual, not always identical. Is not God love? and is not privation essential to that feeling, until it hath passed out of the sphere of desire into that of gratification? Moreover pain is a component part of all desire, and were we to substitute any other motive of creation for the scriptural and rational one,\* it would remain

\* Besides the hypothesis to which I have already alluded, which represents something in the creature as the ultimate end of the creative purpose, there is another supported by many of the modern Calvinists, and in particular with great ability by Jonathan Edwards, which describes God as acting solely from a regard to His own glory. The word is ambiguous. If it be meant that God acts to display His own sovereignty, and to get adoration for it, I am afraid the system deserves no better name than a disguised Dæmonism. But it certainly admits of a different interpretation, and one perfectly in accordance with the scheme I endeavour to



equally true, that the sense of need or privation is part of the creative spirit

But the plain answer to all objections, drawn from logical definitions of God is—Look at the facts here is a world overrun with sin and suffering, how did they get here except by Divine permission? Every system of theism must make God the author of sin in this sense the question is, whether it is better to run away from a truth which remains steadfast, whether we look at it or no, or to shew that that truth redounds, like all others, yea more than all others, to His glory, who is “the Creator and Saviour, with whom is none”

I will then suppose it granted that the purpose of Christ’s existence could not have been attained, and the essential nature of God could not have been fulfilled, without an actual contest between Christ and the powers of evil It may be asked why this warfare could not have been carried on and brought to conclusion, directly and face to face, without involving other created spirits in its terrible proceedings I think I see three reasons for the course that has actually been taken

In the first place, ignorant as we are concerning the nature of personal being, it seems highly probable from the little knowledge we have, that the highest possible power must be that which can control the springs of personal agency, and therefore, if the object was to exalt that Evil Principle to a very high degree of dominion, in order that more exalted love might be called forth for his overthrow, it is obvious that this particular species of power, namely, over the hearts, the grounds of character, in a plurality of sentient beings, would be the very kind we should expect would be entrusted to that Evil Principle A further step has then been taken in the argument, and I am enabled to ask why the Divine Goodness may not be considered as established rather than impeached, by the fact of a ruined world, a number of souls enthralled by a principle of sin inherent in their original formation I may further observe, that however much we should rejoice to discover that the eternal scheme of God, the necessary completion, let us remember, of His Almighty Nature, did not require the absolute perdition of any spirit called by Him into existence, we are certainly not entitled to consider the perpetual misery of many individuals as incompatible with sovereign love If Christ could attain the requisite degree of exaltation without the concession of so much power to evil,

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establish In one remarkable passage Edwards catches hold of the truth for a moment, but the genius of Calvinism, “torva tuens,” frightens him from it in the next sentence—See “Inquiry into God’s chief end in Creation,” *Ch I S 4* [H] The passage referred to is probably the first paragraph of the “Answer” to “Objection 1”

there is no doubt everlasting torment would not be, because God is love, and can have no delight in inflicting pain for its own sake, but if the loss of certain souls was necessary to Christ's triumph over the evil that opposed him, most certainly on the principles I have laid down, God must have included it in His plan, and a contrary mode of proceeding would have been contradictory to that infinite love which constitutes his moral nature

My second reason is this, love that is infinite must embrace all objects calculated to excite any degree of that holy feeling. However slight the similarity perceived, however faint the reciprocity obtained, yet if a minimum only of these qualities exist, proportionable love will be aroused by them. God therefore, since His idea of Christ did not include the ideas of other possible spirits, had love in His infinite self for them all, for there must be some similarity in all beings formed after His own image, all that are capable of love. Incomparably less must these emotions have been than the great feeling for Christ, which arose from the idea of complete similarity and union actually to be realised in him, yet small as they were in comparison, and incapable of influencing his preference, they were yet parts of His Eternal Nature, and as such must be imitated by Christ before his conformity to the Father could be complete. By choosing this mode therefore of warfare with evil, Christ effected another part of the necessary conformity, since he displayed a perfect love for the lost souls of men, and, by living for them, procured salvation for as many as the Father gave him. His character became conformed to that of God by two things, a full return of God's love for him, and a manifestation of exalted love towards inferior spirits.

There is yet a third reason which renders the existence of such spirits necessary to the conflict and triumph of Christ. However complete the return of affection in his heart for the original love of the Father, one point of similarity never could, by possibility, be attained by him. He never could be the unselfish lover of himself. Yet it is surely to be conceived that the holy love of God would receive gratification and fulfilment from the existence of a parallel love to itself, a love that is for Christ. Hence the third manifestation of Godhead, the manifestation of the Holy Spirit, became necessary to complete the Eternal Nature, so that Christ might be loved, so to speak, from below as well as from above, and to him as the one object might tend the energies of everything that was not himself.

Let us cease then to complain of the hard condition of this world, and to draw from it arguments against the existence of Overruling Goodness for, if the positions I have endeavoured to establish are, as

I believe, the most probable that our reason presents to us after a full survey of all the facts we can command, ought we not to acquiesce with cheerfulness in the sight of calamities which alone render the existence of happiness possible, of iniquity, without which the very being of a holy God would be a contradiction?

I shall now pass to a different and less important part of the subject, and offer a few observations on the manner in which I conceive the self abasement and sacrifice of Christ procured redemption for fallen man. The momentous point to be settled is that this redemption has been procured the manner, I repeat, is less important, yet the enquiry into it will be attended with benefit, since it has been hindered and perplexed from the beginning with many human errors, some of which, and those not the least dangerous, may be avoided by keeping steadily in sight the principles I have laid down.

In the Supreme Nature those two capacities of Perfect Love and Perfect Joy are indivisible.<sup>5</sup> Holiness and Happiness, says an old Divine, are two several notions of one thing. Equally inseparable are the notions of Opposition to Love and Opposition to Bliss. Unless therefore the heart of a created being is at one with the heart of God, it cannot but be miserable. Moreover, there is no possibility of continuing for ever partly with God and partly against Him: we must either be capable by our nature of entire accordance with His will, or we must be incapable of anything but misery, further than He may for awhile "not impute our trespasses to us," that is, He may interpose

<sup>5</sup> This is perfectly compatible with what I have said above, *Il faut laisser quelque chose à faire à ses lecteurs* "but I would remind them that the question now is, not whether the happiness of love can be accomplished without pain, but whether any happiness can exist out of the range of love, if it be true that God is love. In truth, however, the one passage establishes the other: for if "the High and Holy One, who inhabiteth Eternity," hath no other way to Peace but through War, much less may the creature hope to find his own peace, save by co-operation with the Divine Will, and earnest longing for that time, when "God shall be all in all." For which do we imagine? That there is some easier course to that ultimate consummation of Godhead? Fools, would not God have chosen it? Or, that God may indeed be consummate, but we remain transitory, and go on in our clay compound of good and evil for ever? But this is false and contradictory, for it supposes God to be finally separated from evil, and yet that portion of God which is in us, "the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world," to remain in juxtaposition with carnal misery. Oh, if we would but believe that this, this is the true Anthropomorphism, to fancy our present humanity, with its mixture and close embracing of sin and holiness, delight and anguish, is a natural and durable state, instead of deeming it, as we ought, the most factitious and unnatural combination possible, the last effort of Divine Power, the effort which decided victory, by securing a battle-field for Jesus against the power of the Prince of the Air! [H]

some temporary barrier between sin and its attendant pain For in the Eternal Idea of God a created spirit is perhaps not seen, as a series of successive states, of which some that are evil might be compensated by others that are good, but as one indivisible object of these almost infinitely divisible modes, and that either in accordance with His own nature, or in opposition to it But I have no wish to enter into these abstruse considerations there is no novelty in the doctrine that incapability of perfect love for God is incapability of happy existence, and for this belief the experience of the human soul in all ages, echoed by the Bible, affords ample reason

But God, we have seen, is love, love for all spirits in His image, but above all, far above all, for His Son In order to love God perfectly we must love what He loves, but Christ is the grand object of His love, therefore we must love Christ before we can attain that love of the Father, which alone is life everlasting Before the Gospel was preached to man, how could a human soul have this love, and this consequent life? I see no way, but now that Christ has excited our love for him by shewing unutterable love for us, now that we know him as an Elder Brother, a being of like thoughts, feelings, sensations, sufferings, with ourselves, it has become possible to love as God loves, that is, to love Christ and thus to become united in heart to God Besides Christ is the express image of God's person in loving him we are sure we are in a state of readiness to love the Father, whom we see, he tells us, when we see him Nor is this all the tendency of love is towards a union so intimate, as virtually to amount to identification, when then by affection towards Christ we have become blended with his being, the beams of Eternal Love falling, as ever, on the one beloved object will include us in him, and their returning flashes of love out of his personality will carry along with them some from our own, since ours has become confused with his, and so shall we be one with Christ and through Christ with God

Thus then we see the great effect of the Incarnation, as far as our nature is concerned, was to render human love for the Most High a possible thing The Law had said "thou shalt love the Lord thy God, with all thy soul, and with all thy mind, and with all thy strength", and could men have lived by law, "which is the strength of sin," verily righteousness and life would have been by that law But it was not possible, and all were concluded under sin, that in Christ might be the deliverance of all I believe that Redemption is universal, in so far as it left no obstacle between man and God, but man's own will that indeed is in the power of God's election, with whom alone rest the

abysmal secrets of personality,<sup>6</sup> but as far as Christ is concerned, his death was for all, since his intentions and affections were equally directed to all, and "none who come to him will be in any wise cast out"

From what I have said, the efficacy of Christ's death will be apparent, and those Apostolic expressions, which ascribe much more to it than to his previous life, will appear fully warranted and perfectly intelligible. That death was the crowning act of his faith in God. The whole force of evil was then brought to bear upon his holy soul, and he resisted to the last. Severest agony and most fearful temptation were thrown across his being, but he bore up against them, trusting in God, even when God seemed to have forsaken him. Thus in his death the seal was set to the conformity he had struggled to attain, and while on one side the possibility of life accrued to helpless humanity, on the other God beheld his perfect Son, his true *Μονογενής*, and the First Great Problem of the Eternal Nature was solved.

And now a few words in conclusion to opponents of a different kind—those who are ready to accuse me of having sacrificed too little instead of too much to reason. After all, these may say, it can be but a fanciful dream, a piece of romantic extravagance, to suppose the Being of beings, whose nature is so infinitely removed from our apprehension, can be possessed by love for one individual product of His Almightiness, and can have been induced by passion for that single object to create this admirable multiplicity of contrivances we call the Universe!

I answer that the infinite superiority of God to man is the very truth, which renders it far more probable to my judgment that God should act from a regard to a Being nearest to His Supreme Nature, and immeasurably exalted above our frail condition, than that the astonishing facts of a creation involving evil, an incarnation, and a redemption, should have ultimate reference to such atoms in the immense scheme as ourselves. Christ indeed is one, and inferior spirits, of whom we perhaps are the lowest, may be innumerable, yet in excellence and plenitude of existence, in nearness to God and adequacy to the absorption of His glorious love, what are the myriads of created beings, when weighed against that Only begotten Son, the express image of the Father's person? It is not easy perhaps, on the common scheme, to prevent a feeling of pride in beholding the counsel of God revolve about this little earth like the sun in the system of Ptolemy; but when we come to regard our extreme lowness of nature as a fact involved in the great truth of Christ's having abased himself to the lowest point

<sup>6</sup> This clause finds echo, as has often been pointed out, in Tennyson's "The Palace of Art," ll. 221-223.

of disadvantage, in order that the triumph of his faith in God might be more complete, "where is boasting then? It is excluded"

The philosophical Deist however, who very willingly concedes the incongruity of the established system, may challenge me to meet him on his own ground, and may assert that a God animated by emotions resembling our own, and for whatever reason, mixing himself up with our passions, and caring for our love, is a figment of presumptuous imagination, and can stand no comparison with that pure intellect, which he delights to contemplate as the pervading principle of his stupendous whole I have already remarked that no system of Theism can subsist without the notion of some emotive principle in the Deity

Experience, I think, fairly warrants the conclusion that no such principle is nobler than love The great error of the Deistical mode of arguing is the assumption that intellect is something more pure and akin to Divinity, than emotion The truth, however, remains steadfast, "τὸ τέλος οὐ γνῶσις, ἀλλὰ πράξις" that capacity of the human soul by which it is capable of action, and according to the exercise of which praise or blame is bestowed, must be the image of the highest capacity in God Certainly, when we call it the image, we speak only of similarity in effect the constitution of feeling in a self-existent Being, must be infinitely dissimilar and superior to that in man but so it is also with intellect, and we have not the slightest reason for supposing that the operations of our thoughts approach nearer to the modes of Divine Knowledge, than the affections of our hearts to that Love, which God  
is

These are the thoughts I have encouraged myself to lay before you doubtless others are included in them, which further reflection may bring to light Again, before I conclude, I deprecate any hasty rejection of them, as novelties Christianity is indeed, as St Augustin says, "pulchritudo tam antiqua," but he adds, "tam nova," and it is capable of presenting to every mind a new face of truth The great doctrine, which in my judgment these observations tend to strengthen and illumine, the doctrine of personal love for a personal God is assuredly no novelty, but has in all times been the vital principle of the church Many are the forms of antichristian heresy, which for a season have depressed and obscured that principle of life but its nature is conflictive and resurgent, and neither the Papal Hierarchy with its pomp of systematised errors, nor the worse apostacy of latitudinarian Protestantism, have ever so far prevailed, but that many from age to age have proclaimed and vindicated the eternal Gospel of love, believing, as I too firmly believe, that any opinion which tends to keep out of sight the living and loving God, whether it substitute for Him an idol,

an occult agency, or a formal creed, can be nothing better than a vain and portentous shadow projected from the selfish darkness of unregenerate man

[*The Influence of Italian upon English Literature*]

[In 1831, with an address on the conduct of the Independent Party during the Civil War (not preserved) Hallam won a silver goblet of the value of twenty pounds annually awarded at Trinity College for a declamation on a subject related to English History. According to custom, as winner he delivered on Commemoration Day, December 16, 1831, a second declamation on a general subject, spoken in Trinity College Chapel. His subject, the present essay, combined his chief intellectual and spiritual interests: a philosophy of love and beauty, Italian and English literature, and the "vital light" of a "true spiritual Christianity." During Hallam's time at Trinity several of his friends either won the prize goblet or won second or third mention. These were Sunderland, Milnes, James Spedding, Garden, Brookfield and Monteith. (Cf. *The Cambridge University Calendar* for the years involved.)

The text here followed is that of the pamphlet of 29 pp. printed at Cambridge in 1832 by W. Metcalfe with the title, *Oration, on the Influence of Italian Works of Imagination on the Same Class of Compositions in England*. The Oration was reprinted in the *Remains* of 1834 and in all subsequent editions.]

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There is in the human mind a remarkable habit, which leads it to prefer in most cases the simple to the composite, and to despise a power acquired by combination in comparison with one original, and produced from unmixed elements. Doubtless some good motives have had a share in forming this habit, but I suspect pride is answerable for nine tenths of the formation, especially when anything immediately belonging to ourselves is the circumstance for which our curiosity requires an origin. Wherever we trace a continued series of ascending causes, we can hardly escape the conviction of our insignificance and entire dependence; but if by any accident the chain is broken, if we see darkness beyond a particular link, we find it easy, and think it fine, to flatter ourselves into a belief of having found a beginning, and the nearer we bring it down to ourselves the better satisfied we remain.

Traces of this prejudice may be observed in every walk of intellect. Philosophy, as might be expected, has been the greatest sufferer, but criticism, history, and the whole province of Belles Lettres, have been visited in their turn. One of its most amusing forms is to be found in those writers, less honest than patriotic, who are ready to invent a world of lies, for the pragmatistical purpose of showing the aboriginal dis-

tinctness of their national literature, and its complete independence of the provision of any other languages. They seem to imagine, that if they once prove the nations of the earth to have grown, like a set of larches, each in its unbending perpendicular, and never encroaching on the measured interval that separates it from its neighbor, they have erected "*monumentum ære perennius*" to the character of human society.

But widely different from their fancy is the method of nature. Far more sublime is that process by which the few original elements of society are dashed and mingled with one another, severing<sup>1</sup> forever and coalescing within a crucible of incessant operation, and producing at each successive point new combinations, which again, as simple substances, are made subservient to the prospective direction of the Great observant Mind. Is it wonderful that, for the collection of comforts and luxuries, the spirit of commercial enterprise has levelled the barriers of countries, and triumphed over the immensity of ocean? And have we no admiration in reserve for that commerce of mind, which has continued as it commenced, without the forethought or intention of man, silently working, but unerringly, abating distances, uniting periods, harmonizing the most opposed thoughts, bringing the fervid meditations of the East to bear upon the rapid reason of the West, the stormy Northern temper to give and receive alteration from voluptuous languors of the Meridian?

Surely the consideration of this universal and always progressive movement should make us examine the component parts of any national literature with no exclusive and limited feeling (for the literature of a people is the expression of its character), and to ascertain, by correct analysis, the number and relative proportion of its elements, to decide, by the application of history, from what juncture in social progress each particular complexion of sentiment has its origin, what is this but to become a spectator of new scenes in the Providential drama, and with what feelings but those of reverence and a sense of beauty should their harmonious variety be contemplated?

Nor is this pleasure the peculiar portion of the speculative and secluded, it may be relished by all who have the advantage of a liberal education, it may be freshly drawn from the most obvious books, and even the common parlance of conversation, for we need only look to the different aspects of language to be perpetually reminded of those divers influences by which the national character has been modified. I open at hazard a volume of Shakspeare, and I take for an instance the first passage that occurs —

<sup>1</sup> So 1832 and 1869, 1834 and 1862 have 'serving'



"That man that sits within a monarch's heart  
 And ripens in the sunshine of his favor,  
 Would he abuse the countenance of the king,  
 Alack, what mischiefs might he<sup>2</sup> set abroad  
 In shadow of such greatness! With you, lord bishop,  
 It is even so, who hath not heard it spoken,  
 How deep you were within the books of God,  
 To us the speaker in his parliament,  
 To us the imagined voice of God himself<sup>3</sup>  
 The very opener and intelligencer  
 Between the grace, the sanctities of heaven,  
 And our dull workings, oh who shall believe  
 But you misuse the reverence of your place,  
 Employ the countenance and grace of heaven,  
 As a false favorite doth his prince's name,  
 In deeds dishonorable?"

*Henry IV*, P II, A iv, S 2

In these lines (sixteen in number) we shall find twenty-two words of Roman<sup>3</sup> formation, and but twenty-one (excluding connective words) of Teutonic. Of the former, again, five are proper to French, the rest having probably passed through the medium of that language, but derived from a classical source. Among these<sup>4</sup> last, one only is Greek, the others bear the imperial stamp of Rome. The whole is a beautiful specimen of pure English, and falls with complete, easy, uniform effect on the ear and mind. In this instance, and probably in any other we should select from the great master, the equipoise of Southern and Northern phraseology creates a natural harmony, a setting of full bass to keen treble, to destroy which altogether would be one inevitable consequence of altering the proportion of these two elements.

And is it not a noble thing, that the English tongue is, as it were, the common focus and point of union to which opposite beauties converge? Is it a trifle that we temper energy with softness, strength with flexibility, capaciousness of sound with pliancy of idiom? Some, I know, insensible to these virtues, and ambitious of I know not what unattainable decomposition, prefer to utter funeral praises over the grave of departed Anglo-Saxon, or, starting with convulsive shudder, are ready to leap from surrounding Latinisms into the kindred, sympathetic arms of modern German. For myself, I neither share their regret nor their terror. Willing at all times to pay filial homage to the shades of Hengist and Horsa, and to admit they have laid the base of

<sup>2</sup> So 1832 correctly, 1834 and later editions have 'be'

<sup>3</sup> 1832 has 'Romane'

<sup>4</sup> 1834 and later editions have 'the'

our compound language, or, if you will, have prepared the soil from which the chief nutriment of the goodly tree, our British oak, must be derived, I am yet proud to confess that I look with sentiments more exulting and more reverential to the bonds by which the Law of the Universe has fastened me to my distant brethren of the same Caucasian race, to the privileges which I, an inhabitant of the gloomy North, share in common with climates imparadised in perpetual summer, to the universality and efficacy resulting from blended intelligence, which, while it endears in our eyes the land of our fathers as a seat of peculiar blessing, tends to elevate and expand our thoughts into communion with humanity at large, and, in the "sublimer spirit" of the poet, to make us feel

"That God is everywhere—the God who framed  
Mankind to be one mighty family,  
Himself our Father, and the world our home"

However surely the intercourse of words may indicate a corresponding mixture of sentiment, yet these variations of expression are far from being a complete measure of the interior changes. Man is a great talker, but how small the proportion of what he says to the ever-shifting conditions of his mental existence! It is necessary to look abroad, and gather in evidence from events, if we would form a reasonable conjecture how much we stand indebted to any one country for our literary glories, and for that spirit which not only produced them, but in some measure, since we are Englishmen, circulates through ourselves.

I propose, therefore, to make a few observations on that peculiar combination of thought, which resulted from the intercourse of Italian writers with our own. First, about the time the House of Lancaster began to reign, the period of Chaucer, and, secondly, at that magnificent era of genius, when the names of Hooker, Shakspeare, and Bacon attest how much, under the auspices of the Protestant Queen, was effected for the sacred ideas of the good, the beautiful, and the true.

The first point to be considered is the real character of Italian literature, for we cannot measure its effect until we know its capacity. That language then, I may observe, a chosen vessel of some of the most glorious thoughts with which our frail nature has been inspired, was the last and most complete among the several tongues that arose out of the confusion of Northern barbarians with their captives of the conquered Empire.

For a long time after that signal revolution, the municipal spirit, which kept the inhabitants of one town distinct from those of another, as regards marriages, social intercourse, and the whole train of ordinary life, prevented the various *patois*, included under the general name of *Romane*, from coalescing into regular languages. The mandates of Government, the decisions of law, the declarations of religion, whatever was in its nature more important, and was intended to coerce a larger aggregate—these were by general custom reserved to Latin,—barbarous indeed, and as inelegant as impure, but still Latin in the main, and distinguishable by a broad line from the dialects that swarmed in the Villages. The few wretched attempts at poetry that occasionally occur in this period of utter darkness, are always in a Latin form, and the fact that this is true even of soldiers' ballads, is decisive as to the extreme infantine weakness of those forms of speech, which were so soon to arise from their illiterate and base condition, to express in voices of thunder and music the wants and tendencies of a new civilization, and to animate with everlasting vigor the intellect of mankind.

At length, however, after five centuries of preparatory ignorance, the flame burst from beneath the ashes, never again to be overcome. About the same time, in different parts of France, a distinct, serviceable, and capacious form was assumed by the Provençal and Roman Wallon, or, as they are usually called, the *Langue d'Oc* and *Langue d'Oil*. The former especially began to offer the phenomenon of a new literature, dependent for nothing on monastic erudition, but fresh from the workings of untaught nature, impressed with the stamp of existing manners, and reacting upon them by exciting the imagination, and directing the feelings of the people. A thousand poets sprang up, as at an enchanter's call, the distinctions of rank and wealth were levelled by this more honorable ambition, many were the proud feudal barons, who struck the minstrel lyre with emulative, often with triumphant, touch, nor few were the gallant princes, who sought in "*lou gai saber*" the solace of their cares, and the refinement of their martial tempers. Frederic Barbarossa! Richard of England! These at the head of the list, who could think it a disgrace to follow?

After these, it is almost idle to reckon up other royal poets,—Alfonso and Pedro of Arragon, Frederic of Sicily, the King of Thessalonica, the Marquis de Montferrat, the Dauphin of Auvergne, the Prince of Orange,—all were anxious "*de trouver gentiment en vers*," and some, we are assured, showed their preeminence of merit.

In proportion to the development of *Romane* literature, the characteristics of the romantic spirit became more distinct. These may be

arranged under four classes, constituting the four great elements of modern civilization Christianity, as preserved in Catholicism, the Teutonic principle, animating the Northern countries immediately, the Southern less directly, and less forcibly through the invasion of the barbarians, the Roman, of which we must say exactly the reverse, that it was indigenous to the Southern nations, and diffused only by military occupation over some Teutonic tribes, lastly, the Oriental, derived from the Arabians, and circulating especially through those provinces of Europe least remote from the extensive territories of their splendid domination<sup>5</sup> Separate as these sources appear, it is certain the streams that issued from them had a common tendency, so that each seems only to strengthen what without it might equally have existed

The four moving principles consolidated their energies in two great results enthusiasm for individual prowess, and enthusiasm for the female character Imagination clothed these with form, and that form was chivalry The Knight of La Mancha, who sought heroes in peasants, and giants in windmills, was not more deplorably mistaken than some modern adventurers, who endeavored to fix an historical period, at which the feats of knight-errantry may have actually occurred In truth, feudality and chivalry correspond as real and ideal The wild energetic virtues of baronial chieftains were purified from their heavy alloy, and sublimated into models of courteous valor, by those pious frauds of imagination, which ameliorate the future while they disguise the past In the midst of a general dissolution of manners (the greater part being alike ignorant of a comprehensive morality, and neglectful of religious injunctions, which the enjoiners were the first to disobey), the orient light of Poetry threw a full radiance on the natural heart of woman, and, as in the other sex, created the high sense of honor it pretended to find

I have said that all the four agencies I have mentioned had their share in impressing this direction on the resurgent genius of Europe Can it be doubted that the spirit of revealed religion, however little understood, wrought in the heart of man a reverence for the weaker sex, both as teaching him to consider their equality with him in the sight of God, and the privileges of Christian life, and as encouraging in himself those mild and tender qualities, which are the especial glory of womanhood? Can it be doubted, that if this were the tendency of

<sup>5</sup> I have here taken no notice of the Celtic character, because I confess I cannot perceive any palpable results of it in the new literature I am aware, however, that there is a party amongst our literati, which professes to support the claims of the Celts to a larger portion of influence than is commonly ascribed to them [H]

Christianity, yet more emphatically it was the tendency of Catholicism? The inordinate esteem for chastity, the solemnity attached to conventual vows, the interest taken in those fair saints, on whom the Church had<sup>6</sup> conferred beatitude, that after conquering the temptations of earth they might be able to succor the tempted, above all the worship of the Virgin, the Queen of Heaven, supposed more lenient to sinners for the lenity of her sex, and more powerful in their redemption by her claim of maternal authority over her Almighty Son—these articles of a most unscriptural, but very beautiful mythology, could not be established in general belief without investing the feminine character with ideal splendour and loveliness

But, as an Englishman, I should feel myself guilty of ingratitude towards the Goths, my ancestors, if I did not recall to mind that they were always honorably distinguished from their neighbors by a more noble view of the domestic relation, and it is not perhaps a chimerical belief that the terms of humble homage, with which cavaliers of the middle ages addressed the objects of their admiration, may have found a precedent in the language of those ancient warriors, who defied the colossal sovereignty of Rome, but bent with generous humility before the beings who owed to them their safety, whom they considered as the favorites of heaven, the tenements of frequent inspiration

The love, however, which animated the Troubadours was not only humble and devotional, but passionate and energetic. While they exalt their object to the rank of an angel, they would not have her cease to be a woman. Here other influences become perceptible, the warm temperaments of Italy and Spain, and the wild impetuosity of Eastern passion.

To Islâm, indeed, the Christian civilization of Europe owes more than might on first thoughts be imagined.<sup>7</sup> In the forms of Arabic imagination appeared most probably the first pattern of that amorous mysticism I have been describing, since the immemorial customs of

<sup>6</sup> 1834 *et seq* have 'has'

<sup>7</sup> I do not wish to be understood as adopting in its full extent the theory of Warburton and Warton, that all marks of Orientalism occurring in romantic literature came by direct transmission through the Saracens. It has been amply shown by many writers, since the days of Warton, that much will still remain unaccounted for, which can only be referred to the essential Asiatic character of the whole race, now in possession of Europe. But on the present occasion I shall not be expected to enter into so abstruse a question as that of the community of fiction. It is sufficient for my purpose that the Saracen influence is an undoubted fact, although some may\* have injudiciously extended this fact to circumstances which are beyond its legitimate reach [H]

\* This word omitted from 1834 *et seq*

their race supplied them with many of those reverential habits, to which in the West I have assigned different causes Slavery, and that to our ideas most revolting, is the general condition of the sex in all Asiatic countries, yet within this coercive circle is another in which the relation is almost reversed, and the Seraglio, which seems a prison without the walls, within might present the appearance of a temple The cares, the sufferings, the dangers of common life, approach not the sacred precinct in which the Mussulman preserves the idol of his affections from vulgar gaze Art and luxury are made to minister perpetually to her enjoyment Slaves must become more servile in her presence, flattery must be pitched in a higher key, if offered to her acceptance Customs like these, however pernicious to society, are certainly not incapable of charming the imagination, and of giving it that peculiar turn which we find in the Gazeles of Persian poetry, the Cassides of Arabian, and the forms of which were early adopted by the congenial spirits of Provence and Castille

Still more evident is the influence of Mahommedanism on the delicate refinements of warfare, which formed the other element of chivalry, and the consequent heroic style of composition From the time that, with the reign of the Abbassides, began the splendid period in<sup>s</sup> Arabian literature and science, what more familiar to Christian ears than the illustrious notions of courtesy, and honor, which adorned the narratives of those itinerant Eastern reciters, seldom absent from European courts, and welcome alike to the festive hall, or the retirements of listening beauty?

Nor were opportunities long wanting of personal encounter with those lordly children of the Crescent, who were so presumptuous as to outshine in virtue the devoted servants of Rome The close of the eleventh century is memorable for the great contest in Spain, which terminated in the capture of Toledo, and the reduction of all New Castille under the sway of Alfonso the Sixth This was indeed a noble struggle, and even at this distance of time may well make us glow with exultation From all parts of Europe flocked the bravest knights to the standard of the Cid to their undoubting imaginations the religion of the world was at issue, the kingdoms of God and Satan were met in visible collision yet the mutual admiration of heroic spirits was too strong to be repressed, and neither party scrupled to emulate the virtues which they condemned as the varnish of perdition The Christian population of Castille and Arragon had long been exposed to the humanizing influences of Moorish cultivation not for nothing

<sup>s</sup> 1834 *et seq* have 'of'

had the dynasty of the Omniades been established, or the kingdom of Grenada flourished nor if the successors of Abderaman were unable to withstand the flower of Castilian chivalry, should we in justice forget, that they had tempered the weapons by which they were overcome, and had they done less for humanity, they might have prospered better for themselves

The issue of this war, favorable as it was to the cause of Christendom, served to increase and diffuse this refined valor, and the literary culture which had fostered it The conqueror of Toledo gave the noble example of an entire toleration, a numerous Moorish population continued to live with the Christian occupants, and, while they mingled in their pursuits, imparted largely the spirit of their own The schools and learned institutions retained their dignities the Mozarabs took rank in the court and the army, and when the French cavaliers returned to their native land, when Raymond of Barcelona obtained the crown of Provence, the good effects of their expedition soon became visible in softened prejudices, enlarged imaginations, and a more ardent love of letters<sup>9</sup>

The influence of the East was not, however, confined to the secret moulding of mind, it displayed itself in the outward forms of literary composition, few of which are not borrowed from Arabia The tale, or novel, that most delightful vehicle of amusing instruction, affording such a range to inventive fancy, and pliable to such a variety of style, was undoubtedly rendered fashionable by the reciters I have already mentioned All the light and graceful machinery of enchantment, the name and attributes of faerie (certainly the most charming expedient ever thought of to satisfy the human propensity to polytheism without incurring the sin of idolatry), are owed to these ingenious travellers, who little thought, when they received their dole of recompense from some imperious lord, whose care they had contributed to relax, what a bounty, beyond all recompense, they were involuntarily bestowing on the generations about to succeed to this Western inheritance

There was a yet more important transmission from the Levant, which

<sup>9</sup> In a very few years this intimacy with Eastern customs was renewed The Crusades were preached, and again the Christian cause was set to the peril of the sword It is needless to remark what a wonderful effect they must have produced in bringing the European nations into close contact with one another, and with that common enemy, who was in fact their best friend The Crusades form, as might be expected, the most common topic of Provençal poetry, during the 12th and 13th centuries The subjects of Trouveur fiction also experienced a sudden change The achievements of Arthur and Charlemagne were forgotten the quest of the S Greal was abandoned, and in the words of Warton, "Trebisond took place of Roncesvalles" [H]

decided the whole bent of modern poetry I mean the use, at least the extensive and varied use, of Rhyme<sup>10</sup> This appears to be the creation of Southern climates for the Southern languages abound in vowels, and rhyme is the resonance of vowels, while the Northern overflow with consonants and naturally fall into alliteration Thus, although it is a great mistake which some writers have fallen into, the considering rhyme as almost unknown to the poetry of the Gothic races, we may fairly consider it as transported with them in their original migration from their Asiatic birthplace, while the alliteration, so common among them, appears a natural product of their new locality No poetry, however, in the world was so founded on rhyme as the Arabian, and some of its most complicated were transferred without alteration to the *Langue d'Oc*, previous to their obtaining immortality in the hands of Dante and Petrarca

Those ingenious turns of fancy, so remarkable in the Eastern style, were also eagerly adopted by our Western imitators But they imitated with a noble freedom and gracefulness it seemed the natural mould of their minds The subtlety of perception, and, at the same time, the sportiveness, that were requisite for the management of these compositions, is not the less curious and admirable in itself, that it was employed on classes of resemblance, which our more enlarged knowledge considers as unsubstantial and minute The interval that separates the *concetti* of that era from the frigid sparkles of some modern wits, is generally commensurate with the eternal division of truth from falsehood, strength from weakness, beauty from deformity Where the intellect waxes vigorous, without any large support from what has been termed "bookmindedness," it cannot but spend its vivacity on repeated and fantastic modifications of its small capital of ideas There may be poverty of thought, in so far as there are few objects of thought, but the character of the thinking faculty is not poor, and hence there is a freshness about the far-fetched combinations of these poets, which makes them true to nature, even when to prosaic eye they seem most unnatural

<sup>10</sup> Rhyme has been said to contain in itself a constant appeal to Memory and Hope This is true of all verse, of all harmonized sound, but it is certainly made more palpable by the recurrence of termination The dullest senses can perceive an identity in that, and be pleased with it, but the partial identity, latent in more diffused resemblances, requires, in order to be appreciated, a soul susceptible of musical impression The ancients disdained a mode of pleasure, in appearance so little elevated, so ill adapted for effects of art, but they knew not, and with their metrical harmonies, perfectly suited, as these were, to their habitual moods of feeling, they were not likely to know the real capacities of this apparently simple and vulgar combination [H]



I have thus endeavored to trace the elements of romantic literature, in their first state of composition under the auspices of merry Jonglerie in describing them I have, in fact, been analyzing the Italian, for all the wealth of Provence accrued to the more fortunate writers of the Peninsula, who, while they lost nothing on that side, were at liberty to add immensely from another The thirteenth century witnessed a downfall to Provençal glory yet more sudden and surprising than its rise The barbarous war against the Albigenses laid desolate the seats of this literature, and the extinction of the Houses of Provence and Toulouse reduced the Langue d'Oc, which for the space of three centuries had sat at the right hand of kings, with nations for her worshippers, and had said, like the daughter of the Chaldeans, "I shall be a lady forever," to the condition of a dependant menial in the courts of her haughty rival Meanwhile the "*lingua cortigiana*," gradually extricating itself from these peculiarities of idiom which rendered the inhabitants of one Italian district unintelligible to those of another, assumed the rank of a written language, and began, with better omens, to carry on that war against the insolent Langue d'Oil, which the successors of Sordel and Arnaud de Marveil had ceased to maintain

If I were asked to name the reasons which gave this language so immeasurable an ascendancy over its forerunner, I should say there are two, both arising from its geographical position Italy had been the seat of the ancient Empire, it was that of Catholic religion Not only would the recovery of those lost treasures of heathen civilization, the poets, historians, and philosophers of Greece and Rome, naturally take place in the country where most of them were buried, but there is ever a latent sympathy in the mind of a posterity, which recognizes with an instinctive gladness the feelings of their ancestors, when disclosed to them in books or other monuments Who can doubt that the minds of Italians would spring up to meet the utterance of Cicero, Livy, and Virgil, with a far deeper and stronger sense of community, than any other nation could have done!<sup>11</sup> Therefore they not only acquired new objects of thought at the revival of literature, but they felt their own thought expanded and miraculously strengthened

This, then, I assign as the first reason of the superiority we perceive in Italian that it had a capacity of taking into itself, into its own young and creative vigor, the whole height, breadth, and depth of human knowledge, as it then stood

<sup>11</sup> What a beautiful symbol of this truth is contained in that canto of the *Purgatorio* which relates the meeting between Sordel and Virgil Centuries and the mutations of centuries lapse into nothing before that strong feeling of homogeneity which bursts forth in the "*O Mantovano!*" [H]

My second reason is that Italy was the centre and home of the Catholic Faith. An Italian, whatever might be his moral disposition, felt his dignity bound up in some sort with the name and cause of Christianity. Was not the Pope the Bishop of Rome? and in that word *Rome* there was a spell of sufficient strength to secure his imagination against all heresies and schisms. Again, the splendors and pomps of the daily worship, the music and the incense, and the beautiful saints and the tombs of martyrs—what strong hold must they have taken on the feelings of every Italian!

It is true the profligacies of the Papal court, and many other circumstances, had gone to weaken the undoubting faith of Europe before the thirteenth century, but at that period, by the institution of Mendicant Orders, a fresh impulse was given to the human heart, ever parched and dying of thirst when religion is made a mockery. St Francis has a claim upon our literary gratitude, rather more substantial, though less precise in form, than his reported invention of the *versi sciolti*. It seems clear, that the spirit awakened in Italy, through his means and those of St Dominic, prepared the Italian mind for that vigorous assertion of Christianity, as the head and front of modern civilization, the perpetually presiding genius of our poetry, our art, and our philosophy.

These, then, I consider the two directive principles of their literature: the first a full and joyous reception of former knowledge into their own very different habits of knowing, the second a deep and intimate impression of forms of Christianity.

The combined operation of the two is seen in their love-poetry, which dwells "like a star apart," separated by broad spaces of distinction from every expression of that sentiment in other languages. Its base is undoubtedly the Troubadour poetry, of which I have already spoken, but upon this they have reared a splendid edifice of Platonism, and surmounted it with the banner of the cross. In his treatise *De Vulgari Eloquentiâ*, Dante asserts of the *Lingua di Si*, that even before the date of his own writings, "*qui dulcius, subtiliusque poetati sunt, et familiares et domestici sui sunt*." I think we cannot read the poems of Cino da Pistoia, or either Guido, without perceiving this early superiority and more masculine turn of thought.

But it was not in scattered sonnets that the whole magnificence of that idea could be manifested, which represents love as at once the base and pyramidal point of the entire universe, and teaches us to regard the earthly union of souls, not as a thing accidental, transitory, and dependent on the condition of human society, but with far higher import, as the best and the appointed symbol of our relations with

God, and through them of his own ineffable essence In the Divine Comedy, this idea received its full completeness of form, that wonderful work of which, to speak adequately, we must borrow the utterance of its conceiving mind

"La gloria di colui, che tutto muove,  
Per l'universo penetra, e risplende,  
In una parte più, e meno altrove"<sup>12</sup>

This is not the occasion for entering into a criticism, or detailed encomium of Dante, I only wish to point him out as an entire and plenary representation of the Italian mind, a summary in his individual self of all the elements I have been describing, which never before had coexisted in unity of action, a signal-point in the stream of time, showing at once how much power was at that exact season aggregated to the human intellect, and what direction was about to be impressed upon it by the "rushing mighty wind," the spirit of Christianity, under whose conditions alone a new literature was become possible

Petrarch appears to me a corollary from Dante, the same spirit in a different mould of individual character, and that a weaker mould, yet better adapted, by the circumstances of its position, to diffuse the great thought which possessed them both, and to call into existence so great a number of inferior recipients of it, as might affect insensibly, but surely, the course of general feeling Petrarch was far from apprehending either his own situation, or that of mankind, with anything like the clear vision of Dante whom he affected to undervalue, idly striving against that destiny which ordained their cooperation His life was restless and perplexed, that continual craving for sympathy, taking in its lighter moods the form and name of vanity, which drove him, as he tells us himself, "from town to town, from country to country," would have rendered him incapable of assuming the decisive, initiatory position which was not difficult to be maintained by the proud Ghibelline spirit, who depended so little on others, so much on his own undaunted energies On that ominous morning, when the recluse of Arquà expired, his laurelled brow reposing on the volume he was reading, the vital powers of Italian poetry seemed suspended with his own The form indeed remained unaltered, so perfect was the state of polished cultivation in which he left it, that, even when the informing genius was departed, we may say of it in<sup>13</sup> his own phrase, "Death appeared lovely in that lovely face"

When, after a long interval, inspiration returned under the auspices

<sup>12</sup> D C Paradiso, c 1, v 1 [H]

<sup>13</sup> 1834 *et seq* have 'as'

of Lorenzo the Magnificent, the lineaments of that countenance had undergone a change, and their divinity was much abated. Much indeed had been going on in Europe, that could not but withdraw men from that state of feeling, which produced the creators of Tuscan poetry. The lays of the Troubadours were now forgotten, the very shade of what once was Arabian greatness was passing away, ancient literature had become familiar and almost trite, the republican spirit in<sup>14</sup> Italy was on the decline, the courtly idiom of Paris reigned in undisputed supremacy: its ease and gayety, its exuberance and inventive narration, its treasures of old chivalrous lore, its rude but fascinating attempts at dramatic composition, its perfect pliancy to that worldly temper which would pass life off as a jest, all this good and evil together began to give it an ascendancy over the mind of Europe, already far advanced on the road of civilization.

The poetry of Pulci, Boiardo, Ariosto, and Tasso, seems to me expressive of this change in men's ways of thinking and feeling. I do not mean that they are not thoroughly and genuinely Italian, that their poems, especially the immortal works of Ariosto and his rival, are not rich in manifold beauties, but that there is a laxity, a weakness of tone, in the deeper portion of their poetic nature, that their efforts are more scattered, and seem to obey less one mighty governing impulse, than was the case with the earlier masters, that, in a word, there was far less genial power, although perhaps far more brilliancy of execution. I would borrow the phrase of Brutus, and say, "I do not love these less, but Dante and Petrarch more." I feel, in passing from one to the other, exactly the same difference of impression, with which I should turn to a picture of Guido, Domenichino, or any other Bolognese painter, after contemplating the pure glories of old Tuscan or German art. I know nothing more difficult to define than the quality and limits of this difference, to consider it indeed would lead into higher questions than may be agitated on this occasion. This much, however, seems certain. There is in man a natural life, and there is also a spiritual art, which holds the mirror up to nature, is then most perfect, when it gives back the image of both.

Having thus endeavored to ascertain the true character of Italian literature, I come now to consider this character in conjunction with the writings of Englishmen, confining the inquiry, as I have hitherto done, to the products of imagination, because in these alone such influences as extend beyond palpable imitation become perceptible, and because I do not find that any historical or philosophical Italians

<sup>14</sup> 1834 *et seq.* have 'of'

have materially affected, in any way, the literature of other countries

First, then, as in liege duty bound, let us look upwards to that serene region, "pure of cloud," wherein is revealed the form of Chaucer, our beautiful morning star, whose beams earliest breaking through the dense darkness of our Northern Parnassus, did so pierce and dissipate its clouds, adorning their abrupt edges with golden lining of dawn,

"That all the orient laughed at the sight"

He, indeed, delighted to attend "the nods and becks and wreathed smiles," with which the Gallic Muse invited young imaginations to follow her to those coasts of old Romance, where sometimes were seen the tourneys and courtly pomp of Arthur or Charlemagne, sometimes the mystic forms of Allegory, clothing in persuasive shape the incorporeal loveliness of Truth The *Langue d'Oil*, full of a wild freshness that proclaimed its origin in the triumphant settlement of the Northmen, abounded in rich and fanciful fables, which found a congenial response on this side<sup>15</sup> the channel The conquest of Poitou and Guienne during Chaucer's lifetime, by the warriors of Crecy and Poitiers, threw open those other stores, of which I have already spoken so largely many Provençal poets followed the Black Prince to his father's court to enjoy their royal patronage and general favor

We need only cast a hasty glance over the pages of Chaucer to perceive how readily he drank at both these sources, especially the first, which indeed ever since the Conquest had been a spring of refreshment to English minds<sup>16</sup> But we shall perceive also a vein of stronger thought and chaster expression than were common in Cisalpine countries we shall recognize the subdug, yet at the same time elevating power, which passed into his soul from their spirits, who just before the season of his greatness had "enlumined Italie of poetrie" We know that he travelled to that land

<sup>15</sup> 1834 *et seq* insert 'of after 'side'

<sup>16</sup> Mr Wordsworth, on being asked where the French poetry was to be sought for, is said to have replied, "In the old Chronicles" I believe that a more assiduous study of early French literature than is common at present would be repaid by the discovery of much poetic beauty, not merely in prosaic forms, but alluring us by varied graces of metrical arrangement I hope my readers will bear in mind that I have been speaking on this occasion of two separate Frances the one, the country of William de Loris and Froissart, justly venerated by our Chaucers, our Gowers, our Lydgates, and the other racy thinkers of Norman England, the other, a much later invention, retaining few features, except such as were negative, of the *Langue d'Oil*, the country of Bouleau and Voltaire, essentially hostile to the higher imagination, although possessed of advantages for discursive writing which I have mentioned further on [H]

"Quin et in has olim prevenit Tityrus oras"<sup>17</sup>

We have on record his admiration of "Francis Petrarke, the laureat Poete," and of that other wise poet of Florence, "hight Dantes" From Boccaccio he imitated, as masters alone imitate, that incomparable composition, *The Knight's Tale*, also the beautiful story of *Griseldis*, and probably the *Troilus and Cresseide* In the latter he has inserted a sonnet of Petrarch, but it is not so much to his direct adoptions that I refer, as to the general modulation of thought, that clear softness of his images, that energetic self-possession of his conceptions, and that melodious repose in which are held together all the emotions he delineates The distinct influence of the Italian character is more evident with respect to the father of our poetry, than afterwards with respect to Spenser and his contemporaries, precisely because it was at<sup>18</sup> the first period more pure in itself, and had admitted little of the Northern romance

The second development of<sup>19</sup> Italian poetry was, as we have seen, formed out of the old chivalrous stories, and may be considered as founded<sup>20</sup> on the Norman French, just as the first had been on the Pïovençal It came, therefore, bearing its own recommendation, to our Norman land exactly the same part of our national temper now caught with eagerness at Ariosto and Tasso, which, in less civilized times, had delighted in the *Brut d'Angleterre*, or the *Roman de la Rose* No sooner had the mighty spirit of the Protestant Reformation awakened all dormant energies and justified all lofty aspirations, than literature of all sorts, but especially poetry, began to arise in England, and one of its first results, or steps of progress, was to bring us into close communication with this second school of Transalpine poets

Ascham, in his "Scholemaster," informs us, that about this time an infinite number of Italian books were translated into English Amongst these were many novels which are well known to form the groundwork of, perhaps, the larger part of our early drama, including *Shakespeare* It should seem too, that our metrical language acquired many improvements from this study Warton assures us, that "the poets in the age of Elizabeth introduced a great variety of measures from the Italian, particularly in the lyrical pieces of that time, in their canzonets, madrigals, devises, sonnets<sup>21</sup> and epithalamiums" It is need-

<sup>17</sup> Milton *ad Mansum*, v 34, as well as Spenser, gives Chaucer the name of Tityrus [H]

<sup>18</sup> 1834 *et seq* have 'in'

<sup>19</sup> 1834 *et seq* insert 'the' after 'of'

<sup>20</sup> 1834 *et seq* have 'formed'

<sup>21</sup> This word omitted from 1834 *et seq*

less to multiply instances of so palpable a fact as is the Italian tone of sentiment in those great writers to whom we owe almost everything. What soothed the solitary hours of Surrey with a more powerful magic than Agrippa could have shewn him?<sup>22</sup> What comforted the noble Sidney when he sought refuge in flight from the dangerous kindness of his too beautiful Stella? What potent charm could lure that genius, whose ambitious grasp an Eldorado had hardly sufficed, to utter his melodious plaint over "the grave where Laura lay?" From what source of perpetual freshness did Fletcher nourish his tenderness of soul, his rich pictorial powers, his deep and varied melodies? And what shall not be said of him, whose song was moralized by "fierce wars and faithful loves," that "sage, serious Spenser" of whom Milton speaks, and whom he "dares be known to think a better teacher than Scotus or Aquinas?"

It is worthy of remark that Spenser, attached as he was to the wilder streams of the chivalrous epic, has not, like most of his time, neglected the higher mood of the early Florentines. The Hymns to Heavenly Love and Beauty, and many parts of the Fairy Queen, especially the sixth canto of the Third Book, attest how thoroughly he felt the spirit of Petrarch, whom the generality of those writers seem to have known only through the Petrarchists, so little do they comprehend what they profess to copy.

It would have been strange, however, if, in the most universal mind that ever existed, there had been no express recognition of that mode of sentiment, which had first asserted the character, and designated the direction, of modern literature. I cannot help considering the Sonnets of Shakspeare as a sort of homage to that Genius of Christian Europe, necessarily exacted, although voluntarily paid, before he was allowed to take in hand the sceptre of his endless dominion. I would observe, too, that the structure of these sonnets is perfectly Tuscan, except in the particular of the rhymes—a deviation perhaps allowable to the different form of our language, although the examples of Milton and Wordsworth have sufficiently shown that it is far from indispensable.

It is not easy to assign just limits to that glorious era, which, with rightful pride, we denominate the Elizabethan; but perhaps we may consider that strange tribe of poems inappropriately styled by Johnson

<sup>22</sup> The merciless blows levelled by editorial scepticism at the romantic story of Surrey have finished, it seems, by destroying the real Geraldine, as they began with\* dissipating her illusive semblance. See the last edition of Lord Surrey's poems, in Pickering's Aldine Poets [H]

\* 1834 *et seq* have 'by'

the Metaphysical, as a prolongation of its inferior characteristics little calculated to form a fabric of themselves, although admirably adapted for ornament and relief. In some of these, however, there is a fervor and loyalty of feeling which shew that the impression of the better Italian spirit was not effaced, although in constant danger of yielding to cumbrous subtleties of the understanding. I would in particular name Habington's *Castara*, as one of those works which make us proud of living in the same land, and inheriting the same associations, with its true-hearted and simple-minded author.

The restoration of Charles II. was the trumpet of a great woe to the poetry of England. From this time we may date the extinction of the Italian influence, as a national feeling, however it may occasionally be visible in the writings of scattered individuals.<sup>23</sup> But before the guardian angel of our land resigned for a season his flaming sword, unable to prevent the entrance of that evil snake, who ever watches round the inclosure of this island paradise, and seeks, by variation of shape, sometimes elevating a crest of treacherous lily whiteness, sometimes smoothing a polished coat of three magical hues, to introduce, as best he may, his malign presence into the abode of liberty and obedience,—before, I say, the higher literature of England became subject to Paris, its fainting energies were gathered up into one gigantic effort.

Milton, it has been well said, constitutes an era by himself: no category of a class can rightly include him. We see at once in reading him, that he lives not in a genial age, and, unlike his predecessors, in whom knowledge as well as feeling has an air of spontaneity, he seems obliged to keep his will in a state of constant undivided activity, in order to hold in subservience the reluctantly ministering spirits of the outward and inward world. But in so far as this perpetually exerted energy has chosen for itself the place whereon it will act, it certainly

<sup>23</sup> Dryden, who led up the death-dance of Parisian foppery and wickedness, could not escape from his better nature, his strong conservative remnant of good old English feeling; but I see scarce any direct influence of the Italians in his writings. Of Pope, Thomson, Young, Goldsmith, Akenside, nothing can be said. The tessellated mind of Gray is partly made up of Italian reading; but there is too little vitality in his elegant appropriations to be communicative of life to that surrounding literature, which he had sense enough in some things to despise, but not strength enough to amend. In the present century we have seen a very successful attempt to transfer the light and graceful sportiveness of the Bernese style into the weightier framework of our own language. I allude to Mr. Frere's "*Whistlecraft*," and the more celebrated productions of a late eminent genius, never perhaps so thoroughly master of himself as when indulging a vein of bitter mockery and sarcasm on subjects naturally calculated to awaken very different feelings. [H]



brings him into close sympathy with his immediate forerunners, the Elizabethans, and through them with their Tuscan masters. Well, indeed, did it befit the Christian poet, who was raised up to assert the great fundamental truth of modern civilization, that manners and letters have a law of progression, parallel, though not coincident, with the expansion of spiritual religion,—to assert this, not indeed with the universality and depth with which the same truth had been asserted by Dante, yet with some relative advantages over him, which were necessarily obtained from a Protestant and English position,—well, I say, did it befit our venerable Milton to draw weapons for his glorious war from the inexhaustible armory of the *Divina Commedia*, and acknowledge his honorable robberies in terms like these

Ut enim est apud eos ingenio quis forte floridior, aut moribus amœnis et elegantibus, linguam Etruscam in deliciis habet præcipuis, quoniam et in solidâ etiam parte eruditionis esse sibi ponendam ducit, præsertim si Græca aut Latina, vel nullo, vel modico tinctu imbiberit. Ego certe istis utrisque linguis non extremis tantummodo labris madidus, sed, si quis alius, quantum per annos licuit, poculis majoribus prolutus, possum tamen nonnunquam ad illum Dantem, et Petrarcham aliosque vestros complusculos, libenter et cupide comessatum ire nec me tam ipsæ Athenæ [Atticæ] cum illo suo pellucido Ilisso, neque illa vetus Roma suâ Tiberis ripâ retinere valuerunt, quoniam sæpe Arnum vestrum, et Fæsulanos illos colles invisere amem.<sup>24</sup>

What then shall we say of these things? The glories of the Elizabethan literature have passed away, and cannot return: we are removed from them by the whole collective space of two distinct literary manifestations. Is it certain, then, that we can do nothing but admire what they have been, and lament that they cannot be—or can it perhaps be shown, that although that Italian effluence has gone away into the past, and has been followed by others not more permanent than itself, it has yet a more immediate hold on our actual condition, than either of its successors? Let us for a moment consider these.

I would not be understood, in what I have spoken concerning the influence of France, as believing that influence productive of un-mixed evil. England, it should never be forgotten, had in the last century a great political part to perform. It was necessary perhaps that her language should receive some considerable inflexion, corresponding to the active tendency of the public mind, and expressive rather of the direct, palpable uses of life than of sentiments that overleap the present. For such a purpose the spirit of French literature, and the laws of French composition, were peculiarly fitted: nor is it a reasonable cause for regret that our language has taken into itself some of

<sup>24</sup> Epist. Benedicto Bonmatthæo Florentino, Milt. Pr. Op. p. 571, 40 [H]

that wonderful idiomatic force, that clearness and conciseness of arrangement, that correct pointing of expression towards the level of general understanding, which distinguish the French tongue above all others with which we are acquainted, and render allowable a comparison between it and the Latin, which occupied nearly the same post in the old civilization as the organ, not of genial and original thinking, but of thoughts accumulated, set in order, smoothed down, and ready for diffusion

The close, however, of the last age, and the first quarter of the present, have witnessed a powerful reaction, as well in England as on the Continent, against the exclusive dominion of prosaic, and what are termed utilitarian tendencies in literature. It will not be disputed that the form at least of this reaction comes to us from Germany. Not until the offerings of Schiller and Goethe had been accepted, did Coleridge or Wordsworth kindle their sacrificial flame on the altar of the muses. Not until a whole generation of Germans had elaborated the laws of a lofty criticism, were its principles effective on our own writers. From them we received our good, and from them our evil. They taught us that the worship of Beauty is a vocation of high and mysterious import, not to be relegated into the round of daily amusements, or confined by the superstitious canons of temporary opinion. They held up to our merited derision that meagre spirit of systematized imbecility, which would proscribe the most important portion<sup>25</sup> of our human being, as guilty of impertinent interference with evident interest. But the sagacious remark of Bishop Lowth, that "the Germans are better at pulling down than at setting up," is not merely applicable to their historical criticism. It is a good and honorable thing to throw down a form of triumphant wrong, but unless we substitute the right, it had been well, perhaps, had we never stirred. The last state is often worse than the first.

I do not hesitate to express my conviction, that the spirit of the Critical philosophy, as seen by its fruits in all the ramifications of art, literature, and morality, is as much more dangerous than the spirit of Mechanical philosophy, as it is fairer in appearance, and more capable of alliance with our natural feelings of enthusiasm and delight. Its dangerous tendency is this, that it perverts those very minds, whose office it was to resist the perverse impulses of society, and to proclaim truth under the dominion of falsehood. However precipitate may be at any time the current of public opinion, bearing along the mass of men to the grosser agitations of life, and to such schemes of belief as make these the prominent object, there will always be in reserve a

<sup>25</sup> 1834 *et seq.* have 'part'

force of antagonist opinion, strengthened by opposition, and attesting the sanctity of those higher principles, which are despised or forgotten by the majority. These men are secured by natural temperament, and peculiar circumstances, from participating in the common delusion but if some other and deeper fallacy be invented, if some more subtle beast of the field should speak to them in wicked flatteries,<sup>26</sup> if a digest of intellectual aphorisms can be substituted in their minds for a code of living truths, and the lovely semblances of beauty, truth, affection can be made first to obscure the presence, and then to conceal the loss of that religious humility, without which, as their central life, all these are but dreadful shadows, if so fatal a stratagem can be successfully practised, I see not what hope remains for a people against whom the gates of hell have so prevailed. When the light of the body is darkness, how great is that darkness!

Be this as it may, whether the Germans and their followers have or have not betrayed their trust, it seems at least that their influence is on the decline. The effects of what they have done are by no means extinct, the present generation is too much moulded by their agency to forget or escape it with ease but the original causes have ceased to work, and the master-workers are departing from the earth. I believe the revolution of 1830 has closed up the German era, just as the revolution of 1789 closed up the French era.

Looking, then, to the lurid presages of the times that are coming, believing that amidst the awful commotions of society, which few of us do not expect,—the disruption, it may be, of those common bands which hold together our social existence, necessarily followed by an occurrence on a larger scale of the same things that were witnessed in France forty years ago, the dispersion of those decencies and charities which custom produces and preserves, that mass of little motives, brought into unity and constancy of action by the mechanism of daily life, and far more efficacious in restraining civilized man from much headlong misery and crime than his pride is apt readily to acknowledge,—that, in such a desolation, nothing possibly can be found to support men but a true spiritual Christianity, I am not entirely without hope, that round such an element of vital light, constrained once more to put forth its illuminating energies for protection and deliverance to its children, may gather once again the scattered rays of human knowledge. In those obscured times, that followed the subversion of Rome, the muses clung not in vain for safety to the inviolate altars of the Catholic church.

I have endeavoured to point out some of the wonderful and beautiful

<sup>26</sup> 1834 *et seq.* have 'flattery'

consequences of this marriage of religion with literature, and I have been the more anxious to do this, as it has appeared to me by no means impossible, that the recurrence of analogous circumstances may produce, at no vast distance of time, a recurrence of similar effects. It is not wholly without the bounds of probability, that a puer spirit than the Roman Catholicism may animate hereafter a loftier form of European civilization. But should this be an idle dream (and indeed my own anticipations seldom incline to so favorable an aspect) it will not be the less useful or important, in times of unchristian ascendancy, to fix our thoughts habitually on that first development of modern literature, which shews us the direct, and, as it were, natural influence of our religion on our conditions of society, and the expression of this in our inquiring thoughts and stirring emotions.

An English mind that has drunk deep at the sources of Southern inspiration, and especially that is imbued with the spirit of the mighty Florentine, will be conscious of a perpetual freshness and quiet beauty, resting on his imagination and spreading gently over his affections, until, by the blessing of heaven, it may be absorbed without loss, in the pure inner light, of which that voice has spoken, as no other can

"Light intellectual, yet full of love,  
Love of true beauty, therefore full of joy,  
Joy, every other sweetness far above"<sup>27</sup>

[Review of an Italian Translation of Milton]

[This review of *Il Paradiso Perduto di Milton riporta in versi Italiani da Gundo Sorelli* Terza edizione Londra, 1832, is now first reprinted from *The Foreign Quarterly Review*, October, 1832, pp 508-513. It was written between August 31, when Hallam wrote John Kemble, "Sorelli I do not know, but shall be glad to see, if you will lend it me"—and September 24, when he wrote Tennyson, "I have sent a short notice of an Italian translation of Milton to the Peagreen, which if inserted you shall see, not that it is worth sight" (Both letters unpublished.) Later (probably early November) he wrote Tennyson, "In the course of next week I shall send you two compositions of my own, the one very trifling, an article of three pages only, in the *Foreign Quarterly*, " (*Memor.*, i, 89). The discussion of the characteristics of Italian and English, the estimate of H. F. Cary's Dante translations, and the remarks on translating in general will bear com-

" "Luce intellettuale, piena d'amore,  
Amor di vero ben, pien di letizia,  
Letizia, che transcende ogni dolore,  
D C *Paradiso*, c 30 [H]

parison with J G Lockhart's review of a contemporary translation of the *Inferno*, by I C Wright in the July, 1833, number of the *Quarterly* ]

We know nothing of Signor Sorelli, beyond what he has kindly communicated to the world in his preface namely, that ten years ago he left his native country in very low spirits, presaging nothing but misfortune, that when he reached Domo d'Ossola he wrote a melancholy sonnet on the occasion, that on his arrival in England he began to find it was possible to live out of Italy, and neither the climate nor the people seemed to him so very bad as he had imagined, that these ten years of exile have been employed on his part in this translation, and that all his sufferings and labours are amply repaid to him by the gracious permission he has received to dedicate his book to Queen Adelaide, "whose heart is itself a Paradise"—*not lost* He speaks of himself and his work with some complacency, but with honest feeling

*[Here follows a quotation, ending "Either the translator must elevate himself so near his author that he will be illuminated by the effulgence of his light, or he must fall to a lower depth than if he had never attempted to rise"]*

With deference to the judgment of Signor Sorelli, we consider the opinion expressed in this last sentence rather rhetorical than just, and we certainly think his own interest should induce him to agree with us We have perused his translation with pleasure, and we doubt not it will be considered a valuable addition to Italian literature The version is generally exact, as to sense, and in many parts is executed with great spirit But while we approve it as supplying a deficiency, and as likely to convey to those ignorant of our language a correct notion of the general plan of our great poem, and of the lofty sentiments contained in it, we cannot rank Signor Sorelli with the fortunate few who constitute his first class of translators

The spirit of Milton has certainly not descended upon him He shows less sense than we could desire of that mighty, individualizing, concentrating power, which controls the lavish riches of Milton's imagination, like an oriental despot, disposing with unresisted will his oriental treasures The whole of *Paradise Lost* is one continued tension of imaginative strength, never relaxed for a moment, active on all sides, but with a single activity, and subduing irresistibly all that lies in the direction of its force It stands before us like a perfect statue, in which the rich finish of the separate parts heightens rather than impairs the predominant expression of individual character Or, we might perhaps more aptly compare it to the effusions of Milton's favourite art, to the glorious streams of music that gushed from

the soul of Haydn or Mozart, vital throughout as with the ubiquitous expansion of one plastic mood, which, full and perfect in every part of the linked harmony, yet never loses its appearance of singleness and indivisible power

In a poem of this kind, every word occupies an important place, or, if this should seem too bold an assertion, we may at least safely pronounce that, before we dared alter the position of a single word, many more elements must be taken into account than the mere thoughts contained in the passage, which constitute, indeed, its general sense for the understanding, but by no means produce all its poetic effect on the feeling. If this be true, must not translation, strictly speaking, be an impossibility? How poor and meagre a part of any master-work can be transplanted into a foreign mould? It is so, and we should be unjust to Signor Sorelli if we visited on his head a fault inherent in the nature of the labour he has attempted

As Englishmen, we cannot but feel that any transposition of Milton, however excellent, would seem to us like a discord in some favourite tune. But as critics, we have only a right to require that this unavoidable mischief may be of the least possible amount. Tried even by this criterion, Sorelli appears frequently negligent. Sometimes the effect of a whole passage, well translated in other respects, is damaged by the substitution of a flaccid paraphrase for an energetic expression, or the insertion of a parenthesis that weakens instead of explaining.

In other places, we have been agreeably surprised by a felicitous selection of words, conveying as nearly as possible the substance, where the form was incapable of transfer. Signor Sorelli has a good ear for versification, but he has not always resisted with sufficient watchfulness the dangerous facility of his metre.

It is above all in this point that we feel the utter hopelessness of seeing a real translation of Milton. Much has been said on the subject of his verse, much more, many volumes, indeed, might be written, before it would be exhausted. The deep harmonies of the *Paradise Lost* are beyond admiration as beyond measurement. We feel, in hearing them, the presence of an oracular inspiration, they are not the poet's own, but

“Her’s that brought them mightily to his ear”

Not the metre merely, nor the pauses, nor the balanced numbers, but every word, every syllable, every combination of vowels and consonants, appears the offspring of consummate art. A chain of harmonizing impressions unites the lowest articulate sound with the sublimest conceptions and farthest insights. The Northern languages are perhaps particularly adapted for the expression of Thought blended

with Feeling, through all the various shades of intermixture, which such a combination may assume But those of the South, however uniformly pleasing in the language of common life, and however exquisitely beautiful their mellifluous expression of simple feeling, have not that range of power, that variety of resources, that flexure, and, as it were, muscularity of sound, which seem to belong exclusively to dialects more rich in consonants

At all events, a strong thoughted genius, who would communicate his thoughts in such a language as the Italian, must of necessity impose voluntary fetters on himself He must supply by restraint of metre, the absence of those checks and boundaries which nature has fixed in the Teutonic languages, and which, resisting and overcoming the spirit of Teutonic poetry, has produced far more subtle combinations of harmonious sound than could have been attained without those apparent impediments

Dante could never have written in *versi sciolti* It is not without judgment, therefore, that Mr Cary considered the Miltonic blank verse as offering, on the whole, the best correspondence to the *terza rima* Yet, so important an integral part of every great poem is its musical structure, that an admirer of Dante, however much he is compelled to admire Mr Cary's excellent work, must feel the infinite difference produced by that single alteration The change of Miltonic blank verse into *versi sciolti* is hardly less considerable, although less apparent the character of the former is strength, of the latter, weakness Even in dramatic poetry these are feeble, monotonous, and indocile in the higher epic they are nearly intolerable Signor Sorelli has, however, done his best, and often succeeded in imparting more vigour than we could have anticipated <sup>1</sup>

### [On Gabriele Rossetti's Dante Theories]

[The acrimonious controversy which raged over Europe for more than ten years following publication in 1826 of Gabriele Rossetti's *Analytical Commentary* on the *Divine Comedy*, drew from Arthur Hallam not only his own most ambitious and successful critical performance, but, in the words of a historian of the controversy, "the only [critical reply to Rossetti] of which Rossetti speaks with any respect, and, indeed, one of the best" of all the criticisms, "altogether admirable in candor, fairness and relevance" (Cf R D Waller, *The Rossetti Family*, Manchester, 1932, pp 97-98, and Chapter v, *passim*)

<sup>1</sup> Here follow something over two pages of quotation, three passages the "Hail, holy light," from Book III, the passage beginning, "So spake the seraph Abdiel" from the close of Book V, and the description of Eve's creation beginning, "The rib he formed and fashioned with his hands," from Book VIII

Published by Edward Moxon as an anonymous pamphlet in November, 1832, in reply to Rossetti's second work, which had appeared the previous spring, Hallam's essay was called, *Remarks on Professor Rossetti's "Disquisizioni Sullo Spirito Antipapale"*. It had certainly not previously appeared in *The Athenaeum*, as Waller mistakenly states. A review of the *Sullo Spirito Antipapale* in that journal for May 19, 1832 (pp 318-319), cannot be Hallam's, for in an unpublished letter to John Kemble, owned by the present editor, dated August 31, Hallam acknowledges Kemble's efforts to interest the editor of the *Foreign Quarterly* in a reply to Rossetti which Hallam was then writing. No interest having been aroused, Hallam nevertheless finished his article and offered it in vain to several famous periodicals (according to an unpublished letter to Tennyson dated September 24) before securing its publication by Moxon.

After publication, Leigh Hunt's approbation, expressed to Moxon, drew appreciative words from Hallam to Hunt in a letter of November 13 (Cf Luther A. Brewer, *My Leigh Hunt Library*, Iowa City, Iowa [1938], pp 193-195, also W. R. Nicoll and T. J. Wise, *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, London, 1895, pp 21-27). And an interesting letter survives written by Hunt to William Tait urging him to review Hallam's pamphlet in his *Edinburgh Magazine* (Cf Brewer, *loc cit*). The only notice the pamphlet seems to have elicited, however, came in a letter to *The Athenaeum* signed C. Redding in the issue of December 22, 1832 (pp 825-827). This was Cyrus Redding, then editor of *The Metropolitan*.

Rossetti's fantastic theory (in the *Sullo Spirito*) that the *Vita Nuova* was a late work designed to serve as a key to the *Divine Comedy*, and that Dante was an imperialist, and free-mason opposed to Rome's temporal power and spiritual pretensions, a reformer and heretic who advanced his views in the *Divine Comedy* through elaborate allegories, enabled Hallam to go beyond refutation and to say some permanent things about poetry, love and allegory. The *Remarks* brings us close to that edition of the *Vita Nuova* with full translation, notes and commentary, upon which Hallam was working in 1832, and which his death left unfinished.

(For further light upon Rossetti see E. R. Vincent, *Gabriele Rossetti in England*, Oxford, 1936, and Paget Toynbee, *Dante in English Literature*, 2 vols., London [1909]. The latter implies that Hallam's was the only review of the *Sullo Spirito*, having overlooked notices in *The Athenaeum* (above cited) and in the May *Metropolitan Magazine* and the June *Tait's*, as well as the fact that the article in the July *Edinburgh* treats not only the *Comento*, as Toynbee states, but also the *Sullo Spirito*. The latter was published in London in a translation by Miss C. Ward, 2 vols., London, 1834, entitled *Disquisitions on the Antipapal Spirit which produced the Reformation*. In 1832 was published at Florence *Osservazioni sul Comento Analitico della Divina Commedia pubblicato dal Sig. G. Rossetti tradotte dall'Inglese* [of Sir Antonio Panizzi, personal and professional rival of Rossetti and friend of the Hallams] *con la risposta del Sig. Rossetti corredata di note in replica*.)



The text as here given is that of the pamphlet of 1832, save that there (as in the *Remains* of 1834) the notes were gathered at the end instead of distributed as footnotes. The essay has appeared in all editions of the *Remains*. Long extracts from Rossetti's text are here omitted.]

## PREFACE

*These remarks were originally intended to appear in one of the periodical publications. Accidental circumstances having prevented their appearance, in the form at least and at the time desired by the author, he has been induced to publish them in a separate shape, partly by the wish he feels to contribute his mite towards bringing into notice a work which, if it had been written in English, would have made, probably, a great sensation, partly because he is desirous of entering his protest against those novel opinions of Professor Rossetti, which he believes to be alike contrary to sound philosophy and to the records of history. With regard to any sentiments of his own, contained in the following pages, which may be thought liable to a similar charge of paradox, he will be content to shelter himself under the language of Burke, confessing that they are not calculated "to abide the test of a captious controversy but of a sober and even forgoing examination, that they are not armed at all points for battle, but dressed to visit those who are willing to give a peaceful entrance to truth"—THE A<sup>1</sup>*

## REMARKS ON PROFESSOR ROSSETTI'S

## "DISQUISIZIONI SULLO SPIRITO ANTIPAPALE"

*"Maximum et velut radicale discrimen est ingeniorum, quod alia ingenia sint fortiora ad notandas rerum differentias, alia ad notandas rerum similitudines. Ingenia enim constantia et acuta figere contemplationes et morari et hærere in omni subtilitate differentiarum possunt. Ingenia autem sublimia et discursiva etiam tenuissimas et catholicas rerum similitudines et cognoscunt et componunt. Utrumque autem ingenium facile labitur in excessum, prensando aut gradus rerum aut umbras"—BACON DE AUGM. SCI*

In these words, not unworthy the calm wisdom of Bacon, we have the large map of human understanding unrolled before us, divided into two hemispheres, of which it would be difficult to name the most

<sup>1</sup> Rossetti wrote his friend Charles Lyell on December 4, 1832, that these initials probably referred to a certain Adams, egged on by Panizzi, Rossetti's enemy, but that the style was good (See Waller, *op. cit.*) For Rossetti's later comment on Hallam's essay, see the conclusion of his *Il Mistero dell' Amor Platonico del Medo Evo*, 5 vols., London, 1840. Though A. W. Schlegel had joined the attack in the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for August, 1836, Rossetti was still, in 1842, industriously gathering data and enthusiastically sending them in letters to the ever patient Charles Lyell (Cf. W. M. Rossetti, *Gabriele Rossetti. A Verified Autobiography*, London, 1901, Appendix.)

extensive, or the most important to general happiness. We could as ill spare the mighty poets, artists, and religious philosophers of the second division, as the patient thinkers, the accomplished dialecticians, and the great body of practical men, who must be classed under the former. If, on the one hand, we are by nature *μεροπες άνθρωποι*, dividers of words, and the thoughts that give rise to words, we are no less creatures dependent on the imagination, with all its wonderful powers of associating, blending, and regenerating, for the conduct of our daily life, and the maintenance of our most indispensable feelings.

Between the two classes of individual character, distinguished by their larger respective shares of these opposite faculties, there must always be more or less of contest and misunderstanding, which, however, only serves, by sharpening the activity of both parties, to produce an ultimate equilibrium, and trimming, so to speak, the vessel of human intellect, promotes the great cause of social progression. Few persons, perhaps, are indisposed to make this allowance, so far as regards the broader distinctions, such, for instance, as divide a Newton from a Shakspeare. The two peaks of Parnassus are so clearly separate, that we run little danger of confounding them. But there is a doubtful piece of ground where the cleft begins, a region of intellectual exertion in which the two opposite qualities are both called into play, and where there is consequently the greatest risk of their being confused. Unfortunately, too, this debatable land is of the most direct importance to our welfare, for within it are comprised those inquiries which regard our moral and intellectual frame, and which aspire to arrange the chaos of motives and actions in some intelligible order of cause and effect.

The history of philosophical criticism, both as applied to the annals of events, and as busied in abstract speculations, is for the most part a record of noble errors, arising from the abuse of that principle which leads us to combine things by resemblances. Yet it may be doubted, whether these errors have not done as much for the discovery of truth, as the more accurate inquiries of the philosophers who detected them. Enthusiastic feeling is the great spring of intellectual activity, but none are animated by this enthusiasm without some apparent light to their thoughts, some idea that possesses them, some theory, in short, or hypothesis, which interests their hopes, and stimulates their researches by a stronger allurements than the unaided loveliness of truth. These leading ideas are rarely accordant with reality, but in the pursuit of them lights are struck out, which fall happily on the minds of other men, and may ultimately prove of great service to the world. Even when, as in some fortunate examples, the idea, which is fearlessly

followed through labor and trial, is found to correspond with the actual relations of nature, we know now how much is owing to what may be termed a *contagion* of genius from other minds, less favored in attainment, but not less ardent in pursuit <sup>2</sup>

Genius, indeed, is the child of Heaven, but a human child, and innumerable circumstantial causes are operative on its nature and development. It is the consciousness of intellectual power, not the possession of right opinions, which agitates beneficially the spirit of a nation, and prepares it for intellectual discovery. Feeling is the prime agent in this, as in other human operations, and feeling is more susceptible of being moulded by error than by truth, because the false appearances of things are numberless, while of the true we know little even at present, and that little continually diminishes as we go backward through the field of history.

We would not be understood as encouraging a careless sentiment respecting truth, or as dissuading inquirers<sup>3</sup> from the only sound method of philosophizing, which implies a constant distrust of hypothesis, and an incessant appeal to the records of experience. Hypothesis, we agree with a late eminent writer, should be employed only as a reason for trying one experiment sooner than another. But although it would be worse than folly to recommend darkness in preference to light, it is not foolish to remind men that Nature may have made this darkness subservient to the better distribution of light itself.

<sup>2</sup> This is less true, or at least less obvious in science, where more depends on pure intellect. When we consider Newton misunderstood and misrepresented by Hooke and Huyghens, who set their own unproved hypotheses, concerning the nature of light, on a level with his sublime observations of actual properties, we are disposed to think of his genius as moving in a different plane, and meeting theirs only where it intersects. Yet how various must have been the multiplicity of impressions, which made Newton a mathematician, a patient thinker, a discoverer! How many of these may have been owing to Hooke and Huyghens themselves! Had they, had Kepler, and Descartes, never worshipped idols with glorious devotion, the authors of the *Principia* and the *Mécanique Céleste* might never have led the way to the altars of true Science. The work of intellect is posterior to the work of feeling. The latter lies at the foundation of the Man, it is his proper self, the peculiar thing that characterizes him as an individual. No two men are alike in feeling, but conceptions of the understanding, when distinct, are precisely similar in all. The ascertained relations of truths are the common property of the race. This fact it is, which gave rise to those systems of semi-platonic philosophy which represented Reason as impersonal, and existing only as a divine universal medium in and around our individual minds. Such was the doctrine of many of the Old Fathers, in particular of Justin Martyr, and Augustin, it was revived with considerable extensions by Malebranche, by his English disciple, Norris, and recently, in its original shape, by Mr Coleridge [H.]

<sup>3</sup> So 1832, 1834, 1869, 1862 and 1863 Boston have 'inquiries'

Man, indeed, must sternly turn from seductive fancies, when he seeks sincerely for truths His sublime course is straightforward forever But Nature cooperates with him in secret, and by a magical alchemy, which it is ours to reverence, not to imitate, can transform those very errors, against the intention of their unconscious victims, into new disclosures and enlargements of knowledge

The author of the very ingenious and interesting work before us, stands in need of all the indulgence, as he deserves all the censure, which we have just expressed towards the tribe of pertinacious theorists He is one of the boldest and one of the cleverest among them His style is lively, and often rises to eloquence, while the nature of his hypothesis lends to historical details all the wildness and novelty of romance He has amassed considerable information on the limited range of subjects which regard his immediate pursuit, but he appears to want extensive reading,<sup>4</sup> and that philosophical discrimination which

<sup>4</sup> We would recommend him to beware how he meddles with ancient history Speaking of the philosophical doctrines of Pythagoras, he calls them "dottrina, onde nacque l'assurdo Panteismo" Whatever may be the absurdities of Pantheism, they can hardly exceed those contained in these few words Pythagoras was not inclined to the Pantheistic system, but that system is as old as the world It was articulated among the first stammering accents of Philosophy in the oriental birthplace of our race When the Persians, somewhat later, began to indulge in high speculations, they invented a different scheme, that of emanation, to which the tenets of Pythagoras probably bore a close affinity From him it may have passed into the hands of Plato The Stoics adopted similar views The later Platonists pursued the system of emanation into many fanciful, but coherent ramifications The Eleatic school, contemporary with Pythagoras, but unconnected with him, seems to have been the first Pantheists of the west This is disputed by some modern critics, but the arguments of Xenophanes concerning the homogeneity of the substances appear as strictly Pantheistic as any proposition in the Ethics of Spinoza All is necessarily one, he says, for the Infinite can produce nothing homogeneous, since two infinities are an absurdity nor yet any thing heterogeneous, because an effect can contain nothing which is not involved in its cause, therefore, whatever in the new substance differed from the old, could not be produced by it, but must come of nothing, which is impossible Afterwards, by a more compressed argument, he contends that it is impossible, *vi termini*, for Infinity to set anything beyond itself It is curious that the acute deductions of Xenophanes from a theory of Causation, generally received until the time of Hume, should never have suggested themselves to those subtle thinkers, among the Schoolmen and their successors, who strove to erect a demonstration of Theism on the idea of Cause They could hardly, one would imagine, avoid perceiving the fragility of their distinction between a thing contained formally, and one contained eminently Yet upon the presumed force of that distinction rest not only the Cartesian arguments, but the celebrated chapter of Locke, "on our demonstrative knowledge of the existence of God" The school of Pythagoras, if we may trust Mr Coleridge's account, ("Aids to Reflection," p 170 *in not*) wished to guard against the errors of Pantheism by a strange application of mathematical phraseology, representing the Universe as a geometric

might be expected to arise from it. Never was a more characteristic specimen of the second class of thinkers, designated above in the words of Bacon. He cares for nothing but resemblances, finds them in every hole and corner,<sup>5</sup> and takes them on trust when he cannot find them. The most heterogeneous elements are pressed into the service of his hypothesis with almost tyrannical eagerness. He has one way, and one alone, of accounting for everything strange or unintelligible, or doubtful, in the whole extent of history, nay, for many things hitherto thought clear enough, but not agreeing with his fancy.

A man must be careful indeed, in whose words or actions Signor Rossetti would not discover something to help out his argument. If two persons at opposite ends of the world do but chance to light on the same mode of expression, our learned professor calls out, like honest Verges, "'Fore God, they are both of a tale!"<sup>a</sup> For him there

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line, not produced from a point contained in it, but generated by a *Punctum invisibile et presuppositum*, entirely independent of its product. It must be owned, however, in the words of M. de Gerando, (*Biog. Univ. art. Pythagore*), "Il n'est pas dans l'histoire entière de la Philosophie un problème plus curieux, plus important, et en même temps plus difficile, que celui qui a pour objet de déterminer la véritable doctrine de Pythagore." [H.]

<sup>a</sup> He cannot even resist their charms, when they are of no possible service to his hypothesis, and indeed militate directly against it, by showing how little trust we should place in such sports of nature. The following is an amusing specimen. "It was not observed without wonder, that Landino, who was learned in astrology, wrote these words on the subject of the *Veltro*, (in the first Canto of the *Inferno*) 'It is certain, that in the year 1484, on the 15th day of November, at 13 hours and 41 minutes, will be the conjunction of Saturn with Jupiter in the Scorpion. This indicates a *change of religion*, and since Jove predominates, it will be a *favorable change*. I have, therefore, a firm confidence that the Christian Commonwealth will then be brought into an excellent condition of discipline and government.'" The first edition of Landino's *Commentary* has for its date, Florence, 1481, that is three years previous to the event prognosticated, or, as he says, calculated by him. Well, in the very year and month marked out, *Luther was born!* not, indeed, on the 25th, but on the 22d of November. The hours and minutes were not recollected by his mother (See Bayle, *art. Luther*). It is well known that Luther called himself the scourge of Babylon, sent to extirpate it from the world, which exactly corresponds with the character given by Dante to the *Veltro*, who is to prosecute the she-wolf. The passage, in old editions, is written thus: *Il Ueltro verrà*, &c. How would the astonishment of those who perceived this prophecy have been increased, had they also observed that *Ueltro* is the exact anagram of *Lutero*? [H.]

This note in 1832 misprinted 1411 for the date of Landino's *Commentary*, corrected in 1834 to 1481, but that edition continued the misprint, farther down, of 'Boyle,' instead of 'Bayle,' author of the *Dictionnaire Historique et Critique*. The incorrect date for Luther's birth (which was 1483) is Hallam's own slip.

<sup>a</sup> It was Dogberry who said, "'Fore God they are both in a tale." In an amateur production of *Much Ado* at Cambridge on March 19, 1830, Hallam played Verges to John Kemble's Dogberry. The Epilogue, a pamphlet of eight pages, is preserved

is mystery in the most trivial incident. He would think, with Sir Thomas Browne, "it was not for nothing David picked up *five* stones in the brook." It seems to us that Signor Rossetti would not be the worse for a few wholesome reflections, which seem never to have presented themselves to his mind, but which might be gained perhaps from a few months' study of that most unprofitable kind of production, the commentaries on the Apocalypse, or the divinity of the Cocceian school. He might learn among the embarrassing riches of interpretations, equally good in appearance, and equally erroneous in fact, that as all is not gold that glitters, so all is not art that seems so. The world is full of coincidences that mean nothing. To find design in everything, is as great madness as to find it not at all. There is a laughing spirit in Nature which seeks perpetual amusement in parodying her more serious works, and in throwing before such observers as Signor Rossetti forms of apparent regularity, but unsubstantial as momentary shapes of uncertain moonlight. Indeed the imitations of life, which in the material world often illude our senses, may be considered analogous to these chance-creations in the moral universe, which spring up on every side for those who care to examine them.

It must be acknowledged, however, the theory we are about to consider has its brilliant side. A secret society, we are told, whose original is lost in the mysterious twilight of Oriental religions, has continued, from the earliest historical point at which its workings can be traced, to exercise an almost universal influence on the condition of the civilized world. These *μυστήρια*, and esoteric doctrines, which in Egypt, in Persia, and even in Greece and Italy, preserved the speculations of the wise from the ears and tongues of an illiterate multitude, passed, with slight but necessary modifications, into the possession of the early Christian heretics. The Gnostic schools of Syria and Egypt transmitted to their successors, the Manicheans, a scheme of discipline, which became more and more necessary, from the increased centralization of power in the orthodox prelates of Rome.

As the usurpations of Popes and Councils over the free consciences of men became more glaring and intolerable, the spirit of resistance, which dared not show itself in open rebellion, sought and cherished a refuge, where hatred of the oppressors might be indulged without danger, and a pure doctrine might be orally and symbolically preserved, until happier times should return. The Paulicians, whose opinions were for the most part Manichean, preceded the more illus-

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in R. M. Milnes's scrapbook, *Memorials of Cambridge*, owned by the Marquess of Crewe (Cf. Tennyson *Memoir*, 1, 48)

trious and more unfortunate Albigenses, in this mode of warfare against spiritual as well as temporal tyranny The celebrated order of Templars, so widely diffused throughout Europe, so considerable by the rank and influence of its members, did not differ from the Albigenses in the secret object of their endeavours, or the more important part of their mysterious rites From the time of Frederick II, the Italian party of Ghibellines began to assume an equal rank among these secret opponents of Roman supremacy

Whatever might be the distinctive characters of these three denominations, their symbolical language was sufficiently in common to allow of uninterrupted intercourse and combination The rise of a new literature in the eleventh and twelfth centuries afforded them a new weapon, far more terrible than any they had hitherto employed, and capable of being directed to a thousand purposes of attack and defence Since that fortunate event, we are gravely assured, the destinies of Europe have been in their hands, and the great revolutions which have agitated us are almost entirely due to their indefatigable operation

No track of literature has been untrodden by these masked assailants In poetry, in romance, in history, in science, everywhere<sup>7</sup> we find traces of their presence Their influence in some shape or another, has been exerted on all nations, and, it might almost be said, on every individual mind The genius of Luther was no more than a puppet, infallibly directed by their invisible agency In the Protestant reformation they attained one object only of their unwearied pursuit, the overthrow of ecclesiastical domination They relaxed not therefore in the prosecution of their ulterior aim, and in the revolution of 1789 came the thrilling announcement of a second, a more decisive victory Still the earth is not entirely free priests and despots still remain to enervate and to destroy their labors, therefore, are not complete, and the Freemasons of this day, legitimate inheritors of the persecuted Templars, are still pressing forward<sup>8</sup> to the grand work of final regeneration

<sup>7</sup> The Alchemists are claimed by our author The philosopher's stone was not meant to be a stone, and if any were fools enough to seek it, they were but dupes of those, whom they thought their masters Metaphysicians do not fare much better The celebrated Raymond Lull wrote all his works in gergo The philosopher of Nola, Giordano Bruno, is ranked with Lull, on whose logic he commented We must crave leave to doubt whether any secrets exist in the writings of poor Bruno, except such as are made so by the obscurity of his metaphysical doctrines Nor does his fate seem to require Rossetti's *Deus in machina*, the secret society The author of "Spaccio della Bestia Trionfante" naturally perished at the stake [H]

<sup>8</sup> It is remarkable how intrepidly the Professor passes over disputed points To

But, averting for a time our eyes from these splendid consummations, let us examine in detail the several methods of assault by which a few daring politicians got possession of all avenues to the Western Parnassus. Here it is necessary to acquaint the inexperienced reader, who dreams of nothing less, that, about the commencement of the fourteenth century, occurred a great change in the constitution of these societies. Up to that period the symbolical language had been entirely of an amatory character. The love poems<sup>9</sup> and love courts of Provence

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read him, one would imagine the connexion of modern Freemasonry with the ancient societies was a fact universally admitted. Yet many learned persons have been of opinion that, in its present form, or any nearly resembling it, the Masonic institution can be traced no higher than the times of the Protectorate. The Templars, with their mysterious Baphomet, are covered with still greater obscurity. We know no historical grounds for considering the Albigenses as an organized society. Some Shibboleths they probably had, for the persecuted always stand in need of such protection, but the complicated proceedings and extensive correspondences, ascribed to them by Rossetti, appear to exist only in his lively imagination. His assertions respecting the Ghibellines are even less supported by historical authorities. [H]

<sup>9</sup> Our author is perhaps not acquainted with the Provençal language, or he would hardly have failed to bring illustrations of his theory from that quarter. Indeed it seems so indispensable for one who seeks to explain the peculiar characteristics of Italian poetry, to examine diligently the early compositions from which those characteristics were unquestionably derived, that we cannot help feeling some surprise at the neglect of them by Signor Rossetti. He tells us, it is true, that the "Lives of the Trovatori" by Nostradamus are written in gergo, and cites, by way of example, the story of Pier Vidal, who was hunted by the wolves (i.e. according to the new lights, by the Romish party) but the poems themselves, although the originals of all the subsequent love poetry, and in particular of many things strange, and some admirable, in Dante and Petrarch, are never quoted. Yet in these he would have found at least as many phrases and idioms, which, by skilful adaptation, might have startled the reader into a momentary belief in his hypothesis. The Albate, a class of poems, in which the word "alba" recurs at the close of every stanza, would doubtless have suggested to him the name and fortunes of the Albigenses. We recommend to his notice the Albata of Guillaume d'Altopol, addressed to the Virgin, "Esperansa de totz fermes esperans," &c, and that very beautiful one of Giraud de Bornel, in which the burden runs, "E ades sera l'Alba." He may make a good speculation also in a singular kind of composition (said to have been invented by Rambaud d'Orange, who is mentioned by Petrarch in the Fourth Capitolo of the Trionfo d'Amore), which consists in verses overlaid with a running commentary in prose or verse, professing to explain, but often obscuring their text. It is probable that the Reggimenti delle Donne of Barberini, and the Tesoretto of Latini, are composed in imitation of these. The following specimen, in which the line is by one poet, and the paraphrase or interpretation by another, will please Signor Rossetti and it must be owned they are obscure enough to be of service to his theory. "E poia i hom per catre gras mont les." In plain English, "And man ascends by four very slow steps." The comment, which is by Graud Riquier, who lived towards the end of the thirteenth century, runs thus



and Toulouse, were vehicles of political discussion, of active conspiracy, of heretical opinion. An ingenious chain of antitheses, so contrived as to suggest, in expressions apparently the most unmeaning, secrets of profound signification, or denunciations of bitter animosity, served to unite men of genius, however remote from each other, in the great cause of a veiled, but terrible, Liberty. When poetry,

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“Ver dis segon que’m pes,  
 E que truep cossiran,  
 Li gra son benestan  
 Lo premier es ONRARS,  
 E’l segons es SELARS,  
 E’l ters es GEN SERVIRS,  
 E’l quartz es BON SUFRIRS  
 E cascus es mot lens,  
 Tal qu’el pueya greumens  
 Hon ses elenegar”

“He says truth, as I think, || and find, considering, || the steps are well suited || The first is, To honor, || and the second, To conceal, || and the third, To do gentle service, || and the fourth, To suffer well || And each is very slow, || so that scarcely mounts it || a man without panting”

The quaint style in which the Trovatori generally designate their mistresses, sometimes employing abstract terms instead of names, as *Lov Bel Deport*, *Mon Plus Leial*, *Mon Cortes*, sometimes professing to name them only by description, will appear to the Professor a strong argument for the unreality of those ladies. Take, for example, the poem of Arnaud de Marveil, of which the following is an inadequate imitation

[See the last poem in the Appendix A, p 313]

We are, however, decidedly of opinion, that, although the antitheses and studied obscurities, which supply to Rossetti's theory its only colour of plausibility, are more abundant in these poems than in the more chaste and classical school which succeeded them, he would find even greater difficulty to establish his hypothesis upon them with any tolerable security. The facts with which he would have to deal are too stubborn, too historical. The *Cours d'Amour* were no secret meetings, but assemblies “frequent and full,” at which princely ladies presided, deliberated, and resolved. What secret treason was intended by the Countess de Champagne, daughter of Louis le Jeune, when she made her memorable decision, “*En amour tout est grace, en mariage tout est necessite par conséquent l'Amour ne peut exister entre gens mariés!*” Here we have *infidelity* preached to be sure, but in rather a different sense from that which the Professor is hunting for, and one less likely to be offensive to the gay rulers of that time. At least we may judge so from the answer of the Queen, when the above decision was appealed against—“*A Dieu ne plaise, que nous soyons assez osees pour contredire les arrêts de la Contesse de Champagne?*” History assures us, that the loves of the Troubadours were real and natural. They largely cultivated the practice as well as the theory of gallantry. We should like to have heard their hearty laughter at an erudite professor, who should have attempted, in their presence, to argue away the fair forms, which they wooed and often won, into shadows and types, and mere subjects of intellectual enjoyment [H]

after its decline in Southern France, began to revive under brighter auspices in Italy, the same system was for some time continued Cino da Pistoia, Cecco Ascolan, both the Guidos, and other foster-fathers of the new language,<sup>10</sup> rhymed after the fashion of their Provençal predecessors, and expounded their political theories in the deceitful form of sonnets and canzones

It seems, however, that old Death, as they piously denominated the Holy See, got notice of these amorous pasquinades, and would have speedily succeeded in exterminating the obnoxious lovers, had it not been for a master-stroke of policy on their part What does the reader imagine? They threw away their love-tales, and took up missals, went duly to matins, instead of "brushing their hats o' mornings," in short, exchanged the symbols hitherto in use for others of a similar anti-theological character, but grounded on the venerable mysteries of Catholic religion

This change was effected by Dante We have the announcement of it in the "Vita Nuova," the result in the "Divina Commedia," the commentary, for those who have ears to hear, in the "Convito," the "De Vulgari Eloquentiâ," and others of his minor works On this account, and not for a more obvious reason, he is styled "creator linguæ" by such of his admirers as were also of the sect On this account he is represented under the designation of Adam,<sup>11</sup> both by

<sup>10</sup> It is among these writers that the new theory finds its best portion of materials Their infinite obscurity, perhaps in some measure owing to a corrupt text, gives ample scope for arbitrary constructions The lover of poetry will not here lose by adopting Signor Rossetti's interpretations, as he does in the case of better writers Some meaning is preferable to none It is curious that Ginguene has said, as if by anticipation of Rossetti, "l'on pourrait en quelque sorte les croire tous amoureux du même objet, puisqu' aucun d'eux ne dit le nom de sa maîtresse, aucun ne la peint sous des traits sensibles" That critic abandons in despair some passages of Cecco and Cino, which brighten up under the new lights sufficiently well See the sonnets "Muoviti, Pietate, e va incarnata," &c "Deh, com sarebbe dolce compagnia," &c, and some others in the collection of Poeti Antichi, published by Allacci [H]

<sup>11</sup> The chapter, "Dante figurato in Adamo," is one of the most singular in this singular book In the "De Vulgari Eloquentiâ," Dante inquires what the first word was that Adam spoke, and supposes it to have been EL, the name of God 'Absurdum, atque rationi videtur horrificum, ante Deum ab homine quicquam nominatum fuisse, cum ab ipso et per ipsum factus fuisset homo' In the "Paradiso" occurs a parallel passage Dante, in the 26th canto, represents himself as questioning Adam on the same subject, who answers, "Pria ch'io scendessi all' infernale ambascia, I sì chiamava in terra il Sommo Bene EL sì chiamò di poi" Instead of leaving this among the many instances of recondite subtlety to be met with in times of darkness, Rossetti ingeniously brings in illustration of it, an enigmatical epigram, usually ascribed to Dante, though perhaps on no very good authority

himself in various parts of his works, and by contemporary<sup>12</sup> (initiated) writers. On this account, too, his adventures form the subject of many artfully constructed romances, in which his name, and allusions to his poem, may be traced by many subtle indications.

After his death, however, the old disguise of love poetry, never entirely abandoned by himself, appears to have been resumed by his successors, nor when from the pen of Petrarch this derived still more extensive celebrity and security, do we find that the other veil, that of Catholicism, was resorted to by any writers of eminence. In other countries, nevertheless, and later times, religion was found again convenient for the concealment of irreligious politics. Many modern societies, the first grades of which bear a Christian character, lead up their neophytes by degrees to a very different termination. Nor is the practice unknown to recent literature. The writings of Swedenborg, according to Rossetti, afford an admirable illustration of Dante, and far from being worthy of rejection as the contemptible ravings of a fanatic, are in reality an interesting exposition of masonic ceremonies.<sup>13</sup>

‘O tu che sprezzì la nona figura,  
E sci di men che la sua antecedente,  
Va e raddoppia la sua susseguente,  
Per altro non t’ha fatto la Natura.”

The “nona figura” is I, the ninth in the alphabet. “Not worth an H,” is a common proverbial expression in Italy. The “double subsequent” makes the Greek word *Κατα*. Now the common tradition has been, that some one of the Neri faction derided Dante for his smallness of stature, calling him an I, and that in revenge this epigram was written. This, however, is far too commonplace a solution for our Hierophant. The I, according to him, denotes Imperatore, and he supposes it to have been for some time the secret symbol used by the sect, until for some reason or other it was changed to E L, Enrico Lucemburghese, about the time that Dante commenced his poem “*Pria ch’io scendessi all’ infernale ambascia*.” The strange notice of Beatrice’s character in the “*Vita Nuova*,” where she is declared to be the Number Nine, “because she was perfect, and because the Holy Trinity was the root of her being,” seems to the Professor a corroboration of his view of the “nona figura.” The same number, too, recurs frequently in masonic language [H].

<sup>12</sup> 1832, 1834 have ‘contemporary’

<sup>13</sup> We are inclined to put some faith in Signor Rossetti’s account of Swedenborg. It has always struck us, whenever we have dipped into his writings, that they are intended rather as parables and satires, than anything more serious. They are quite unlike the heated conceptions of an enthusiast. Swedenborg is methodical and heavy, equally destitute of imagination and of wit, but sometimes making clumsy attempts at the latter. We think it not improbable, that his angels and spiritual worlds among men may refer, as Rossetti supposes, to some society of which he was a member. Perhaps, however, the account the Seer has left us of his first vision may be thought to furnish so simple an explanation of his subsequent reveries, that nothing further can be required. “I had eaten a hearty supper,”

But upon what foundation, the astonished reader will inquire, on what foundation does this strange fancy-castle repose? Where are the authentic documents which are to reverse the decisions of history? Where the credible witnesses, whom we must believe henceforward in contradiction to all our usual media of information? It is incumbent certainly on the learned Professor to answer these questions without delay, that we may at least have something to believe in compensation for what he has torn from us. If we are indeed to change the old scholastic maxim into, "De apparentibus et de non existentibus eadem est ratio," let us at least be assured that these substitutions of Signor Rossetti are not illusory also. At present we feel the same sort of impression from his work, which has sometimes been produced in us by certain wonderful effusions of philosophy in a neighboring country, where Reality and actual Existence are held cheap, and considered as uncertain shadows, in comparison with some mysterious essences of Possibility and Incomprehensibleness, which lies close bottled up, at the bottom<sup>14</sup> of all our thoughts and sensations! But here at all events we are on plain ground of human life. We demand that the consideration be shewn us, for which we are to give up the inheritances of common belief, and to swear "in verba magistri," that nothing is as it seems in the whole course of history. We are far from denying that an undercurrent may be discovered of much greater magnitude and importance than has hitherto been imagined, but we require positive proof of its existence in the first place, and afterwards of every additional inch of ground assigned to its progress.

In such investigations as these, from their very nature ambiguous

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he tells us, "*perhaps too hearty* and I was sitting alone in my chair, when a bright being suddenly appeared to me, and said, 'Swedenborg, why hast thou eaten too much?' " Instead of being bled, the simple Swede founded a sect, many thousand of which exist at this day, and in this country! [H.]

<sup>14</sup> Hegel, who died last year of Cholera at Berlin, has been for some years undoubted occupant of the philosophic throne, at least in the North of Germany. The Southern states still revere the authority of Schelling, from whom Hegel, having been his disciple, thought proper to revolt. He occupied himself much in finding a solution to a problem of his own, "How to deduce the Universe from the Absolute Zero." We are not aware that he found one to his satisfaction, one of his followers, perhaps, was more successful, who published a pamphlet to prove that "the historical Jesus was a type of the non-existence of the Deity!!!" The Hegelites say, that the most important object of Philosophy is to trace the boundaries between *Wesenheit*, or the Ground of Being, and *Unwesenheit*, or the Ground of Not Being. If they could succeed in this, they think they would carry all before them. We dare say they are right in so thinking, but the first step is rather expensive. Some of them enlarge upon a fundamental principle of *Dunkelheit*, or Darkness, which they seem inclined to deify, and indeed every syllable of their writings may be considered an appropriate homage to such a power. [H.]

and perplexed, the greatest delicacy of discrimination, and the most cautious suspense of judgment, are absolutely necessary, or we are lost at once in the wildest dreams. But the gentleman, with whom we have to do, never stops, never deliberates, never doubts. On he drives, in full conviction that all his past reading is in his favour, and full faith that all his further reading will confirm it. Indeed his trust in what Providence will do for him is highly edifying. If he has not yet discovered a single passage even in an obscure author, which by due wrenching of construction might be brought in evidence for some favourite notion, he considers that notion no less demonstrated, than if he had produced the concurrent testimony of all ancient and modern writers. The possible future is to him as secure as the actual past.

His great proposition, on the truth of which almost everything depends, that this<sup>15</sup> Setta d'Amore did really exist, is not, he confesses it, established by proof in the present volume. For the present, he says, we must content ourselves with an hypothesis. abundant documents exist, enough to make a large book, by which the matter can be set beyond all doubt. Strange that he should not have thought it expedient to produce these documents, if they are in his possession, and not merely assured to him by the strong faith to which we have alluded! Strange, that he should labour through half this volume to establish the existence of this sect by laboriously collected parallelisms of different passages in unconnected poems, and not dispense with all this unnecessary trouble by the simple process of proving the fact in the first instance! Are his lips sealed perhaps by a masonic oath? This can hardly be, for he promises to communicate these secrets at no distant period, and in several parts of his book he gives us to understand that his information on the masonic rites is entirely derived from published works on the subject, or from such other means as are either lawful, or at least do not subject him to penalties for indiscretion. But if he has not the fate of the unfortunate Bracciarone before his eyes,<sup>16</sup> of what can he be afraid? Truly, we apprehend his reading on these matters has led him to form a greater partiality for the cunning of the *Fox*, than for the generous, breast-opening *Pelican*, or the simplicity of the superior *Dove*. If indeed, the coincidences he has hitherto offered to our notice are the only proofs he can adduce, we cannot consider them as decisive or substantial. We do not deny that they are very curious and interesting. We know not whether Signor Rossetti has employed more art in assembling them than we

<sup>15</sup> Here a passage from Rossetti's Chapter 13 forms a footnote

<sup>16</sup> Bracciarone, according to our author, was subjected to persecution for betraying the Chiave, or Secret of the Sect [H]

have been able to detect,<sup>17</sup> but, as they stand, they certainly justify a presumption, that something beyond what meets the ear was intended by some of the writers, whose works he examines Still, we are a long way from the "imagination all compact," which he would force on our acceptance

We are not entitled to assume identity of purpose, wherever we find identity of expression Because certain societies, existing at different epochs, make use of similar metaphors in order to designate their secret proceedings, it will not follow that those proceedings are identical, or that any connection exists between them beyond that of mere exterior language Similar circumstances are constantly producing similar results Now all secret societies are, in respect of their secrecy, similarly situated, all have the same necessity of expressing, in their symbolical language, that relation of contrast to the uninitiated, on which their constitution depends It is natural, therefore, that all should seek for metaphorical analogies to indicate this contrast, and those analogies will be sought in the contrasts of outward nature,—in the opposition, for instance, of light to darkness, warmth to cold, life to death, and all the others which Signor Rossetti considers as affording decisive proofs of affiliation, whenever they occur in the text-books of separate societies

Meanwhile, masonic lodges, even in the view of our ingenious author, do not occupy the whole of God's earth The ordinary passions of our nature continue in operation, without much regard to them But these ordinary passions require the occasional use of metaphors, and as the prominent objects in the material universe are always ready at hand, it will sometimes happen that the same comparisons may be employed by persons who never dreamed of secret conspiracies or initiatory rites Still less, therefore, is the occurrence of phrases in a common book resembling those in some symbolic exposition, any evidence of necessary connection between things so widely distant The novice, who has passed through his terrifying ordeal in the open grave or coffin, may be told that he rises to new life in the secluded privacies of his lodge, but it by no means follows that Dante must allude to this circumstance when he uses the same figure It may happen that more than one Italian poet fixes some leading incident of his story at the first hour of the day, simply because that time of morning has a beautiful, and therefore a poetical character, but there

<sup>17</sup> Occasionally we have found his quotations unfaithful It is not fair to extract part of a sentence from "The Convito," in which Dante derives the word "Cortesia" from the word "Corte," without paying the slightest attention to the clause immediately following, in which he declares himself to mean the usage of ancient Courts, and not such as then flourished [H]

seems no need of recurring for a further explanation of so intelligible a fact to some mystical question in a catechism of American masons

It may happen again that the solemnity and religious importance attached by Platonic lovers to all circumstances connected with their passion, may have led them to assign to the festivals of the Christian church<sup>18</sup> any prominent event in the lives of their ladies. Or accident and imitation may well be conceived to account for such resemblances, nor should it more surprise us to find some secret transactions of the Templars dated on the same days which this or that poet may have selected, than to find an English law term dating from Easter, or English rents paid at Lady-day. We do not, however, mean to represent all Signor Rossetti's instances of coincidence as worth no more than these we have mentioned. His proof is of a cumulative character, and injustice is done to it by citing detached parts. We will proceed to examine rather more closely his theory respecting Dante, because this is the most important portion of his work, and will afford the best specimen of his mode of inductive reasoning.

In the "Comento Analitico," published by Rossetti in 1826-7, he broached a comparatively small number of paradoxes, to those contained in the present disquisition, yet amply sufficient to startle the public, and to provoke no very lenient criticism. Wincing under the attacks he has sustained, our bold adventurer does not, however, retreat from his post, on the contrary, he makes an advance, intending to carry the enemy's camp by a *coup de main*, or to terrify them at least to a dislodgement, by threats of still more intrepid assaults for the future. The "Comento" represented Dante as a politician, whose hatred to the Papal party induced him to devise a great political allegory, of which his principal poem consists, but that he was averse to Catholic doctrines was not there asserted. Rossetti's defence of him-

<sup>18</sup> When Signor Rossetti proceeds to examine the Romantic Poets, he will not forget to put in requisition that Canzone, in which Ariosto, in a delightful strain between banter and solemnity, tells us how he first met his mistress on "The summer festival of good St John," and how amidst the dances and banquets, the music and processions, the streets and theatres crowded with lovely forms, yet, "in so fair a place, he gazed on nothing fairer than her face." Midsummer's day, the feast of St John, is still a great time of rejoicing among the Freemasons. Signor Rossetti can hardly have failed to remark this *proof* of his theory. But we really expect his thanks for suggesting to him a passage in Rousseau's "Confessions," which, we doubt not, in his hands may prove a key to all that was inexplicable in the character of that unfortunate man, besides throwing much light on the stormy times of the Revolution. Just before the description of his adventure with Mademoiselles Galley and Graffenreid, a description on which are lavished all the charms of an inimitable style, occurs this important remark, more valuable for our Professor than all the eloquence and sentiment in the world. "*C'était la semaine après le St Jean*" [H]

self for this excess of caution, since even then he allows he knew the whole complexion of the case, is rather amusing<sup>19</sup> Now, however, the veil is thrown off Dante is not only an Imperialist, but a Freemason, not only an opponent of the temporal power of Rome, but an uncompromising Reformer, whose views on religious subjects were anything but Catholic Petrarch, Boccaccio, and a host of others less illustrious, were to the full as heretical, and in his capacity of a faithful son of the Church, the Professor makes some faint shew of being scandalised at the impieties which his industry has discovered

This improved theory has, it cannot be denied, one important advantage over its own embryo condition While political hostility was alleged as the only motive which could actuate Dante and Petrarch in assuming these strange disguises, it was not easy to answer the obvious question, "Why should these men have taken such infinite pains to say in secret what on numberless occasions they had said in public?" The poet who wrote that bitter line, "Là dove Cristo tutto dì si merca," and many others not less plain spoken, could hardly have thought it necessary to mask his sentiments All his writings amply confirm the energetic declaration he has left us concerning his own character,

"Che s'io al Vero son *timido* amico,  
Temo di perder vita tra coloro,  
Che questo tempo chiameranno antico "

If, however, as we are now informed, the spiritual supremacy of Rome was not less abhorred than her usurped temporalities, some answer may be found to an objection otherwise so fatal Some motive certainly in this case would appear, for resorting, in the terrible days of the Inquisition, to these wonderful shifts and subtleties Still, we do not see how Signor Rossetti strengthens his cause by bringing together instances of strong language openly used against Rome, since the more he shews to have been uttered without disguise, the less shall we be inclined to admit its necessity In the direct argument he altogether fails We see no reason to suppose that the Ghibelline party, as a body, entertained infidel sentiments, and certainly none whatever that Dante, in particular, was not a submissive son of the Church

Rossetti may make some converts, but there is one who will never come over to his opinion—the Muse of History<sup>20</sup> She tells us that the Bianchi, of whom Dante was a leader, and with whom he suffered, were not originally Ghibellines They were a division of the Gueft

<sup>19</sup> See the last chapter [H]

<sup>20</sup> The Cancellieri Bianchi and Cancellieri Neri, were originally factions at Pistoia Gradually these names migrated to the capital, and the partisans of the Cerchi began to be denominated White, while Corso's followers took pride in being Black [H]



party It is notorious that Dante fought in his youth against the Ghibelline *Fuorusciti*, and his use of "vostri," in the dialogue with *Farinata*, sufficiently indicates to what party he considered himself naturally to belong When the force of circumstances drove the *Bianchi* into a closer connection with the Imperialists, there is no ground for supposing that they offered in sacrifice to *Cæsar* all the prejudices in which they had been educated At all events, until the injustice of the *Neri* rulers had effected<sup>21</sup> the alliance of their new with their ancient enemies,<sup>22</sup> it is utterly improbable that Dante and those of his faction were versed in all the wild words and daring opinions, which might be current in the Emperor's court Yet *Rossetti* would have us believe that before the events occurred which detached him finally from the Roman party, he was already as deep in heresy as the supposed author of "*De tribus Impostoribus*"

We should certainly feel grateful for any theory that should satisfactorily explain the "*Vita Nuova*" No one can have read that singular work, without having found his progress perpetually checked, and his pleasure impaired, by the occurrence of passages apparently unintelligible, or presenting only an unimportant meaning, in phrases the most laborious and involved These difficulties we have been in the habit of referring, partly to corruptions in the text, for of all the works of Dante<sup>23</sup> there is none in which the editions are so at variance, and the right readings so uncertain, partly to the scholastic forms of language with<sup>24</sup> which all writers at the revival of literature—but none so much as Dante, a student in many universities, and famous among his countrymen and foreigners for the depth of his scientific acquirements—delighted to overload the simplicity of their subject Certainly, until *Signor Rossetti* suggested the idea, we never dreamed of looking for Ghibelline enigmas in a narrative apparently so remote from politics Nor did it occur to us to seek even for moral meanings, that might throw a forced and doubtful light on these obscurities

Whatever uncertain shape might, for a few moments, be assumed by the *Beatrice* of the "*Commedia*," imparadised in overpowering

<sup>21</sup> So 1832 and 1869, other editions have 'affected'

<sup>22</sup> Let it be remembered, too, that Dante married a *Donati*, and that, when invested with authority as one of the *Priori*, he impartially exercised the restrictive powers of the law against the leaders of both factions Posterity would have heard nothing of his Ghibellism, had not the ill-omened presence of *Charles de Valois* given power and a desperate mind to the adherents of *Donati* See the narrative of *Dino Compagni*, the best authority on these subjects [H]

<sup>23</sup> Dr *Nott* informed the writer of these remarks, that he had been enabled, by collating several Italian MSS not generally known, to rectify many apparent obscurities in the "*Commedia*" itself [H]

<sup>24</sup> This word, missing in 1832, is supplied in 1834 and all following editions

effluences of light and music, and enjoying the immediate vision of the Most High, here at least, in the mild humility and modest nobleness of the living and loving creature, to whom the sonnets and canzones are addressed, we did believe we were safe from allegory. Something indeed there was of vagueness and unreality in the picture we beheld but it never disturbed our faith, for we believed it to arise from the reverential feeling which seemed to possess the poet's imagination, and led him to concentrate all his loftiest sentiments and pure ideas of perfection in the object of his youthful passion, consecrated long since and idealized to his heart, by the sanctities of the overshadowing tomb. It was a noble thing, we thought, to see the stern politician, the embittered exile,<sup>25</sup> the man worn by the world's severest realities, who knew how sharp it was to mount another's stairs, and eat another's bread, in his old age, yet, amidst these sufferings and wounded feelings, recurring with undaunted memory to the days of his happy boyhood not for purposes of vain regret, not for complaints of deceived expectation, not to colour the past time with the sombre tints of the present but to honour human nature, to glorify disinterested affection, to celebrate that solemn, primeval, indissoluble alliance between the imagination and the heart.

It was this consideration, we confess, that imparted its principal charm to the character of Beatrice, both in the "*Vita Nuova*," and the great poem, which seemed its natural prolongation. We liked to view these works in what appeared to be their obvious relation, nor could we ever read without emotion that passage in the conclusion of the former, in which the poet, feeling even then his lips touched by the inspiring cherubim, speaks loftily, but indistinctly, of that higher monument he was about to raise to her whom he had already celebrated with so ample a ritual of melodious eulogy.

In the "*Paradise*," and the latter part of the "*Purgatory*," we have intimated already, that the reality of Beatrice Portinari seemed, for a time, to become absorbed into those celestial truths, of which she had always been a mirror to the imagination of her lover. Described throughout as most pure, most humble, most simple, most affectionate, and as the personal form in which Dante delighted to contemplate the ideal objects of his moral feelings, is it wonderful that she should be-

<sup>25</sup> It is by no means certain that the "*Vita Nuova*" was composed after the stormy period of Dante's life had begun. Rossetti takes for granted that it was written after 1302, the date of his exile. He, of course, rejects entirely the apparent authority of Boccaccio in his "*Vita di Dante*," where it is expressly stated that the poet wrote it in his twenty-seventh year, i.e. about 1292. It may, however, have been retouched afterwards. Certainly the conclusion seems to refer to the "*Commedia*" as a work already in hand, yet we have no reason to think any of this was written before 1300, the date assigned by Dante himself [H]

come at last for him the representative of religion itself? We rise indeed a step higher by this bold personification, but that step is on the same ascent we have climbed with him from the beginning. Judged by the exact standard of calculated realities, it was no more true that Beatrice deserved the praises of those early sonnets, than that she is worthy to represent the Church, or Religion, in the solemn procession through terrestrial Paradise. Imagination gave her the first, imagination assigns the last. According as our tempers are disposed, we may blame the extravagance of the fiction, or sympathise with that truth of feeling, which raises round its delicate vitality this protecting veil, but we cannot, in fairness of reasoning, assume the absence of any real groundwork in the one representation of Beatrice, unless we are prepared to deny it also in the other.

Signor Rossetti, indeed, is fully so prepared. He considers such a passion, as is usually thought to be depicted in the poems of that time, as utterly chimerical and absurd, and wonders at the stupidity of those learned men who have written volumes on the contrary supposition. On this point we shall have a word to say presently. Here we confine ourselves to maintaining that a character may be allegorical in part, without being so altogether. We are not inclined, therefore, to admit the force of Rossetti's argument, founded on the famous scene of the chariot, because, when we have cheerfully granted that the daughter of Folco Portinari was never robbed of the Christian Church by a Babylonian harlot, we do not agree with him that we have conceded all that is of moment in the question. We are still, it seems to us, at liberty to contend, not merely that a Florentine lady, named Beatrice, did actually exist, and was beloved by Dante, but that she is the very Beatrice whose imaginary agency he exhibits to us in his poem, and whose real conduct he describes in his "Life."

But while we are determined, by the force of what our author dismisses at once as foolish prejudice and second-hand sentimentality, not to yield a single inch of ground further than facts oblige us, we frankly confess his observations have made so much impression on us, that we *fear* (at the risk of the Professor's contempt, we must use that word) there may be more of allegory in the two last of the *Cantiche* of the "*Commedia*," than we had hitherto imagined. He need not triumph in this concession. We are ready to die fighting in the cause, rather than go the whole lengths of a theory which would have us acknowledge nothing in the "*dolce guida e cara*," whose smile brightened the brightness of Paradise, but a mixture of a possible good Pope and a possible good Emperor!

Besides, the new interpretation of the "*Vita Nuova*" appears to us forced and desperate. It might not be difficult, we imagine, to find

twenty other hidden meanings at least as plausible. We will, however, give it at length, that our readers may judge. The whole of that treatise, then, it appears, is a narration in gergo of one fact,—the change from Madonna Cortesia or Imperialism, to Madonna Pietà or Romanism. In proof of this, we have the second vision quoted “*Il dolcissimo Signore, il quale mi signoreggiava, per la virtù della gentilissima donna nella mia immaginazione, apparve come pellegrino leggermente vestito e di vili drappi*.” This indicates, we are told, that Dante was about to undertake an allegorical pilgrimage, clothed in Guelfic garments. Love, who looked “as if his seignory had passed away,” proceeds to tell the poet, “*Io vengo da quella donna, la quale è stata lunga tua difesa, e so che il suo venire non sarà e però quel cuore ch’io ti faceva aver da lei io l’ho meco, e portolo a donna la quale sarà tua difesa, come costei, e nominòlami, sicchè io la conobbi bene*.” Then Love disappears, and the poet remains “*cambiato in vista*,” (that is, says Rossetti, in his outward appearance), and tells us, “*Dico quello che amore mi disse, avvegnachè non compiutamente, per tema ch’io avea di non scoprire il mio segreto*.” This secret is the name of the new lady to whom he is to feign love. The evil rumors which began to gather against Dante, on the occasion of this “*nuova difesa*,” for “*troppa gente ne ragionava oltre ai termini della Cortesia*” (that is, many persons not belonging to the Imperial party), occasioned some stern behaviour in Beatrice, who denied her lover the accustomed salutation. In other words, the Imperial party began to suspect him of being a Papist “*which*,” the Professor adds, with some naïveté, “*was natural enough, seeing that all the world has hitherto made the same mistake*.”

Then follows a dream of Dante, in which Love appeared to him, and said, “*Fili mi, tempus est ut prætermittantur simulacra nostra*.” After which he is commanded to make a Ballata, in which he should speak to his Beatitude, not immediately, but indirectly, and should place in the midst of it some words, adorned with sweetest harmony, that might declare his real intention to the lady herself. The Ballata follows, and the poet directs it to seek his Madonna, “*Presso ch’avresti chiesta pietate*.” According to the new interpretation, this Ballata is a symbol of the “*Divina Commedia*,” and the words “*nel mezzo*” refer to the description of terrestrial Paradise in the latter part of the “*Purgatory*,” concerning which we shall hear a good deal presently. The sonnet, which comes next in order, preceded by a prose paraphrase in Dante’s usual fashion, does not certainly present a very intelligible sense, according to its literal acceptance.<sup>26</sup>

<sup>26</sup> In Hallam’s text follow Dante’s sixth sonnet from section thirteen, Hallam’s translation, and his note on the word, “*Pietà*.” See Hallam’s fifth sonnet, *Vita Nuova*, p. 119 above.

"I say Madonna," Dante adds, 'speaking, as it were, disdainfully' In the new theory this mysterious Madonna Pietà represents the Catholic religion, and the sonnet is an announcement of the new disguise found necessary for the sect Dante then vindicates his frequent personifications of Love, quoting Ovid, who puts into the mouth of Love as of a human person, "*Bella mihi video, bella parantur, art*" "And by this my book may be rendered clear to any one that doubts respecting any part of it"

Of course this quotation from Ovid is eagerly laid hold of by Signor Rossetti, who considers it a key of the whole treatise, and it must be owned it suits his purpose well The death of poor Beatrice, although not the next incident mentioned by Dante, is the next he finds serviceable and the mode of describing it affords room for much triumph on the part of our new interpreter "*Quomodo sola sedet civitas plena populo! Facta est quasi vidua domina gentium! Il Signore della Giustizia chiamò quella gentilissima,*" &c

Now it seems there is extant a Latin letter, written by Dante to the conclave of cardinals on the occasion of the death of Clement V, exhorting them to elect an Italian pontiff, and thus to bring back the chair of Peter from Avignon to Rome This letter begins with the very words above mentioned, "*Quomodo sola sedet,*" &c By this step Dante declared himself a partisan of Romanism, anxious for the supremacy of the eternal city It was, therefore, according to Rossetti, an act of deception, a bait thrown out to nibbling Guelfs, and exactly of a piece with his scheme of concealing heresy in an apparently orthodox poem It is evident, the Professor thinks, that the death of Beatrice indicates the completion of the change to seeming Romanism, and that this extract of the Latin letter was introduced to shew it He expatiates on the indifferent, unimpassioned style in which the death is first mentioned the strange passage in which Beatrice is declared to be the number nine, three times three, on account of her perfection, and because the Trinity was the root of her moral being, appears to him a decisive proof that no real person is here described, but a fictitious, allegorical creation, such as he has pointed out

This, however, is far from being the only signification which he attaches to the death of Beatrice The important change of *gergo* occurred, once for all, under the auspices of Dante, but what then are we to make of Laura, Fiammetta, Selvaggia, and other objects of Platonic affection, equally indispensable to the Professor's theory?<sup>27</sup> His excursive fancy scorns to be confined to the limits of a single interpretation, even when it is the cherished fruit of his own labours

<sup>27</sup> To the list, which he already considers large enough to need his explanation, may be added the Catenna of Camoens, the Elisa in the Eclogues of Garcilaso, the

That all those ladies should die before their lovers, is too great a prodigy for his scepticism to digest. There must be a deep secret in it, and by dint of searching in masonic books, and studying Swedenborg, he thinks he has discovered it. These "donne gentili," it turns out are only beautiful truths, relative to a future perfect government, which the initiated naturally fall in love with, and whose pretended deaths relate to a mysterious ritual function in the secret societies. Thus Beatrice is part of Dante, and Laura of Petrarch. The grief of these faithful lovers for their departed mistresses, is grief only in the external man, beyond which the uninitiated can understand nothing. But the inner soul, which lives a true life in the possession of its great secret, rejoices all the while, and smiles at the hypocritical tears of its outward countenance. Reserving to ourselves the privilege of offering some objections to this strange account, when we come to speak of Petrarch, we will now lay before our readers two extracts from that portion of Signor Rossetti's work which treats of the "Divina Commedia."

This poem, he tells us, is a political allegory throughout. The Inferno represents Italy, the Abisso at the end being Rome, and the episodic scene in the ninth canto being intended to shadow forth the state of Florence, and the arrival of Henry of Luxemburg. Purgatory is the actual condition of the Setta d'Amore, tormented and without rest, yet happy, "perchè speran di venire, Quando che sia, alle beate genti." Paradise is the Emperor's court as it will be hereafter, when Maria, or the Immaculate Sect, shall have brought forth Christ, the anointed heir of the empire, who shall execute the great judgment on Babylon or Rome, and elevate all who have faithfully served him to peace and honour in his court. The Professor shall explain these things in his own words.

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*Our next extract relates to the scene of the chariot. It is taken from the eleventh chapter of Signor Rossetti's work, which is headed "Carattere Dommatico e Politico del Poema di Dante" <sup>28</sup>*

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Our readers have now a tolerable notion of the Professor's mode of argument. It is impossible, we think, to deny the praise of great ingenu-

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"departed saint" of Milton, the Thyra of Byron, the Lucy of Wordsworth, and half a hundred more whom we should be weary of enumerating. Perhaps in some future edition we may hope for an opposite list of poets, who have died before their mistresses, a fact equally curious, it seems to us, and equally worthy of masonic interpretation. [H.]

<sup>28</sup> The Editor has omitted these two passages of nearly five thousand words as Hallam's essay is of interest now not as a refutation of Rossetti but as an independent study of Dante.

ity to the passages we have just cited The justice of some of his remarks is sufficiently obvious That there is much allegory in the "Divina Commedia" no one can be hardy enough to controvert, after the express assertion of the poet himself

"O voi ch' avete gl' intelletti sani,  
Mirate la dottrina, chè s' asconde  
Sotto il velame degli versi strani"

The only questions then are, What is the character of the allegorical part? and what is its extent? Here again the first of these questions seems to be answered by Dante himself In his "Epistle to Can Grande," he says,

Sciendum est quod istius operis (poematis sc) non est simplex sensus, immo dici potest *polysensum*, hoc est, plurium sensuum Nam primus sensus est quod habetur per litteram, alius est qui habetur per significata per litteram Et primus dicitur litteralis, secundus vero allegoricus His visis manifestum est quod duplex oportet esse subjectum circa quod currant alteri sensus Et ideo videndum est de subjecto hujus operis, prout ad litteram accipitur, deinde de subjecto, prout allegorice sententiatur Est ergo subjectum totius, literaliter tantum accepti, status animarum post mortem Si vero accipiat ex istis verbis, colligere potes, quod, secundum allegoricum sensum, poeta agit de Inferno isto, in quo, peregrinando ut viatores, mereri et demereri possumus Si vero accipiat opus allegorice, subjectum est homo, prout, merendo et demerendo, per arbitrii libertatem, justitiæ premianti et punienti obnoxius est

Does it not appear from this simple statement, that the principal allegory in the "Commedia" is of a moral nature, representing the struggles of man with himself, the wretched condition to which his vices condemn him, the glorious difficulties which attend his ascent upon the mountain of virtue, and that perfect peace which, when the good fight has been fought, awaits the religious mind in the enjoyment of unlimited love towards God and man? Rossetti, however, who thinks a man cunning in direct proportion to the openness of his language, believes this very passage to be written in gergo! and to contain for adepts a declaration that Italy and the Imperial court are the real subjects of the poem By this scheme of interpretation anything may be made of anything we continue to adhere to the plain words of Dante, although we by no means contend that there may not be several partial allegories of a political complexion scattered through the poem, as the "*Polysensum*" seems to intimate, and as Signor Rossetti's book has, we confess, made appear more probable to us than before

The second question, What is the extent of allegory in Dante?

answers itself for those possessed of poetical feeling<sup>29</sup> Moral and political ideas, however they may have contributed to the first formation of the plan in Dante's understanding, however much they may have strengthened his purpose and animated his feelings towards the execution of it, yet would assuredly not have been permitted to encroach on the ground already consecrated to the free activity of his imagination, and the deep tenderness of his affections

If Signor Rossetti were to write a poem, (be the event averted!)<sup>30</sup> he would no doubt remind us, in every line, of some interior meaning, because that meaning would never be absent from his thoughts The poetry would be to him an insignificant mask, and to indulge any feeling for it, considered apart from its prosaic object, would be in his opinion a ridiculous folly! But widely different is the method of creative minds Their vision reaches far, and embraces all objects within their horizon, without ever passing over those in their immediate neighborhood To every man, worthy the name of poet, the first object is always the Beautiful No allegory, however wise and profound, can distract him from it He may study such meanings as a diversion, a piece of by-play, but they never interfere with the grand purpose to which his "spiritual agents are bent up" They are limited then, not by speculation about the prospects of any party, Guelf or Ghibelline, but by the poet's own sense of harmonious fitness, that inward testimony, which affords to creative intellects a support during their work of thought, not very dissimilar from that which conscience supplies to all men in their work of life

If we have been compelled to enter our protest against the uncertainty and exclusiveness of the new theory, when applied to the

<sup>29</sup> Lest the exclusion of Signor Rossetti from this number should seem harsh to any reader of these remarks, who has not also read his book, we feel bound to mention an emendation of Petrarch proposed by that gentleman, which, we think, will set the matter beyond doubt Having got some strange crotchet into his head about "Luce" being a sacred word among the sectarians, he proposes to alter the well-known line,

"Ove il bel volto di Madonna luce,"

into Ov' e il bel volto di *Madonna Luce*, literally, "where the pretty face of Mrs Light is!" After this specimen, it is useless to quote his obstinate preference of the prosaic and indeed ridiculous reading, "porta i fiori" in Dante's noble description of the tempestuous wind He takes no sort of notice of the imitated passage in Ariosto, where we never heard of "fiori" having been suggested by any commentator The alteration, "Pap' è Satan, Pap' è Satan, Aleppo," does violence to the language no less than to the poetry Besides, it was useless even for his own purpose [H]

<sup>30</sup> This parenthesis was omitted from the text by Henry Hallam in editing 1834, and has never since been restored



writings of the "gran padre Alghier," we must express a still more decided aversion, when it would embrace the two others of the great Italian triumvirate Petrarch, indeed, we are assured by our undaunted theorist, affords a far richer harvest of facts in corroboration of the new doctrine, than his great predecessor These riches, however, like the rest of the Professor's wealth, are held out rather to feed our imagination with hopes for the future, than to satisfy us in present coin We have little doubt he may hereafter write a very pretty "Comento Analitico" on the Canzoniere, but we have still less, that his arguments will prove utterly invalid and sophistical At present he has given us no sort of evidence that Petrarch was a heretic, and a proper member of the supposed Setta His language indeed, against the Papal court, is even more vehement than that of Dante, but its virulence is unconcealed, and far from incompatible with the severest notions of orthodoxy It should be remembered too, although Signor Rossetti would have us forget it, that, in *almost* every instance, these denunciations are uttered against the court of Avignon, and that the word Babylon, when applied to that court, has a peculiar reference to the Jewish captivity Far from being a proof of feelings inimical to the See of Rome, this tone of indignant complaint may be considered as fresh from the heart of a pious Italian Catholic

So little does Petrarch appear to have been judged for these expressions by his own contemporaries,<sup>21</sup> as Signor Rossetti would now judge him, that the Holy See actually forced its patronage upon him, and he was considered by the devout of that day as an eminent theologian Yet his life was open to all A frequent guest in the palaces of the great, a commissioned defender of the rights of senates, a correspondent of eminent men in church and state, the friend of Colonna, the advocate of Rienzi, famous throughout Europe for eloquence and learning, yet more than for the poetry which has raised him high among the immortals, with so many eyes upon him, and so many envious of his fortune, he would have been an easy victim, had he dealt in the secret manœuvres which Signor Rossetti supposes We cannot consider a vague story that Pope Innocent once suspected him of magic, as carrying any weight in the balance against the immunity and even favour, so far as he would accept it, which he enjoyed under three successive pontiffs

Besides, a far more extensive alteration of gergo than that which is represented to have taken place in the time of Dante, would have been necessary to bring the sentiments of Petrarch into community with those of the Florentine Fuorusciti of 1311 The politics of Italy under-

<sup>21</sup> See note 12 above

went, in the fifty years that separate<sup>32</sup> the death of Dante from that of his successor, a revolution of no slight moment. The Ghibelline princes of the North loosened or broke off their connexion with the Imperial court. No one now dreamed of universal monarchy, vested in the Cæsars, as a panacea for all political evils. Least of all would Petrarch give into such a chimera, who considered all Germans as "brutal knaves,"<sup>33</sup> and whose burst of patriotic indignation is so well known.

"Ben provide Natura al nostro stato,  
Quando de l'Alpi schermo  
Pose fra noi, e la Tedesca rabbia."

At one time, it is true, Petrarch with the other "*magnanımı pochi a cui il ben piace*," entertained hopes from the promised intervention of Charles IV. His hortatory epistle to that sovereign, entitled "*De Pacificandâ Italiâ*," is one of his best Latin compositions. His interview with him at Mantua, when, four years after the date of that epistle, Charles actually entered Italy, is recorded in an eloquent letter. A passage in the reply of Charles to Petrarch, as quoted by De Sade, affords great cause of triumph to Rossetti. "*En voyant tant d'obstacles, et si peu de forces, mon esprit auroit hésité, si l'Amour, ce puissant mobile des cœurs, ne les avoit fait disparaître. L'Amour s'est assis sur mon char avec moi, en me présentant des triomphes, des couronnes, et une place parmi les astres*"<sup>34</sup>. He quotes, in illustration of this, some sonnets and canzones, in which obscure historical allusions occur, amongst others the famous "*O aspettata in ciel beata e bella Anima*," addressed, as is commonly said, to Jacopo Colonna, bishop of Lombes, Petrarch's intimate friend, but, according to Rossetti, who takes not the slightest notice of the received opinion, secretly designed for the Pontiff of the Setta d'Amore. He rests much on the concluding lines, "*che non pur sotto bende Alberga Amor, per cui si piagne e ride*"

But leaving this trifling guesswork, let us turn to another point,—the passion for Laura. We are well content to let the whole question be decided by the judgment which any candid man would pronounce

<sup>32</sup> So 1832, 1834, 1862, 1863 Boston and 1869 have 'separated'

<sup>33</sup> *Epist. sine tit.* 15 [H]

<sup>34</sup> Is it not reasonable to suppose that "*Armour*," in this place, is used only in its general sense of benevolence? But if a more recondite meaning is required, we may plausibly conjecture that an allusion was intended to Petrarch, as a poet of Love. By that time his Italian verses were as much known, though perhaps hardly as much admired, as his Latin compositions "*Favola fù gran tempo*." And he expressly tells us that, in his interview with Charles at Mantua, he found that prince acquainted with the minutest circumstances of his life [H]

on this part of it Not only, according to Rossetti, Laura never existed, but Petrarch's grief for her death is not meant to be grief, it is, on the contrary, a high state of inward exultation, employing—Heaven knows why or wherefore—an exterior language of seeming complaint!

Now by this our patience is wellnigh exhausted We have borne much from Signor Rossetti, but we consider this as an outrage upon common sense, [which is near consigning the perpetrator to that category of unpleasant individuals, whose only consolation must be, that they are not knaves We denounce this notion as the very idiocy of hypothesis]<sup>35</sup> Others have doubted the existence of Laura, but no one, however dead to poetry, or inattentive to facts, ever dreamed of suspecting a joyful intention in the melancholy strains of the second half of the Canzoniere For our own parts, we agree with Ginguéné, that in the present state of the question, a man must be an immoderate sceptic, who can refuse to admit the personality of Laura as an historical fact If ever passion was real, we believe that was It bears every character and note of truth It was peculiar, certainly, some peculiarities attach to it as incidents of the time, and of these we shall presently speak more at large, some again, which arose from the character of the man

But if Love and Grief ever spoke by a human voice, they murmured on the banks of Sorga, and in the "*vie aspre e selvagge*" to which their devoted victim fled The evidence for this does not rest on the poems alone, although, to any mind, undebauched by the jargon of a system, these must carry the fullest conviction We know more of the habits, thoughts, and passions of Petrarch, than is our fortune with almost any other eminent man of modern times His letters are a faithful and perpetual record of what he felt and did Even his philosophical works are rich with the history of his own heart He is too vain, too dependent on the affection of others, not to commit to writing the minutest turns in that troubled stream of passion, which hurried him onward from place to place, from one pursuit to another, until he found at last in the grave that desired repose, which neither the solitudes of Vacluse and Arqua, nor the princely halls of the Visconti, had been able to bestow

How any one can read those numerous passages in his private correspondence, in which he speaks of Laura, without feeling the impossibility of his passion having been a political allegory, we cannot at present understand

Perhaps Signor Rossetti's future writings may give us some idea of it Let him exert his abilities to discover the latent gergo in such accents

<sup>35</sup> The passage in square brackets was censored by a careful father from 1834, and has not since been restored

as these "The day may<sup>36</sup> perhaps come"—it is Petrarch speaking to one of his intimate friends—"when I shall have calmness enough to contemplate all the misery of my soul, to examine my passion, not however that I may continue to love her, but that I may love Thee alone, O my God! But at this day, how many dangers have I still to surmount, how many efforts have I yet to make! I no longer love as I did love, but still I love I love in spite of myself, but I love in lamentations and tears I will hate her—no—I must still love her"

Let the Professor tell us how he imagines real love would speak in such circumstances, and whether it could borrow a more pathetic tone than this, or than we hear in the dialogues with St. Augustin, which are entitled, "*De secreto conflictu curarum mearum*"

The Professor's promises respecting Boccaccio are, as usual, more abundant than his performances. Yet there is some curious matter on this subject. The "*Vita di Dante*" is claimed for the all-absorbing *gergo*, by which the additional advantage is gained of being enabled to reject its biographical authority, the "*Filocolo*" contains, we are informed, "all the degrees, all the proceedings of the ancient sect, and relates in detail all its principal vicissitudes, especially that change of language, rendered necessary by imminent dangers. It is a hieroglyphical comment on the '*Commedia*,' and a companion to the '*Vita Nuova*.'" We have not room to give the long and intricate explanation of it, which our readers will find in the chapter "*Pellegrinaggi Allegorici*," one of the most entertaining in the book. But the "*Decameron*" itself is not secure from this levelling theory. "*Ogni minimo racconto è mistero, e spesso ogni minima frase è gergo lascivio nella faccia esterna, ma nell'interno grembo assai peggio*." Certainly, if this statement were correct, it might form the subject of a pretty problem, whether it were more perilous to understand the secret meaning of the "*Decameron*," or to remain satisfied with the letter.

Atheism within, impurity without! our morals are sadly in danger either way. One thing at least is certain, that the grace and delicacy of those exquisite stories will be materially injured by a theory which turns them all into masonic text books. Perhaps Signor Rossetti will

<sup>36</sup> I use the eloquent translation given by the author of Jacopo Ortis, in his excellent "*Essays on Petrarch*." The following passage, which Foscolo has quoted from a MS. sermon of a Dominican friar, must be rather embarrassing to Signor Rossetti. "*Ma poi Messer Francesco Petrarca, che è oggi vivo, ebbe un' amante spirituale appellata Laura: però, poichè ella morì, gl'è stato più fedele che mai, e a lei data tanta fama, che è la sempre nominata, e non morirà mai. E questo è quanto al corpo. Po' li ha fatto tante limosine, e fatte dire tante Messe e Orationi con tanta devotione, che s'ella fosse la più cattiva femina del mondo l'avrebbe tratta dalle mani del Diavolo, benchè si raxona, che la morì pur santa*" [H.]

inform us in his next edition, whether the great plague itself was a stratagem of the secret society Laura did not die of it, Neifile and her blithe companions did not fly from its terrors, why should any body be supposed to have suffered, when the easy alternative is left us of explaining all extant accounts into convenient gergo?

We trust we have not expressed ourselves with any disrespect towards Signor Rossetti, whose talents and industry we freely acknowledge, and from whose further researches we expect much amusement and some benefit. Whatever becomes of this theory, much curious matter will be set before us in the course of its development. His example will induce others to study the great master, "Il Maggior Tosco," and to study him with the aid of those best of commentators, the contemporary<sup>37</sup> writers. The enthusiastic ardour, which he shews in defence of his favourite idea, will be appreciated by the candid and sincere, even while their cooler judgment may force them to reject his conclusions. If indeed half, or one third of his abundant promises should ever be confirmed by future performances, it might become rather a difficult matter to make that resistance good. But the learned Professor must pardon us, if we retain our scepticism until he has adduced his proofs. We will yield to facts, but not to conjectures. At present he has given us no more, a heap of odd coincidences, and bewildering dilemmas, but certainly not enough to establish on a solid foundation the brilliant fabric he wishes to erect.

There are two fatal errors in the Professor's mode of reasoning. He sees his theory in everything, and he will see no more in anything. Now, were he to establish to our full conviction the principal point of his argument, namely, that a sect did exist such as he has described it, and that the great luminaries of modern civilization were active members of that sect, it would by no means follow so easily as he seems to imagine, that they never were guided by any other motive, and never used the language of love or of religion in their simple acceptance. Nothing appears so absurd to him as that a number of learned men should spend their leisure in composing love poems. Out of pure kindness to their memories, he brings various instances of what he considers their nonsense and ridiculous exaggerations, and asks, with a fine air of indignation, how we can refuse to admit a theory, which elicits reason from that nonsense, and pares down those exaggerations to a level of ordinary understanding? Unfortunately there are some people still in the world, (we do not suppose we stand alone), who are inclined to prefer the nonsense of Petrarch to the reason of Rossetti. The poems, whose literal sense he assures us is so unintelligible and

<sup>37</sup> See note 12 above

preposterous, have contrived, by no other sense, to charm the minds of many successive generations

For our own part, we confess, so far from seeing anything inexplicable in the fact, that the resurgent literature of Europe bore a peculiar amatory character, we should consider the absence of that character a circumstance far more unaccountable. Not to insist on the Teutonic and Arabian elements of that civilization, which bore its first and lavish harvest on the fields of Provence, sufficient causes may be found in the change of manners occasioned by Christianity, to explain the increased respect for the female character, which tempered passion with reverence, and lent an ideal colour to the daily realities of life. While women were degraded from their natural position in society, it could not be expected that the passions which regard them should be in high esteem among moralists, or should be considered capable of any philosophical application.

The sages of the ancient world despised<sup>ss</sup> love as a weakness. Calm reason, energetic will—these alone could make a man sovereign over himself, the softer feelings were fit only to make slaves. And they, who thought so, thought well. The Stoic *κατορθωμα*, was, in those circumstances, the noblest object of human endeavours. To it we owe the example of Rome among nations, of Regulus and Cato among individuals.

But with Christianity came a new era. Human nature was to undergo a different development. A Christendom was to succeed an empire, and the proud *ἀνδραγαθία* of male virtues was to be tempered with feminine softness. Women were no longer obliged to step out of the boundaries of their sex,—to become Portias and Arrias, in order to conciliate the admiration of the wise. They appeared in their natural guise, simple and dignified, “As one intended first, not after made Occasionally.”

This great alteration of social manners produced a corresponding

<sup>ss</sup> Plato, it is well known, inculcated the expediency of personal attachment as an incentive to virtue. He seems to have seen clearly the impossibility of governing man otherwise than through his affections, and the necessity of embodying our conceptions of beauty and goodness in some object worthy of love. But Plato had little influence on social manners. Many admired his eloquence, and many puzzled themselves with his metaphysics, but the peculiarities of his ethical system were not appreciated by the two great nations of antiquity. His kingdom was not of that world. It began only when the stone was rolled away from the sepulchre, and the veil of the temple was rent in twain. Platonism became the natural ally of Christianity. Not unjustly did the Old Fathers consider him a “*vox clamantis in deserto*,” an Elias of the faith to come. In the same spirit Mr. Coleridge has said, “he is a plank from the wreck of Paradise cast on the shores of idolatrous Greece.”

change in the tone of morality The Church too did its utmost for the ladies The calendar swelled as fast from one sex as from the other Children were taught to look for models of heroism, not, as heretofore, in the apathetic sublimity of suicidal patriots, but in the virgin martyrs whose burnings and dislocations constitute the most interesting portion of legendary biography The worship of the Virgin soon accustomed Catholic minds to contemplate perfection in a female form And what is that worship itself, but the exponent of a restless longing in man's unsatisfied soul, which must ever find a personal shape, wherein to embody his moral ideas, and will chuse for that shape, where he can, a nature not too remote from his own, but resembling in dissimilitude, and flattering at once his vanity by the likeness, and his pride by the difference?

This opens upon us an ampler view in which this subject deserves to be considered, and a relation still more direct and close between the Christian religion and the passion of love What is the distinguishing character of Hebrew literature, which separates it by so broad a line of demarcation from that of every ancient people?<sup>39</sup> Undoubtedly the sentiment of *erotic devotion* which pervades it Their poets never represent the Deity, as an impassive principle, a mere organizing intellect, removed at infinite distance from human hopes and fears He is for them a being of like passions with themselves, requiring heart for heart, and capable of inspiring affection because capable of feeling and returning it Awful indeed are the thunders of his utterance and the clouds that surround his dwelling-place, very terrible is the vengeance he executes on the nations that forget him, but to his chosen people, and especially to the men "after his own heart," whom he anoints from the midst of them, his "still, small voice" speaks in sympathy and loving-kindness <sup>40</sup>

<sup>39</sup> It would be a prize of inestimable value to a philosopher, if we possessed any monument of the religion of the ancients Their mythology we know Their philosophy we know But of their *religion* we are entirely ignorant The class of believers at Rome or Athens was not the class of authors The reverential Theism of Plato and Cicero was a sentiment much fainter than that which must have agitated a true believer in the golden-haired Apollo, or the trident-shaking ruler of stormy seas The recluses of Iris and Cybele must have felt many of the same passions, which ruffle the indifferent calm of a modern convent What a pity that we cannot compare the forms assumed by the feelings of those idolatrous Polytheists, with those presented in the present day by Roman Catholic populations! We might find, perhaps, the same prayer breathed before a crucifix, which had been uttered ages before, beside the solitary fire of Vesta, the same doubt started [*sc*], the same struggles made, the same noble extravagance of human self-devotion, the same sad declension of human frailty! [H]

<sup>40</sup> Need we recall to our readers the solemn prelude of the Mosaic Law, the First and Great Commandment, as it was termed by One, who came to destroy

Every Hebrew, while his breast glowed with patriotic enthusiasm at those promises, which he shared as one of the favoured race, had a yet deeper source of emotion, from which gushed perpetually the aspirations of prayer and thanksgiving. He might consider himself alone in the presence of his God, the single being to whom a great revelation had been made, and over whose head an "exceeding weight of glory" was suspended. His personal welfare was infinitely concerned with every event that had taken place in the miraculous order of Providence. For him the rocks of Horeb had trembled, and the waters of the Red Sea were parted in their course. The word given on Sinai with such solemn pomp of ministration was given to his own individual soul, and brought him into immediate communion with his Creator. That awful Being could never be put away from him. He was about his path, and about his bed, and knew all his thoughts long before.

Yet this tremendous, enclosing presence was a presence of love. It was a manifold, everlasting manifestation of one deep feeling,—a desire for human affection. Such a belief, while it enlisted even pride and self-interest on the side of piety, had a direct tendency to excite the best passions of our nature. Love is not long asked in vain from generous dispositions. A Being, never absent, but standing beside the life of each man with ever watchful tenderness, and recognised, though invisible, in every blessing that befell them from youth to age, became naturally the object of their warmest affections. Their belief in him could not exist without producing, as a necessary effect, that profound impression of passionate individual attachment, which in the Hebrew authors always mingles with and vivifies their faith in the Invisible. All the books of the Old Testament are breathed upon by this breath of life. Especially is it to be found in that beautiful collection, entitled the Psalms of David, which remains, after some thousand years, perhaps the most perfect form in which the religious sentiment of man has been embodied.

But what is true of Judaism is yet more true of Christianity, "*matre pulchrâ filia pulchrior*." In addition to all the characters of Hebrew Monotheism, there exists in the doctrine of the Cross a peculiar and

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in one sense, but in another to fulfill and establish that Law? "Hear, O Israel, the Lord thy God is One God. And thou shalt *love* the Lord thy God, *with all thy heart*, and *with all thy soul*, and *with all thy strength*." These words have made the destiny of the world. Spoken, as they were, to a barbarous horde in an age before the first dawn of Grecian intellect, yet fraught with a power over the heart of man beyond the utmost reach of Grecian philosophy, they may be considered as the greatest of miracles, or, to speak more wisely, as the best manifestation of that Natural Order, in which the moral, no less than the material elements are regulated and maintained [H]



inexhaustible treasure for the affectionate feelings The idea of the θεανθρωπος, the God whose goings forth have been from everlasting, yet visible to men for their redemption as an earthly, temporal creature, living, acting, and suffering among themselves, then (which is yet more important) transferring to the unseen place of his spiritual agency the same humanity he wore on earth, so that the lapse of generations can in no way affect the conception of his identity, this is the most powerful thought that ever addressed itself to a human imagination It is the του σω, which alone was wanted to move the world Here was solved at once the great problem which so long had distressed the teachers of mankind, how to make virtue the object of passion,<sup>41</sup> and

"It is a thought for meditation, not for wonder, that the same principle which worked out the exaltation of human virtue into a holiness of which ancient times had no model, wrought likewise a development of human crime, equally unknown to antiquity The life of Fenelon was contemporaneous with the revocation of the Edict of Nantes In human things pain ever borders upon pleasure, evil upon good, and the source of one is often the source of the other The destiny of the race must be accomplished in no other manner than the destiny of individuals, to whom good never comes unmixed Sufficient for us, if that good predominate, if the progress of the species, as well as of the individual, be towards the Higher and the Better? Let us not with the fanatical Encyclopedists see nothing in the Prince of Peace, but the sword which he sent upon the earth But let us not, on the other side, with some inconsiderate apologists of Revelation, be content with the flimsy answer, that to ascribe the spread of intolerance to the spread of religion is to confound use with abuse, proximity with causation No such confusion is made The question is not, whether some precepts of the Christian legislator are not directly contravened by acts of fanatical oppression On this no doubt can exist

But the true question is, whether there are not principles in human nature, which render a system of Monotheism, especially such a Monotheism as the Christian, a source of unavoidable persecution It seems to us that this question must be answered in the affirmative That mighty novelty, the love of God, which we have traced in its beneficial effects on all the virtues, had yet a separate tendency to enfeeble some which regard our fellow-beings That love, if admitted at all, was by its nature exclusive and absorbing Its object was the Highest, the Only Reality it required the whole heart, it took the heart from its home on earth, to pillow it upon the clouds of Heaven The charities of father, husband, and child, were invigorated by it only so far as the objects of these happened to coincide with what was considered a far higher aim Even then, though the act might not differ, the motive did Love to God, said the eloquent preachers, is as the gravitation of the planets to their sun let it once cease to actuate the creature, and he falls into erroneous disorder It must be the sole, or at least the principal motive of every thought, and word, and deed

But motives unexercised become naturally feeble Those who would love their neighbor only for the love of God, if they obeyed this difficult precept, came to love their neighbor not at all But yet more, where these duties appeared contrary, was the overruling character of the new element perceived To sacrifice the dearest affections to Christ was the most sacred of obligations, and while in some instances this was done with a bleeding heart, others perhaps may have made the discovery,

to secure at once the warmest enthusiasm in the heart with the clearest perception of right and wrong in the understanding. The character of the blessed Founder of our faith became an abstract of morality to determine the judgment, while at the same time it remained personal, and liable to love. The written word and established church prevented a degeneration into ungoverned mysticism, but the predominant principle of vital religion always remained that of self-sacrifice to the Saviour. Not only the higher divisions of moral duties, but the simple, primary impulses of benevolence, were subordinated in this new absorbing passion. The world was loved "in Christ alone." The brethren were members of his mystical body. All the other bonds that had fastened down the Spirit of the Universe to our narrow round of earth, were as nothing in comparison to this golden chain of suffering and self-sacrifice, which at once riveted the heart of man to one, who, like himself, was acquainted with grief. Pain is the deepest thing we have in our nature, and union through pain has always seemed more real and more holy than any other.<sup>42</sup>

It is easy to perceive how these ideas reign in the early Christian books, and how they continued to develop and strengthen themselves in the rising institutions of the Church. The monastic spirit was the

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that a more easy gratification of sensibility was to be found in devotion, than in the practice of an ordinary, but laborious virtue.

Again, with love came jealousy. The Heathens had no religious wars, for it hurt no man that different deities should be worshipped with different rites. But, under the rule of One, rivalry of worship was an insult to be avenged in blood. And Conscience applauded the promptings of Pride. For what were the sufferings of a finite creature, in comparison with injury done to the Most High? Heretics were burned for the pure and simple love of God, for it was a worthier thing by all the difference between infinite and finite, to do pleasure to Him, than to spare pain to a mortal. Besides, the flames that consumed the body might save the soul, and what were the pangs of a few minutes weighed with the bliss of an immortality? At all events, they would save the souls of others, by preventing the further diffusion of heretical venom.

What therefore the love of God imperatively urged, and the love of man did not restrain, was a most palpable duty. We have traced with fidelity the dark lines of this picture. Let it teach us charity to our ancestors, humility for ourselves. The Reformation made an end of intolerant principles. Luther, who wished to monopolize, destroyed them. A Protestant, uncertain himself of the truth, may check his impulse to punish a fellow-creature who has a different idea of it. But it is only perhaps by an illogical humanity, that a Roman Catholic, believing in an infallible criterion of faith, apart from which none meet salvation, can resist, at the present day, those conclusions which armed St. Dominic against the peace of human society. [H.]

<sup>42</sup> This is the sentence, quoted anonymously in an essay by Sir Henry Taylor, which caught the eye of Dr. John Brown of Edinburgh, who thereupon wrote the first, and to this day, the only, careful study of Hallam's writings. See Introduction.

principal emanation from them,<sup>43</sup> but the same influence, though less apparent, was busily circulating through the organization of social life<sup>44</sup> Who can read the eloquent compositions of Augustin, without being struck by their complexion of ardent passion, tempered, indeed, and supported by the utmost keenness of intellect? At a later period in Church history, when religion began to languish under the pompous corruptions of the Romish schoolmen, a refuge was afforded it by those writers denominated Mystics, who seem to have prepared the general Reformation, which they wanted courage to accomplish

<sup>43</sup> Especially as seen in its effects upon women The Spouses of Christ were not so in metaphor alone Often they literally *fell in love* with the object of their worship Voluntarily immured from the sources of domestic affection, their hearts opened with glad surprise to a new and unsuspected substitute The sexual complexion which distinguishes the writings of the female mystics, might lead us to hazard a conjecture, that the adoration of the Virgin arose, in the minds of the other sex, as a natural counterpoise in feeling to this passionate adoration of the Redeemer It might be curious, in this point of view, to compare the writings of St Bernard with those of St Teresa on one side, and with the Platonic love-poems on the other [H]

<sup>44</sup> Pascal, the most successful of those reasoners who have attempted to establish the divine origin of Christianity on its conformity to the human character, endeavored, with almost unexampled heroism, to set his conduct in exact accordance with his principles His constant struggle, therefore, was to hate himself, and to do good from no motive of affection towards his neighbor God, he thought, was the only end of a rational creature all other aims were abominable, because contrary to nature Consistently with these opinions, he sought to detach his friends and relations from himself "Je ne suis la fin de personne," he would say, "il est injuste qu'on s'attache à moi" A society established on such grounds appeared to him the ideal commonwealth, to which man ought to tend, and in proportion to his attainment of which, his happiness would increase It would be, in short, heaven, and, it must be confessed, nothing could be more unlike earth

In considering the life of this extraordinary man, we should not forget that since his accident at the Pont de Neuilly, he was subject to perpetual delusions of sight Always, whether he sat or walked, he saw, yawning at his side, the gulf from which he had escaped From a brain so overwrought, an imagination so constantly and gloomily excited, one would hardly expect a strong development of intellect Yet in that time, and no other, he produced the "*Pensées*" and the "*Lettres Provinciales*" Well might he exclaim, "*Quelle chimère que l'homme!*" Is it to mock us that reason and frenzy go hand in hand, sentiments the most glorious, with consequences the most fatal?

Consider the life of Luther Is it intelligible except on the supposition of frequent insanity? Yet to what heights of mind did Luther reach! Who has agitated so powerfully the intellects of generations beyond him! "*Άνευ μανίας,*" said Plato, "*οὐδεὶς ποιητής*" The experience of more than two thousand years since his day, might almost warrant an enlargement of that aphorism into a paradox, which perhaps, according to F Schlegel's definition of paradoxes, may be only a "startling truth" that without madness none have been truly great Sober judgments achieve no victories, they are the pioneers of conquering minds [H]

Their works are now generally neglected, although remarkable for much curious observation of the turns and courses of feeling. One of them, however, the celebrated "Imitation of Christ," by Thomas à Kempis, has escaped the fate of the rest, and a perusal of it will be sufficient to convince us that the influence of Christianity, in elevating the idea of love to the position it occupied at the dawn of our new civilization, was not merely indirect or collateral. A passion from which religion had condescended to borrow her most solemn phrases, her sublimest hopes, and her most mysterious modes of operation, could not fail of acquiring new dignity in the eyes of Catholic Christians. It was to be expected that in this, as in all things, the Visible would vindicate its rights, and the sentiments whose origin was in the constitution of earthly nature, would lay hold on an earthly object as their natural possession.<sup>45</sup>

<sup>45</sup> Will it be considered serious trifling, if, in illustration of the argument in the text, we compare the expression of religious feelings in the mouth of Pascal, "*Mon âme ne peut souffrir tout ce qui n'est pas Dieu*," with the expression of natural love, precisely similar, and perhaps borrowed, which Voltaire has given to Aménide, "*Et je ne puis souffrir ce qui n'est pas Tancrede*?" The age of Louis XIV might confirm our argument by many more important examples. Catholicism was then in an attitude of defence. The trumpets of Luther and Calvin had sent alarm through the fortress, the warders were at their posts, and every resource of warfare was in readiness. We can judge well, therefore, of the genius of the place. We will but allude to the celebrated controversy on "*pur Amour*," but we cannot resist an inclination to quote a passage from Bossuet, because he was on that occasion, as everybody knows, a rigid opponent of mysticism, and his authority is therefore the more valuable. "*Là s'entendrait la dernière consolation de l'Amour Divin, dans un endroit de l'âme si profond et si retiré, que les sens n'en soupçonnent rien, tant il est éloigné de leur région: mais pour s'expliquer sur cette matière il faudrait un langage que le monde n'entendrait pas*."

But the effect, although not immediate, of the Protestant Reformation, was to banish these expressions from the ordinary language of theology, and to change the tone of religious opinion hardly less in Catholic than in Reformed States. In the latter, during the course of last century, religion began to assume the aspect of what may be called Revealed Deism. In their joy at discarding superstition for a more rational creed, men forgot that they were substituting a weaker motive for a stronger. They tried to satisfy philosophers at the expense of their kind. Their Christianity might be very simple and rational, but it had no revolutionary power on the heart. It was not *the* Christianity which changed the aspect of the world. It was the same mistake in religion which is committed in ethics by the exaggerated Utilitarians, who would substitute utility as a motive of action for those primary aims implanted in us by the wisdom of nature. But among the English sectarians, and those of the Established Clergy who are denominated Low Church, some of the old spirit remained. Two energetic lines of our Calvinistic poet indicate, to an attentive reader, the great secondary cause to which we owe the original triumph of Christianity.

But we cannot anticipate that Signor Rossetti will be brought to acknowledge this secondary influence of Christianity, since it is evident he ascribes little historical importance to its immediate operations. We cannot understand the reasonableness of a theory, which represents religious feeling as less efficient in the Middle Ages than we find it at present. According to all analogy one might conjecture, *à priori*, that a literature, which was the outgrowth of Christian civilization, would in its first beginnings be full and running over with abundant manifestations of its origin. When the Christian feelings and thoughts, long familiar to men's inward bosoms, but, in the absence of literature, incapable of permanent expression, first discovered those arts of imagination which are the natural, appointed exponents of our deeper emotions, should we not expect a voice of many songs would immediately break forth, announcing in joy and power the rise of a new world from that barbaric chaos into which the old had been resolved?

Genius ever nourishes itself with Religion. A new spiritual truth is a pearl of great price to a soul gifted with spiritual power. It is the business of the Poet to number, and measure, and note down every form and fleeting appearance of human feeling. Gladly, and with an earnest thankfulness, he perceives any new chamber of the heart, but with what gratitude, with what exultation, with what bewilderment at these new effluences of celestial knowledge, must not the Poet have approached for the first time that sacred ark, in which the treasures of the Gospel had been safely borne through the diluvial times of Northern domination? And in the pomp of Catholic superstition, the slow and solemn chaunts, the white-robed processions, the incense, and the censers, and the golden baldacchins, with ever-burning lights, and images, and pictures, in whose rude forms a prophetic eye might even then discern the future arts of Raffaele and Michelangiolo [*sic*], "Like the man's thought, hid in the infant's brain," in this ceremonial worship, so framed to attach the imagination and the senses, was there nothing to make a poet pause and adore? The Beautiful was everywhere around men, waiting, and, as it were, calling for their love. Is it wonderful that the call was heard? Is it wonderful that the feeling of reverence for that august name, the Church,—for its antiquity, its endurance, its unity, its widespread dominion, and yet more ample pros-

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"Talk of morality! Thou bleeding Lamb,  
The true morality is love to thee"

In the same spirit, hundreds of years before, Augustin had summed up his ethical system in one sublime sentence, "Beatus qui Te amat, et amicum in Te, et inimicum propter Te!" [H]

pects of indefinite magnificence, should, in that day, have been often irresistible in the minds of imaginative men, since even in these latter times, some are yet to be found, who, induced by no other motives, have abandoned the cold precincts of a more intellectual creed, to fall down before the altars of their forefathers, exclaiming, "Sero te amavi, pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova, sero te amavi!"

Now, when a learned Professor comes to tell us that writings, apparently composed under the influence of religious impressions, are, in reality, composed in quite a different spirit, and does not at the same time shew us other writings equal to these in merit, but really inspired by the genius of Catholicism, we are constrained to tell him, "Quodcunque ostendi mihi sic, incredulus odi." We have before us a plain, intelligible cause, acting in a known manner, and in a direction made clear to us by experience. We have also an effect, apparently adequate to that cause, and resembling the effects we have known produced by it, with such difference, however, as we should have predicted from the partial alteration of circumstances.

Now if this effect be shewn to belong to some other cause that we never dreamed of, we are entitled to ask, where then is the result of the first? For that remains before us. It cannot be got rid of. We are certain it has been in action. The traces of that agency must exist somewhere, and from their nature must be obvious. If the Dante of the "Divina Commedia" was no Catholic, if the Petrarch, who mourned at Valchiusa, never felt the hallowing force of religion, if the splendours of Romish worship never fascinated the numberless lovers of the Beautiful, who sang in Provence, Italy, and Castile, where, we ask, are those other mighty spirits, equal in worth and power to these we have mentioned, in whom the predominant religion may have exhausted its capacities of enlightening and exalting? If none such can be produced (and it is notorious that none can), the theory must be false, for it is inconsistent with the phenomena it pretends to explain.

We defy any man, of competent abilities, to read the poems of Dante, without a conviction that he is reading the works of a religious poet.<sup>46</sup> The spirit of Catholic Christianity breathes in every line. The Ghibel-

<sup>46</sup> La Martine has said, "this is the age for studying Dante." Rossetti says the same, but with how different a meaning! The one thinks of the Catholic, the other of the Patriot. Rossetti does not perceive that what he supposes to be true of the age of Dante, is strictly true of the present, viz. that Italians judge of everything by a political criterion. We have known many able and worthy Italians, both in exile and in their own land, but none who could see a yard out of the atmosphere of their local liberalism. They talk of poetry, but they mean politics. This explains not only the fashionable Dantismo, but a much more curious phenomenon, their extravagant admiration of Alfieri. We once met an intelligent Italian, not unacquainted with the literature of our country, who expressed to us his determination

line, indeed, hates the Papal party and Papal usurpations, he makes no secret of it, no words can express more plainly or more energetically than his, a just and courageous indignation against all ecclesiastical tyranny. But the man is a devout Catholic, and respects the chair of the Apostle, while he denounces those who sat upon it. The sword of Peter, not the keys of Peter, is the object of his aversion. The same voice, he would tell us, that said "Put up thy sword," in the garden by the mount of Olives, said also, "Tu es Petrus, et super hanc petram fundabo Ecclesiam mean."

When Rossetti would have us believe that in those fervent thoughts, those rich descriptions, those deep-drawn aspirations, which have hitherto been thought to convey Dante's profound sense of spiritual things, there is really nothing but a covert expression of political projects, that Paradise is not<sup>47</sup> the sojourn of blessed souls through an eternity spent in the love of God, but a future prosperous condition of the German Court, that Hell is not the awful place, where hope is left forever by all who enter therein, nor Purgatory the intermediate world of trial, where in purifying pains the "spirits happily born" rejoice "to make themselves beautiful," but the one is the bad state of Italy under a corrupt government, and the other a secret club at Florence, which looks forward to the triumph of its machinations, when we are called upon to believe this, we cannot but feel that not only the dignity and magnificence of the poem are materially lowered by such an hypothesis, but the very foundations of our belief in testimony are affected.

If the "*Divina Commedia*" is the work of a heretic, whose Paradise was entirely limited to this world, so may also be the "Confessions" of Augustin or the "Thoughts" of Pascal<sup>48</sup>. The former, indeed, has often

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never to read Shakespeare, because he was so firmly convinced of Alfieri's infinite superiority to every dramatic writer that had written or could write, that he considered it loss of time to peruse any other! We are very heretical on this subject. We agree with Mr. Rose (*Letters from the North of Italy*), that never did a man set up for a poet with so small a capital as Alfieri. There is some poetic material in his "*Life*," but none that we could ever discover in his plays. How much poetic genius, indeed, can we suppose a man to possess, who writes a drama in French prose in order to translate it into the verse of his own language! [H]

"That reference to man's present life, which Dante himself mentions (*"Epist. to Can Della Scala"*), and which we readily allow, is not liable to the objection here made. We say this to prevent cavils. The subjects are homogeneous, and differ only in degree. The good man's hopes of heaven are but prolongations of his earthly reward. The kingdom within, that cometh not with observations, contains, as it were in germ, the kingdom without, that shines from one part of heaven to the other. [H]

"Even in such an extravagance he would not have the merit of originality. Father Hardoun, in his posthumous treatise "*Athei detecti*," gives a long list of atheists, in which the names of Jansenius, Aranuld, and Pascal, are conspicuous

struck us as bearing no little resemblance in spirit to the compositions of the Florentine bard. In both there is a freshness, an admiring earnestness, about their expression of Christian ideas, which shews the novelty of those ideas to the frame of European thought. This is indeed much more evident in Augustin, because he wrote six centuries earlier, and wrote in Latin, so that the discrepancy between the new wine and old bottles is perpetually betraying itself. The Ciceronian language is far too effete a frame to sustain the infused spark of heavenly fire. It heaves beneath those active stirrings with the throes of a convulsive weakness.

In Dante, on the other hand, the form and spirit perfectly correspond, as if adapted to each other by preestablished harmony. But in earnestness and apparent sincerity, we know not any difference between the bishop of Hippo and the exile of Ravenna. If the one is an impostor, so may be the other. Or why stop there?

Why not at once startle the world with the information, that theology has been always a masonic trick? That the passions of which we have been speaking never had any real existence, and it is therefore worse than useless to look for their effects? There needs only one bold application of the Professor's principles, and the whole edifice of religion comes crumbling to the ground. He seems to consider that, in every instance, probabilities are against a man's meaning what he says. Earnestness, solemnity, lofty thoughts, sublime imaginations, all these should only make us suspect mischief, and look out for a hidden meaning. Veracity, according to him, left the earth with Astræa.

We do Signor Rossetti the justice to suppose he has not maturely deliberated on the consequences to which his principles conduct him. From one passage, indeed, in his book, unless we have mistaken a

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Yet Hardoun, like Rossetti, professed submission to the Catholic Church, and died with all the appearance of belief. At the close of last century the same mania seized on two men, to whose opinions it was more conformable, Marechal and Lalande, one of whom published a Dictionary of Atheists, and the other a Supplement to the Dictionary, in which Atheism was shamelessly imputed to writers of all sorts, on the most futile pretences. Lalande, indeed, carried this so far, that he inscribed the name of Delille for a misprint in a single line, and then hastened in great glee to inform his old instructor of the discovery he had made. "Mon ami" answered the venerable Poet, "il faut que vous soyez fou, pour voir dans mes vers ce que je n'y ai jamais mis, et de ne pas voir dans le ciel ce que tout le monde y voit." There is a closer resemblance between Hardoun and Rossetti than the general extravagance of their theories. The Jesuit did not leave Dante alone. He saw proofs in the *Divina Commedia* that it was not what it appeared. But his conclusions were less revolutionary than those of our modern Hardoun. He contented himself with ascribing the *Commedia* to some person or persons unknown, and respected the historical character of the Poet, while he destroyed the evidences of his genius [H]



meaning so dimly intimated,<sup>49</sup> we conjecture he holds ulterior opinions, which he thinks it imprudent to communicate. But, although cautious enough to be illogical in resisting the conclusions of his own premises, when speculating on sacred subjects, there is no reason to anticipate any pause in his devastating progress along the fields of profane history. Already we have intimations that the later poets of Italy are no more exempt from his transforming powers, than their predecessors of the fourteenth century. Nor will it surprise us to find him quite at home in the territories of romance. Doubtless, if he is acquainted with the Spanish language, we shall have valuable results of his inquiries in that quarter. Perhaps our old friend, Don Quixote, may turn out a disguised Ghibelline, and honest Sancho may be only the knight himself in his everyday countenance, a sort of exterior man, much in the same way, as we have seen, Laura and Fiammetta were only faces or vestments of their own lovers. Many a profound meaning, we doubt not, lies hid in the windmills. And woe to those who think the virago Maritornes no better than she should be!

But we will not take leave of the ingenious Professor with a jest. We wish him well in his further progress. We wait patiently for his promised proofs, and till they appear, shall not dismiss our old prejudices on these subjects, lest we find nothing in their room but a dismal void. Signor Rossetti is very sensitive to criticism, but we trust he will believe our remarks at least to have been made in fairness and love of truth. He will not, perhaps, be the worse for bearing in mind some gentle warnings we have given. Let him moderate his pretensions, and enlarge his views. He may succeed possibly in establishing the principle, hypothetically assumed by him, as a *vera causa*, but that he should prove it to be the sole or the chief actuating principle, to which all the historical phenomena in question are to be referred, we believe, for the reasons already stated, to be altogether impossible.

### [Three Biographical Sketches]

[On March 15, 1833, Arthur Hallam wrote Emily Tennyson: "A more agreeable task is the furnishing of a Memoir of Voltaire to the Librarians of Useful Knowledge for the *Gallery of Portraits* they are publishing. It will be very short, but it will put £5 in my pocket. If I can get snugly lodged in this place of Memoir-writer, it will be a very pretty thing, for there are a good many wanted, & five pounds for eight or nine pages is tolerable pay." (Unpublished letter)]

The Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, of whose directing committee Henry Hallam was a member, launched in June, 1832, monthly

<sup>49</sup> Here follows a passage from Rossetti's page 450

issues of the *Gallery of Portraits with Memoirs*, later collected into five volumes and published at London from 1833-1835. There is an edition in seven volumes, dated 1833-1837, and one in three volumes, 1853. In all of these Hallam's three contributions appear. They are here reprinted from the *Remains* of 1869, the only edition of his writings in which they were printed.

The Library of Congress catalogue ascribes the authorship of all the biographical sketches in the *Gallery* to Arthur Thomas Malkin, B.A. Trinity, Cambridge, 1825. Perhaps he was a general editor, although an ill-natured article in *Tait's Edinburgh Magazine* on "Cheap Periodicals" (September, 1832, p. 724) states that the Penny Magazine, published by the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, was edited by all the members of the committee of management jointly, each succeeding in extracting any remaining originality from the material submitted. This editorial method does not appear to have been applied to Arthur Hallam's little sketches.]

### VOLTAIRE

François Marie Arouet, who is commonly known by his assumed name, De Voltaire, was born at Châtenay, near Sceaux, February 20, 1694. He soon distinguished himself as a child of extraordinary abilities. The Abbé de Châteauneuf, his godfather, took charge of the elements of his education, and laboured successfully to improve the talents of his ready pupil without much regard to his morals. At three years old the future champion of infidelity had learned by heart the *Moisade*, an irreligious poem of J. B. Rousseau. These lessons were not forgotten at college, where he passed rapidly through the usual courses of study, and alarmed his Jesuit preceptors by the undisguised license of his opinions. About this time some of his first attempts at poetry obtained for him the notice of Ninon de l'Enclos, and when the Abbé de Châteauneuf, who had been the last in her long list of favourites, introduced him at her house, she was so pleased with the promising talents of the boy, that she left him by will a legacy of 2000 francs to purchase books. The *École de Droit*, where Arouet next studied, was much less suited to his disposition than the College of Louis le Grand. In vain his father urged him to undertake the drudgery of a profession: the Abbé was a more agreeable monitor, and under his auspices the young man sought with eagerness the best Parisian society. At the suppers of the Prince de Conti he became acquainted with wits and poets, acquired the easy tone of familiar politeness, and distinguished himself by the delicacy of his flatteries, and the liveliness of his repartee.

In 1713 he went to Holland as page to the French ambassador, the Marquis de Châteauneuf. This place had been solicited by his father in the hope of detaching him from dissipated habits. But little was

gained by the step, for in a short time he was sent back to his family, in consequence of an intrigue with a Mademoiselle Du Noyer, whose mother, a Protestant refugee at the Hague, gained her living by scandal and libels, and on this occasion thought something might be got by complaining to the ambassador, and printing young Arouet's love-letters. He was, however, not easily discouraged. He endeavoured to interest the Jesuits in his affairs, by representing Mademoiselle Du Noyer as a ready convert, whom it would be Catholic charity to snatch from the influence of an apostate mother. This manœuvre having failed, he sought a reconciliation with his father, who remained a long while implacable, but touched at last by his son's entreaties to be permitted to see him once more, on condition of leaving the country immediately afterwards for America, he consented to receive him into favour. Arouet again attempted legal studies, but soon abandoned them in disgust. The Regency had now commenced, and among the numerous satires directed against the memory of Louis XIV., one was attributed to him. The report caused him a year's imprisonment in the Bastille.

Soon afterwards he changed the name of Arouet for that of Voltaire. "I have been unhappy," he said, "so long as I bore the first; let us see if the other will bring better fortune." It seemed indeed that it did so, for in 1718 the tragedy of *Cædipe* was represented, and established the reputation of its author. It had been principally composed in the Bastille, where he also laid the foundation of his *Henriade*, which occupied the time he could spare from amorous and political intrigue, until 1724. Desiring to publish it, he submitted the poem to some select friends, men of severe taste, who met at the house of the President de Maisons. They found so many faults that the author threw the manuscript into the fire. The President Hénault rescued it with difficulty, and said, "Young man, your haste has cost me a pair of best lace ruffles; why should your poem be better than its hero, who was full of faults, yet none of us like him the worse?" Surreptitious copies spread rapidly, and gained for the author much both of celebrity and envy. But it displeased two powerful classes: the priests were apprehensive of its religious, the courtiers of its political, tendency, insomuch that the publication was prohibited by government, and the young king refused to accept the dedication.

Soon after this, Voltaire was sent again to the Bastille, in consequence of a quarrel with the Chevalier de Rohan. and on his liberation, he was banished to England. There he remained three years, perhaps the most important era of his life, for it gave an entirely new direction to his lively mind. Hitherto a wit, and a writer of agreeable verse, he became in England a philosopher. Returning to France in

1720, he brought with him an admiration of our manners, and a knowledge of our best writers, which visibly influenced his own compositions and those of his contemporaries

He now published several poetical and dramatic pieces with variable success, but he was more than once forced to quit Paris by the clamour and persecution of his enemies. After the failure of one of his plays, Fontenelle and some other literary associates seriously advised him to abandon the drama, as less suited to his talent than the light style of fugitive poetry in which he had uniformly succeeded. He answered them by writing *Zaire*, which was acted with great applause in 1732. He had already published his history of Charles XII. that of Peter the Great was written much later in life. The *Lettres Philosophiques*, secretly printed at Rouen, and rapidly circulating, increased his popularity, and the zeal of his enemies. This work was burnt by the common hangman.

About this time commenced that celebrated intimacy with Emilie Marquise du Châtelet, which for nearly twenty years stimulated and guided his genius. Love made him a mathematician. In the studious leisure of Cirey, under the auspices of "la sublime Emilie," he plunged himself into the most abstract speculations, and acquired a new title to fame by publishing the *Elements of Newton* in 1738, and contending for a prize proposed by the Academy of Sciences.

At the same time he produced in rapid succession *Alzire*, *Mahomet*, and *Merope*. His fame was now become European. Frederic of Prussia, Stanislaus, and other sovereigns, honoured him with their, or were honoured by his, correspondence. But the perpetual intrigues of his enemies at home deprived him of repose, and even at Cirey he was not always free from troubles and altercations. Upon the death of Madame du Châtelet, in 1749, he accepted the often urged invitation of Frederic, and took up his residence at the Court of Berlin. But the friendship of the king and the philosopher was not of long duration. A violent quarrel with the geometrician, Maupertuis, who was also living under the protection of Frederic, ended, after some ineffectual attempts at accommodation, in Voltaire's departure from Frederic's society and dominions (1753). He had just published his *Siècle de Louis XIV.*, which was shortly followed by the *Essai sur les Mœurs*.

After a few more wanderings, for the versatility of his talent seemed to require a corresponding variety of abode, Voltaire finally fixed himself at Ferney, near Geneva, in the sixty-fifth year of his eventful life, and began to enjoy at leisure his vast reputation. From all parts of Europe strangers undertook pilgrimages to this philosophic shrine. Sovereigns took pride in corresponding with the Patriarch, as he was

called by the numerous sect of free-thinkers, and self-styled *philosophers*, who looked up to him as their teacher and leader. The Society of Philosophers at Paris, now employed in their great work, the Encyclopædia, which, from the moment of its ill-judged prohibition by the government, had assumed the character of an anti-Christian manifesto, looked up to Voltaire as the acknowledged chief of their party. He furnished some of the most important articles in the work.

His whole mind seemed now to be bent on one object, the subversion of the Christian religion. Innumerable miscellaneous compositions, different in form, and generally anonymous, indeed often disavowed, were marked by this pernicious tendency. "I am tired," he is reported to have said, "of hearing it repeated that twelve men were sufficient to found Christianity. I will show the world that *one* is sufficient to destroy it!" Half a century has elapsed, and the event has not justified the truth of this boast. He mistook his own strength, as many other unbelievers have done.

These impious extravagances were not, however, the only occupation of the twenty years which intervened between Voltaire's establishment at Ferney and his death. In the defence of Sirven, Lally, Labarre, Calas, and others, who at several times were objects of unjust condemnation by the judicial tribunals, he exerted himself with a zeal as indefatigable as it was meritorious. Ferney, under his protection, grew to a considerable village, and the inhabitants learned to bless the liberalities of their patron. His mind continued to be embittered by literary quarrels, the most memorable being that with J. J. Rousseau, commemorated in his poem, entitled "*Guerre Civile de Genève*" (1768). He hated this unfortunate exile, as a rival, as an enthusiast, and as a friend, comparatively speaking, to Christianity. Nor were these his only disquietudes. The publication of the infamous poem of "*La Pucelle*," which he suffered in strict confidence to circulate among his intimate friends, and which was printed by the treachery of some of them, gave him much uneasiness. For its indecency and impiety he might not have cared; but all who had offended him, authors, courtiers, even the king and his mistress, were abused in it in the grossest manner, and Voltaire had no wish to provoke the arm of power. He had recourse to his usual process of disavowal, and as he could not deny the whole, he asserted that the offensive parts had been intercalated by his enemies. In other instances his zeal outran discretion, and affected his comforts by producing apprehension for his safety. Sometimes a panic terror of assassination took possession of him, and it needed all the gentleness and assiduties of his adopted daughter, Madame de Varicourt, to whom he was tenderly attached, to bring back his usual levity of mind.

At length, in 1778, Voltaire, yielding to the entreaties of his favourite niece, Madame Denis, came to Paris, where at the theatre he was greeted by a numerous assemblage in a manner resembling the crowning of an Athenian dramatic poet, more than any modern exhibition of popular favour. Borne back to his hotel amidst the acclamations of thousands, the aged man said feebly, "You are suffocating me with roses." He did not indeed long survive this festival. Continued study, and the immoderate use of coffee, renewed a strangury to which he had been subject, and he died May 30, 1778. He was interred with the rites of Christian worship, a point concerning which he had shown some solicitude, in the Abbaye de Scellières. In 1791 his remains were removed by the Revolutionists, and deposited with great pomp in the Pantheon.

It is difficult, within our contracted limits, to give an accurate character of Voltaire. In versatility of powers, and in variety of knowledge, he stands unrivalled; but he might have earned a better and more lasting name, had he concentrated his talents and exertions on fewer subjects, and studied them more deeply. It has been truly and wittily observed that "he *half knew* everything, from the cedar of Lebanon to the hyssop on the wall, and he wrote of them all, and laughed at them all."

Of the feeling of veneration, either for God or man, he seems to have been incapable. He thought too highly of himself to look up to anything. Capricious, passionate, and generally selfish, he was yet accessible to sudden impulses of generosity. He was an acute rather than a subtle thinker. Perhaps in the whole compass of his philosophical works there is not to be found one original opinion, or entirely new argument, but no man ever was endowed with so happy a facility for illustrating the thoughts of others, and imparting a lively clearness to the most abstruse speculations. He brought philosophy from the closet into the drawing-room. Eminently skilled to detect and satirize the faults and follies of mankind, his love of ridicule was too strong for his love of truth. He saw the ludicrous side of opinions in a moment, and often unfortunately could see nothing else. His alchemy was directed towards transmuting the imperfect metals into dross. All enthusiasm, eagerness of belief, magnifying of probabilities through the medium of excited feeling, all that makes a sect as well in its author as its followers, these things were simply foolish in his estimation.

It is impossible to gather from his works any connected system of philosophy: they are full of contradictions, but the pervading principle which gives them some form of coherence is a rancorous aversion to Christianity. As a Deist believing in a God, "*rémunérateur vengeur*,"

but proscribing all established worship, Voltaire occupies a middle position between Rousseau on the one hand, who, while he avowed scepticism as to the proofs, professed reverence for the characteristics of Revealed Religion, and Diderot on the other, with his fanatical crew of Atheists, who laughed not without reason at their Patriarch of Ferney, for imagining that he, whose life had been spent in trying to unsettle the religious opinions of mankind, could fix the point at which unbelief should stop

The dramatic poems of Voltaire retain their place among the first in their language, but his other poetical works have lost much of the reputation they once enjoyed. He paints with fidelity and vividness the broad lineaments of passion, and excels in that light, allusive style, which brings no image or sentiment into strong relief, and is therefore totally unlike the analytic and picturesque mode of delineation, to which in this country, and especially in this age, we are apt to limit the name and prerogatives of imagination. As a novelist, he has seldom been equalled in wit and profligacy. As an historian, he may be considered one of the first who authorised the modern philosophising manner, treating history rather as a reservoir of facts for the illustration of moral science, than as a department of descriptive art.

He is often inaccurate, and seldom profound, but always lively and interesting. On the whole, however the general reputation of Voltaire may rise or fall with the fluctuations of public opinion, he must continue to deserve admiration as

“The wonder of a learned age, the line  
Which none could pass, the wittiest, clearest pen  
*The voice most echoed by consenting men,*  
*The soul, which answer'd best to all well said*  
*By others, and which most requital made*”—CLEVELAND

#### PETRARCH

Francesco Petrarca, whose real name is said to have been Petracco, was born at Arezzo, in Tuscany, July 20, 1304. His father was a notary at Florence, who had been employed in the service of the state, but in the civil strife excited by Corso Donati, chief of the faction of the Neri, he, with the rest of the Bianchi, including Dante, whose friend he is recorded to have been, was banished from the Republic in 1302. When the death of the Emperor Henry VII deprived the exiles of all hope of return, Petracco took his family to Avignon, at that period the seat of the Pontifical Court. The boy Francesco then saw for the first time scenes and objects, with which his destiny was irrevocably connected, and he has left on record the impression which at ten years of age the

fountain and wild solitude of Vacluse had made upon his imagination. He was sent to study the canon law at the University of Montpellier, where he remained four years, devoting his time to Cicero, Virgil, and the Provençal writers, much more than to the doctors of jurisprudence. From Montpellier he went to Bologna, and formed an acquaintance with the celebrated Cino da Pistoia, from whom, although distinguished no less as a jurist than as a poet, Petrarch learned more poetry than law. On his father's death, which occurred when he was about twenty years old, he returned to Avignon. His mother died soon after, and the moderate patrimony which he inherited was so much diminished by the dishonesty of his guardians, that, at the age of twenty-two, he found himself without fortune or profession, and with no resource, but that of entering the church.

Avignon was then the chosen abode of fashion, luxury, and vice. Petrarch mingled in its gay society, without yielding to its corruptions, or withdrawing himself from the philosophical studies which interested him above all other pursuits. A great conformity of taste, and a common superiority to the low objects of ambition with which they were surrounded, made him the friend of Jacopo Colonna, afterwards Bishop of Lombez. This prelate introduced Petrarch to his brother, the Cardinal Colonna, who resided at Avignon, and in whose palace, in 1331, the poet acquired the friendship of old Stefano Colonna, the illustrious head of that family, and drew from his discourse a stronger love of Italy, of freedom, and of glory. But his affectionate, enthusiastic temper was not to be exhausted even by these objects. soon, without ever being entirely diverted from the interest of friendship or patriotism, he became the vassal of that long and illustrious passion to which he owes the immortality of his name. April 6, 1327, on Easter Monday, in the church of the Nuns of Santa Clara, Petrarch, being then twenty-three years of age, saw for the first time, and loved at sight, Laura de Noves, the bride of Hugo de Sade, a young patrician of Avignon. From this time his life was passed in wandering from place to place, sometimes at the several courts of Italian princes, sometimes in solitary seclusion at Vacluse, often at Avignon itself, where, from the lofty rock on which stands the old Pontifical Palace, he could see Laura walking in the gardens below, which, with all the adjacent part of the town, belonged to the family of de Sade.

Few subjects have been discussed more largely, with greater minuteness of examination, or with greater license of conjecture, than the history of the love of Petrarch. Some have chosen to treat with ridicule the idea of a passion, subsisting through a long and eventful life, without gratification, and nearly without hope, others have thought the



difficulty obviated by supposing, in defiance of all apparent evidence, that Laura was not so insensible as the laws of morality required. A few have wished to rescue the character of the poet from the imputation of having loved a married woman, and have dragged certain obscure spinsters out of doubtful epitaphs and registers, to dispute the claim of Laura de Sade. A few more, and but a few, although the race is not extinct, have denied the existence of Laura altogether, either considering her as a mere poetical fancy, or still more boldly resolving her into some allegory, political or religious.

But none of these theories, maintained at various times, and with various degrees of ingenuity, almost from the age of Petrarch until the present day, have shaken the received opinion on the four main points of the question, namely, that Laura was no creation of the poet's brain, but a woman, that she was married, that Hugo de Sade was her husband, and that her virtue was proof against the passion of Petrarch. When all the circumstances of the case, including the peculiarities of sentiment which characterise the time, are fairly taken into consideration, there will appear no such miraculous improbability as has been presumed in the duration of Petrarch's attachment. That it partook of the vehement character of true passion, is evident from many passages in his epistles and philosophical works, where he may be supposed to speak with less disguise than in his *Canzoniere*, but a natural vanity, the habit of refining his feelings into intellectual notions, and the then prevalent fashion of poetical constancy to a real object, may have contributed more than he could himself be aware to the durability of the sentiment. It is not to be forgotten, however, that at different periods of his life he had two natural children, a son and a daughter. Still he maintained that, notwithstanding these irregularities, he never loved any one but Laura.

The Sonnets and Canzones, which, separately published, now together form the *Canzoniere*, soon elevated their author to the highest rank among living poets, and gave him in the eyes of his admirers a place beside the "creator della lingua," the author of the *Divina Commedia*. Petrarch, however, whose mind was full of veneration for antiquity, and who was ardently desirous to recover all the monuments of classic literature that still preserved a hazardous existence in convents and other receptacles of the little learning of an ignorant age, for a long time, if not to the end of life, prided himself more on his Latin compositions, than on being the founder of a school of poetry in his native language. At one time he had commenced a Latin history of Rome, from the foundation of the city to the reign of Titus. But he was diverted from this work, by conceiving the idea of an epic poem,

entitled "Africa," founded on the events which marked the close of the second Punic war, of which Scipio was the hero. For a year he laboured on it with enthusiasm, and it was received with admiration; but, like most works of imagination composed in languages not rendered familiar to the writer in all their delicacy by vernacular and hourly use, and on subjects not consecrated by any feelings of national and domestic interest, they have long since been forgotten by all but the learned.

On one and the same day, August 23, 1340, he received at Vaucluse a letter from the Roman Senate, inviting him to accept the honour of a public coronation in the Capitol, and one from the Chancellor of the University of Paris, offering the same distinction. It has been said, and there is at least negative evidence in favour of the assertion, that this last invitation was unauthorised by any corporate decision of the university; if so, it probably resulted from the personal enthusiasm of the chancellor, Roberto Bardì, who was a Florentine, and a private friend of the Poet. Either from a knowledge of this, or from a natural preference of the Imperial City, Petrarch decided at once in favour of Rome, and embarked for Naples, to demand a preliminary examination from Robert of Anjou, the reigning prince, himself devotedly attached to literature. The King and the Poet conferred on poetical and historical subjects; during three days questions were formally proposed, and triumphantly answered, after which Robert pronounced solemnly that Petrarch was worthy of the honour offered to him, and taking off his own royal robe, entreated the Poet to wear it at the ceremony of his coronation.

On Easter-day, April 8, 1341, Petrarch ascended the stairs of the Capitol, surrounded by the most illustrious citizens of Rome, and preceded by twelve young men chosen from the highest families, who repeated at intervals various passages of his poetry. After a short oration, he received the crown from the hands of the senator, Orso, Count of Anguillara, and recited a sonnet on those heroes of the ancient city, whose triumphal honours, after a cessation of centuries, he first was come to share, and to renew. Then, amidst the acclamations of the multitude, he was conducted to the church of St. Peter's, where, taking from his head the laurel, he deposited it with religious care on the altar. After this ceremony he returned by land to Avignon, carrying with him letters patent of the King of Naples and of the senate and people of Rome, conferring on him by their joint authorities the full and free power of reading, discussing, and explaining all ancient books, composing new works (especially poems), and wearing on all occasions, as he might prefer, a crown of laurel, of ivy, or of myrtle.

Shortly afterwards he was again at Naples, under very different cir-

cumstances Appointed by Clement VI to urge the claims of the Holy See to the Regency of that state, during the minority of Joanna, the granddaughter of Robert of Anjou, he was treated with no less distinction and kindness than on the former visit, but, unsuccessful in his mission, and scandalised by the debauchery and cruelty which prevailed in the dissolute Court, he soon quitted Naples and Italy for his beloved Vacluse There, however, at no great distance of time, a new excitement awaited him In 1347, Rienzi, the famous demagogue, who began his career so nobly, and closed it with such circumstances of disgrace, obtained his brief and singular dominion All the hopes of Italian independence, all the reverence for antiquity which had ever animated the spirit of Petrarch, now strongly impelled him to admire the restorer of those ancient names, which he trusted would realise his visions of ancient freedom and majesty Even the massacre of the Colonna family, which Petrarch heard at Genoa as he was hastening to join the tribune at Rome, did not destroy these feelings, although it materially weakened them But the fabric of Rienzi's power was sapped by his own extravagances in less than a year, and nearly at the same time a more severe affliction fell upon Petrarch even than the disappointment of his hopes for the restoration of Italian liberty

In April, 1348, Laura expired of the dreadful malady which then ravaged Europe, and which is described by Boccaccio in the introduction to the Decameron The second half of the Canzoniere is the monument of his glorious sorrow, which is however more calmly, and, to the apprehensions of many, more convincingly expressed, in the pathetic note to his own MS of Virgil, now in the Ambrosian Library of Milan It would be unjust to him not to relate this event in his own words

Laura, illustrious for her own virtues, and long celebrated by my verses, was seen by me for the first time in my early manhood, in the year 1327, April 6, at six in the morning, in the church of S Clara, at Avignon In the same city, in the same month of April, on the same sixth day, and at the same hour, in 1348, this light was taken from the world, while I was at Verona, alas! ignorant of my unhappy lot The melancholy news reached me in a letter from my friend Louis it found me at Parma the same year, May 19, in the morning That body, so chaste, so fair, was laid in the church of the Minor Friars on the evening of the day of her death Her soul, I doubt not, is returned, as Seneca says of Scipio Africanus, to heaven, whence it came To preserve the grievous memory of this loss, I write this with a sort of pleasure mixed with bitterness, and I write by choice upon this book, which often comes before my eyes, that hereafter there may be nothing for me to delight in in this life, and that, my strongest chain being broken, I may be reminded by the frequent sight of these words, and by the just appre-

ciation of a fugitive life, that it is time to go forth from Babylon, which, by the help of God's grace, will become easy to me by vigorous and bold contemplation of the needless cares, the vain hopes, the unexpected events which have agitated me during the time I have spent on earth

The authenticity of this note has been contested, to us it bears internal evidence of being genuine, not merely in the unpretending pathos of the conclusion, but in the minuteness of the earlier details. It is the luxury of grief to connect the memory of the dead with our thoughts, and employments, and even abodes, at the moment of their death, and the pen of the literary forger is not likely to trace so simple and unpretending a statement.

The jubilee of 1350 led Petrarch again to Rome. When he passed through Arezzo, the principal citizens of the town led him with pride to the house in which he was born, declaring that nothing had been changed there, and that the municipal authorities had enforced this scrupulous respect for the great poet's birth-place by injunctions to the successive proprietors of the mansion. Not long afterwards, Boccaccio, his friend and his compeer in the great literary triumvirate of Italy, came to him at Padua, to announce in the name of the senate at Florence that he was restored to his rights of citizenship, and to offer him the superintendence of the recently established university. Petrarch did not accept the proposal.

Twice in the course of his remaining life his name is found connected with great events. Admitted to the counsels of Gian Visconti, he accepted the mission of reconciling the republic of Genoa, which had yielded to that prince, with the state of Venice, elated by recent victories. But Petrarch was destined to be unsuccessful as a statesman. This embassy had no effect, nor were his subsequent efforts to infuse into the mind of Charles IV the lessons of magnanimity, when that weak and avaricious emperor entered Italy, more beneficial either to Charles or to his country. Once, however, when employed by Galeazzo Visconti in a subsequent mission to the same prince, he was able to dissuade him from recrossing the Alps, unless we suppose that the distracted state of Germany had more to do with keeping the emperor at home, than the eloquence of the poet, or the skill of the politician. The second plague in 1362 deprived the now aged poet of the few early friends who remained to him, Azo of Corregio, and the two who in his letters are usually denominated Lælius and Socrates, and had, like himself, been intimate with Jacopo Colonna. He was then resident in Venice, where, in 1363, Boccaccio came to visit him in company with Leontius Pilatus of Thessalonica, who had instructed the Florentine novelist in Greek. At a former period Petrarch had commenced the study of that language under a Grecian monk named Barlaam, and,

though now sixty years of age, he returned to the task with enthusiasm and with perseverance. He was hospitably and honourably received by the republic, to which he presented his valuable collection of manuscripts.

After some more adventures and wanderings the old man fixed his residence at Arquà, a village situated on the Euganean hills, at four leagues distance from Padua. Here he led a life of abstinence and study, reposing from the toilsome vicissitudes to which he had been subjected, but not from his thirst for knowledge and desire of glory. His last years were solaced by his intimacy with Boccaccio, who seemed to supply the place of those numerous and valued early friends whom he had survived, and by the filial attentions of his daughter Francesca. The last important act of his life was his appearance before the Senate of Venice, in behalf of Francesco of Carrara, who had been forced to conclude a humiliating peace with the republic in 1373. It is said that he was so much awed by the majesty of the assembly, that, on the first day on which he appeared before it, he was unable to deliver his address. The next day he recovered his spirits, or more probably his strength, and his speech in behalf of Carrara was loudly applauded. He returned to his retirement in a failing state of health, and his complaints were aggravated by imprudence, and disregard of medical advice. July 18, 1374, he was found dead in his library, his head resting on an open book. A stroke of apoplexy had thus suddenly terminated his life. All Padua assisted at his obsequies, and Francesco of Carrara led the funeral pomp. A marble tomb, which still exists, was raised to him before the door of the church of Arquà.

Such was the death and such the life of Francesco Petrarca, than whom few men have exerted more influence over their own times, have contributed more to form and polish the language of their native land, or have given a more decided tone to the literature of succeeding generations. This is not the place to enter into a minute analysis of his merits as a poet. If he did not create the kind of poetry in which he excelled, at least he carried it to perfection. If he could not save his style from being disfigured by feeble imitators, at least he left it in itself a noble work. If he did not avoid the false conceits and strained illustrations, which at the rise of a new literature are almost always found to possess irresistible attractions, he redeemed and even ennobled them by strains of simple passion, imagination, and melody, which will live as long as the language in which they are composed. His Latin writings, on which he wished his reputation to rest, are now much neglected. They are not indeed calculated for general reading, but they are highly valuable as records of the time and of the man. His letters form the most interesting, because the most personal, por-

tion of them Few men have laid bare their hearts so completely as Petrarch His vanity, his dependence on the sympathy of others, led him to commit to writing every incident of his life, every turn in the troubled course of his feelings But he gains rather than loses by his voluntary exposure His Christian faith and Christian principles of philosophy, however swayed by occasional currents of passion, stand out beautifully amidst the corruptions of that age It is as impossible to rise from a perusal of Petrarch's poetry, and even more perhaps of his prose, without a feeling of love for the man, as of admiration for the author

In early life he was distinguished for beauty, of which he was himself not insensible, for he left, in his "Letter to Posterity," a description of his own person, which we quote from Ugo Foscolo's translation "Without being uncommonly handsome, my person had something agreeable in it in my youth My complexion was a clear and lively brown, my eyes were animated, my hair had grown grey before twenty-five, and I consoled myself for a defect which I shared in common with many of the great men of antiquity (for Cæsar and Virgil were grey-headed in youth), and I had a venerable air, which I was by no means very proud of" He was then miserable, Foscolo continues, if a lock of his hair was out of order, he was studious of ornamenting his person with the nicest clothes, and to give a graceful form to his feet, he pinched them in shoes that put his nerves and sinews to the rack These traits are taken from his own familiar letters

The life and writings of Petrarch have been repeatedly illustrated at great length The "*Petrarcha Redivivus*" of Tomasini, the voluminous "*Mémoires sur Pétrarque*" of the Abbé de Sade, who has taken up the subject as a matter of family history, and the works of Tiraboschi and Baldelli, are among the best authorities for our author's history To the English, and indeed to every reader, we must recommend the "*Essays on Petrarch*," by Ugo Foscolo, at the end of which there are some exquisite translations by Lady Dacre The most complete edition of Petrarch's works is the folio published at Bâle in 1581 Among the numerous editions of his Italian poems, we may particularise that of Biagioli, 1822, as containing the notes of Alfieri, and that of Marsard, printed at Padua, as distinguished alike for its correctness and beauty of execution

#### BURKE

The years which have elapsed since the death of Edmund Burke are not sufficient to secure a right and impartial sentence on his character We are still within the heated temperature of the same political agitations in which he lived and struggled We are not, perhaps our children

will not be, qualified to judge him and his contemporaries, with that calmness with which men weigh the merits of things and persons who have exerted no perceptible influence over their own times. It is fortunate, therefore, that the limits of this brief Memoir prescribe rather a succinct statement of unquestioned facts, than a disputable adjudication between opposite opinions.

Edmund Burke, son of Richard Burke, an attorney in extensive practice in Dublin, was born in that city, January 1, 1730. Of his early life little is known with certainty. He appears to have distinguished himself at Trinity College, Dublin, by his acquirements and talents, especially by a decided taste and ability for the discussion of subjects relating to English history and politics. His first literary effort of any importance was made before he quitted that university, in some letters directed against a factious writer called Lucas, at that time the popular idol. These are not preserved. In 1750 he came to London, and was entered a student of the Middle Temple. It is singular that the idle rumour, expressly contradicted by himself, of his having completed his education at St Omer's, should be still in some degree accredited by the author of the article "Burke," in the *Biographie Universelle*. Whether, in 1752 or 1753, he became a candidate for the chair of Logic at Glasgow, is a more doubtful question. The opinions of Dugald Stewart and Adam Smith, who took some pains to ascertain the truth, were in the negative. It is certain, however, that the extraordinary talents of Burke soon began to attract attention, he wrote in many political and literary miscellanies, and formed an acquaintance with some distinguished characters of the time. Among these should be mentioned Lord Charlemont, Gerard Hamilton, Soame Jenyns, and somewhat later, Goldsmith, Reynolds, Dr Johnson, and Hume.

His first avowed work, the "Vindication of Natural Society," was published in 1756, and excited very general admiration. The imitation of Bolingbroke's style in this essay was so perfect, that some admirers of the deceased philosopher are said to have overlooked the evident signs of irony, and to have believed it to be a genuine posthumous work. This may appear strange, but it is surely more strange, that forty years afterwards this "Vindication" should have been republished by the French party, with a view of serving democratic interests.

Before the close of 1756, appeared the "Philosophical Inquiry into the Origin of our Ideas of the Sublime and Beautiful," which added largely to Burke's reputation, and procured him the valuable friendship of Sir Joshua Reynolds. Shortly afterwards, the public attention being at that time much directed to the American colonies, was published "An Account of the European Settlements in America," of which

Burke was probably not the sole but the principal author. It was much read, as well on the Continent as in England, and indeed no inconsiderable portion of it has been incorporated into the celebrated work of the Abbé Raynal.

About this time Burke married the daughter of Dr Nugent, an intelligent physician, who had invited him to his house while suffering under an illness, the result of laborious application. This union was a source of uninterrupted comfort to him through life. "Every care vanishes," he was in the habit of saying, "when I enter my own home." A confined income, however, rendered literary exertion still more indispensable to him than before, and in 1759 "The Annual Register," that most useful work, for many years entirely composed by Burke, or under his immediate superintendence, was undertaken by him in conjunction with Dodsley. At length, in 1765, with the first Rockingham administration, he entered on a more extensive sphere of action, being appointed private secretary to the Marquis of Rockingham, through the recommendation of his friend Mr Fitzherbert.

Coming now into Parliament as member for Wendover in Buckinghamshire, Burke became an eminent supporter of the Whig party. The situation of affairs was critical. Mr Grenville's stamp act, a fatal departure from the policy on which the colonies had been previously governed, had excited much discontent in America. A strong party, supported by the evident favour of the court and the general feeling of the country, urged the necessity of perseverance in this coercive policy. Lord Chatham and his adherents no less strenuously denied the right of the Imperial Legislature to impose taxes on America without her own consent. The Rockingham Whigs adopted a middle course between these extremes. They repealed the stamp act, declaring at the same time that the right of taxation resided inalienable in Parliament. Their administration was short-lived. Lord Chatham succeeded them in power, at the head of that "dovetailed" cabinet which Burke has so admirably satirised in his "Speech on American Taxation." His influence was little more than nominal, and, in spite of it, schemes for raising a revenue in America were soon revived.

From these measures the public attention was for a short time diverted by the domestic agitation caused by the proceedings against Wilkes, the disputed election in Middlesex, and the mysterious letters of Junius. The shadow of that name was at the time believed by many to rest on Burke, a supposition long since rejected, and supported by scarce any evidence, though his power as a writer, and his known facility in disguising his style, gave some degree of plausibility to the supposition.



In his own name, and without any disguise, he came forward to attack the ministry of the Duke of Grafton, in a political treatise, entitled "Thoughts on the Present Discontents" This has been termed the Whig Manual, and certainly contains the ablest exposition ever given of the principles held by that party for a long series of years Shaken by this and other attacks, the Duke retired, and left the state under the guidance of a minister, whose merits have been overshadowed by the disastrous circumstances in which he was involved

From this time commenced that long and brilliant opposition, which from a very low condition of numbers and influence, gradually worked its way through the most momentous parliamentary struggles, and by a continued display of powers the most accomplished, and union the most effective, gained an ultimate victory, first over popular prepossessions, and then over royal obstinacy The court party were so inferior in eloquence and genius, that their arguments are little remembered, while the speeches of the Whigs are in everybody's hands They felt the importance of the contest deeply, or they would not have been animated to their extraordinary exertions But the wisest of them could not foresee the prodigious extent of those consequences which, within the duration of their own lives, resulted from their endeavours It was much for them to look forward to the independence of America What would it have been to contemplate the spread of popular principles in Europe, and that mighty revolution which has changed the balance of society?

No member of the opposition contributed so largely as Burke to their final triumph During the latter years of the war, indeed, his fame as a debater was eclipsed by the rising genius of Charles Fox, to whom he willingly yielded the office of leader of the Whig party But the talents of Fox had been trained and nourished by the wisdom of Burke, and in the speeches published at different periods by the latter, on American taxation, 1774, and on conciliation with America, 1775, and his "Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol," 1777 (written on the occasion of a temporary secession of the Rockingham party from Parliament), the friends of freedom found a magazine of invaluable weapons In 1774 Burke was elected member of Parliament for Bristol, but six years afterwards he was unable to procure his re-election for that borough, the people being displeased with his recent votes in favour of Irish trade and of the Roman Catholics

His popularity was in a great measure restored by the famous Bill of Economical Reform, brought forward by him in 1782, when paymaster of the forces under the second Rockingham ministry, after the overthrow of Lord North The death of the Marquis of Rockingham

produced a schism among the Whigs, Lord Shelburne was appointed his successor, and the Rockingham division resigned their places. They soon returned to them, by means of that strange junction of force with Lord North, emphatically termed *The Coalition*, which raised a general cry of indignation throughout the country. Burke always vindicated this step, both at the time, and when the state of things which led to it had long passed away, but it is generally supposed that he did not counsel it, and was only induced to give in his adhesion by the urgent entreaties of his political friends.

The celebrated East-India Bill, of which Burke is said to have been partly the author, and upon which he pronounced one of his most magnificent orations, was fatal to the Coalition. William Pitt, called at the age of twenty-four to occupy the first place in the counsels of his sovereign, fought an arduous but finally victorious fight against the Whig majority in the Commons. A dissolution followed: the new House supported the new Ministers, and a second long period of Whig opposition began, during which Fox was the acknowledged leader of the party, and was warmly supported in that capacity by Burke.

The most important event of this second great division of Burke's parliamentary life is undoubtedly the impeachment of Warren Hastings. Throughout the long debates on the accusations brought against the Governor of India, and afterwards throughout the trial itself, which began in 1788 and was not concluded until 1795, Burke was indefatigable. Never, perhaps, has greater oratorical genius been displayed than by that combination of great men who were appointed managers of the impeachment. Yet all their efforts failed to establish their case on a secure foundation. History still hesitates to decide with confidence on the guilt or innocence of Hastings. It is agreed, however, that the violence of Burke's proceedings on this trial was often unworthy of the situation he held, and the cause he advocated. When, with harsh tones and a look more expressive of personal than political hatred, he bade Mr. Hastings kneel before the court, it is said that Fox whispered to his friends, "In that moment I would rather have been Hastings than Burke."

At the latter end of 1788 arose the regency question, on which Burke, with all his party, maintained the opinion that any apparently irreparable incapacity in the sovereign caused a demise of the crown, because, the prerogatives of royalty being given for public benefit, it would be highly dangerous to suspend them for an indefinite period. Burke, however, did some injury to his party by the intemperate and imprudent language he adopted on this occasion, speaking of the

King's situation in the tone of triumph rather than pity, and even using the expression, "God has hurled him from his throne"

These constitutional questions, however important, were soon forgotten in a new absorbing interest, which began to occupy the minds of all men. The French Revolution had taken place. That astonishing event was at first hailed with general sympathy and admiration in this country. The supporters of Pitt either joined in the vehement delight of the Fox party, or took no pains to restrain it. Here and there some may have murmured dislike, but in general it was thought unworthy of Englishmen not to rejoice in the acquisition of liberty by a neighbouring people, and not a few looked to this great change as the harbinger of political regeneration to Europe and the world. In this general acclamation one voice was wanting.

Burke, from the very first meeting of the States General, did not conceal his aversion to their proceedings, and his apprehension of the results. Gradually, as the excesses of popular violence in Paris became more frequent, an Anti-Gallican party began to gather round him. On the 9th of February, 1790, during a debate on the army estimates, Burke took advantage of some expressions which Fox let fall in praise of the French Revolution to open an attack against it, denying that there was any similarity between our Revolution of 1688 and the "strange thing" called by the same name in France. Fox, in his reply, spoke in memorable terms of his obligations to his friend, declaring that all he had ever learnt from other sources was little in comparison with what he had gained from him. Sheridan attacked the speech just made by Burke in no measured terms, describing it as perfectly irreconcilable with the principles hitherto professed by that gentleman. On this Burke again rose, and in a few words declared that Sheridan and himself were thenceforth "separated in politics."

Before the end of this year came out the celebrated "Reflections," which at once showed how irreparable was the schism between the author and his former associates. It roused an immediate war of opinion, which gave birth to a war of force throughout Europe. Innumerable pamphlets soon followed upon its publication, some denouncing the work as a specious apology for despotism, others advocating the opinions contained in it with a vehemence which the authors had not dared to show, till they were encouraged by the support of so eloquent and so distinguished a partisan.

The most remarkable attempts of the former description were the "Rights of Man," by Thomas Paine, which soon became the manual of the democratic party, and the "*Vindiciæ Gallicæ*," by Mr. afterwards

Sir James Mackintosh, the most illustrious, if not the only successor of Burke himself in his peculiar line of philosophical politics Fox was loud in condemning the book, and although no formal breach of friendship had hitherto taken place, such an event was obviously to be expected

On the 6th May, 1791, during a discussion on a plan for settling the constitution of Canada, this separation actually occurred, with a solemnity worthy of the men and the event From that hour, during the six remaining years of his life, one idea swayed with exclusive dominion the mind of Burke Utterly separated from Fox's party, aloof from the ministry, retired, after a few sessions, from parliament, he continued to wage unceasing war, by speech and writing, against the principles and practice of Jacobinism Soon he was pointed out as a prophet, and the verification of his predictions in characters of blood was much more powerful, because much more palpable, than the vague anticipations of future advantage put forward by his opponents In 1794, after his retirement from parliament, he received the grant of a considerable pension for himself and his wife The democratic party did not scruple to stigmatise his motives, and in answer to an accusation of this sort was written the "Letter to a Noble Lord," perhaps the most astonishing specimen of his peculiar capacities of style In this year the death of his son overwhelmed him with affliction Still he continued his exertions His views of the war differed widely from those of the ministry he ceased not to urge that it was a war not against France, but Jacobinism, and that it would be a degradation to Britain to treat with any of the Regicides On this subject are written the two "Letters on a Regicide Peace," published in 1796, and the others published since his death On the 8th of July, 1797, this event took place, in the 68th year of his age, at his own house at Beaconsfield, whither, after seeking medical aid elsewhere in vain, he had returned to die

The mind of this great man may, perhaps, be considered as a fair representative of the general characteristics of English intellect Its groundwork was solid, practical, and conversant with the details of business, but upon this, and secured by this, arose a superstructure of imagination and moral sentiment He saw little, because it was painful to him to see anything beyond the limits of the national character, with that, and with the constitution which he considered its appropriate expression, all his sympathies were bound up But he loved them with an intelligent and discriminating love, making it his pains to comprehend thoroughly what it was his delight to serve diligently His political opinions, springing out of these dispositions, were early fixed in favour of the Whig system of governing by great party connexions

These opinions, however, were swayed in their application by strong impulses of personal feeling. A temper impatient of control, an imagination prone to magnify those classes of facts which impressed him with alarm or hope, a command of language almost unlimited, and a copiousness of imagery misleading nearly as much as it illustrated or enforced, these were qualities which laid him open to many serious accusations.

But his admirers have started a philosophic doubt, whether less of passion and prejudice would have been compatible with the peculiar station he was destined to occupy. In an age of revolution, it might be plausibly maintained, his genius was the counteracting force. Alone he stood against the impulses communicated to European society by the philosophers of France, their enthusiasm could only be met by enthusiasm, their influence on the imaginations and hearts of men was capable of overbearing either a blind prejudice or a dispassionate logic. But Burke was an orator in all his thoughts, and a sage in all his eloquence, he held the principles of Conservation with the zeal of a Leveller, and tempered lofty ideas of Improvement with the scrupulousness of official routine. As a debater in the House of Commons he was inferior to some otherwise inferior men. Pitt and Fox will be neglected while the speeches of Burke shall still be read.

It has been said of Fox by a philosophical panegyrist that he was the most Demosthenean speaker since Demosthenes. Perhaps, of all great orators Burke might be called the least Demosthenean. Probably a hearer of the great Athenian would have felt as extemporaneous and intuitive the slowly-wrought perfections of rhetorical art, while the listeners to Burke may have often set down to elaborate preparation what was really the inspiration of the moment. His conversation, however, seems to have been uniformly delightful.

It is a true maxim in one sense, although in another it would often need reversal, that great men are always greater than their works. Much as we possess of Edmund Burke, very much is lost to us of that which formed the admiration of his contemporaries. "The mind of that man," said Dr. Johnson, "is a perennial stream: no one grudges Burke the first place." He was acquainted with most subjects of literature, and possessed some knowledge of science. The philosophy of mind owes him one contribution of no inconsiderable value; but the indirect results of his metaphysical studies, as seen in the tenor of his practical philosophy, are much more extensive. For in all things, while he deeply revered principles, he chose to deal with the concrete more than with abstractions: he studied men rather than man.

In private life the character of Burke was unsullied even by re-

proach A good father, a good husband, a good friend, he was sincerely attached to the Protestant religion of the English church, "not from indifference," as he said himself of the nation at large, "but from zeal, not because he thought there was less religion in it, but because he knew there was more" But his attachment was without bigotry, the principles of toleration ever found in him a powerful advocate, and he was ever zealous to remove imperfections, and correct abuses, in the establishment, as the best means of securing its permanent existence

The works of Burke are collected in sixteen volumes octavo His speeches are separately published in four volumes octavo A small volume appeared in 1827, containing the correspondence, hitherto unpublished, between this great statesman and his friend Dr Laurence His life was written soon after his death by Mr Bisset, and more recently by Mr Prior Several other biographical accounts were published about the time of his death, both in the periodical publications and as independent works we are not aware that any of these are entitled to particular notice

## APPENDIX A

Juvenilia, Italian Sonnets, and Translations





## *Five Contributions to The Eton Miscellany*

In his last term at Eton, Hallam, barely turned sixteen, contributed to a short-lived periodical sponsored by members of the Eton Debating Society, notably, in addition to himself, James Milnes Gaskell, W E Gladstone, Francis Hastings Doyle, Frederick Rogers, and Percival Andree Pickering. Volume I, comprising five numbers, was issued in June and July, 1827. The following notes indicate the nature and quality of the contributions.]

### I ON NAMES

This moderately amusing rambling essay on the importance of having the right name appeared in Vol I, No 1, pp 21-26, and was signed "E L." The opening sentence is amusing as coming from the son of the most eminent historian of the period:

Historians are, generally speaking, so intent on tracing home to a fine-spun philosophy of their own creating that they totally omit to mention those smaller circumstances which a plain man would consider as the main-springs, or very nearly so, of human action

### II REMARKS ON GIFFORD'S "FORD"

William Gifford's edition of the dramatic works of John Ford was posthumously published in 1827. Hallam's review, signed "E L.", which ran through three issues (No 2, pp 61-68, No 3, pp 124-133, No 4, pp 156-162) admiringly analyzes the Elizabethan dramatist and differs with his editor's opinions. It closes with a panegyric on the excellencies of the ebullient Elizabethans, whose "free and mountain torrent" is contrasted to "the inclosed [*sic*] waters of the fountain, leaping but to a certain height, and recurring with an eternal monotony of sound to the marble basin which imprisons it," of the poetry of the succeeding age:

All the vivid energy, [writes Hallam] all the wild freshness of intellect, by which the real poet is stamped from his birth, as with Nature's seal, belong to the master-spirits of that day. They are the originals of that glorious order of poetry which dares to throw off the shackles of imitation, and gaze on the universe with the frenzied eye of inspiration: the order which Wordsworth and his fanatics have had sense enough to perceive, and blindness enough to pervert, but into which perhaps Byron alone has, of all modern writers, fully entered.

[Hallam has thus ventured to lay his tribute upon the threshold of the mighty temple of Elizabethan poetry] not, indeed, without trembling lest our presumption should be punished, but not without hope that in our lesser world we may produce the same good effect which has been already produced in a great degree on the public taste—that of exciting a wish to abandon the school of vitiated taste, whether it be displayed in the wire-

drawing of Pope, which spoiled the genius of Darwin, or in the overacted Shakespearianism which makes the Lakists a laughing-stock and a bye-word but to return, on the other hand, to the fountain-head of all that is really excellent in our own literature, and once more to drink from "the well of English undefiled," the Elizabethan poetry

### III TWO LETTERS TO BARTHOLOMEW BOUVERIE, ESQ

These letters (No 3, pp 141-144) were addressed to the editor, whose pseudonym concealed the name of Gladstone Signed "Quidnunc" and "Christopher Chronicle," they made not very humorous observations on the founding of the Eton Debating Society

### IV THE BATTLE OF THE BOYNE

This poem of twenty-eight lines, signed "Roland," (No 3, pp 136-137) celebrates the Orange Standard, and concludes,

Land of the hero and the sage,  
England! thro' many a hoary age,  
When tempests swell, and whirlwinds rage,  
That Standard is thy panoply!

### V THE BRIDE OF THE LAKE

In five pages of heroic couplets, signed "Roland," (No 5, pp 215-220) adorned with allusions to Dante and Milton, pointed out, as was the custom of the day, in learned footnotes, Hallam tells a story, also used by Moore, of O'Donoghue, or the Chieftain of the White Horse He closes

Harp of the Lake forgive his rash career,  
That gives to Erin one melodious tear,\*  
And for the halcyon days of Freedom's fire,  
Weaves the wild wreath, and tunes the youthful lyre

#### [*Seven Italian Sonnets*]

[All of these first appeared in the edition of 1830, and all but the third were proudly reprinted by Henry Hallam in 1834 The first three are political, the remainder are directly addressed to, or are associated with, Anna Mildred Wintour Numbers I and II were dated by their author December, 1827, numbers III and IV, January, 1828, number V, March, 1828, number VI, April, and number VII, May, 1828 All except the second, fifth and last were composed at Rome The text is that of 1830 except where 1830 obviously misprints Footnotes refer to MS versions, of IV in Hallam's hand (the copy sent Miss Wintour, now in the possession of Miss I Wintour), and of IV, V, and VI in the commonplace book kept by J M Gaskell]

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\* "Without the meed of some melodious tear," the poet quotes from *Lycidas*

## I

*Alla Statua, Ch'è a Firenze di Lorenzo Duca D'Urbino,  
Scolta da Michel Angiolo*

Deh, ch'ì se' tu, ch'ì in sì superba pietra  
Guardi, e t' accigli, più che creatura?  
La maestà della fronte alta, e pura,  
L'occhio, ch' appena il duro marmo arretra  
L' agevol man, da cui bel velo impetra  
La mossa de pensier profonda, e scura,  
Dicon "Questi é Lorenzo, e se pur dura  
Suo nome ancor, questo il Destino spetra"  
Tosca magion—ah! vituperio ed onta  
Della nobil città, che l' Arno infiora,  
Qual danno fé de vostre palle il suono!  
Pure innanzi a beltade ira tramonta  
E Fiorenza, ch' l' giogo ange, e scolora,  
Dice ammirando, "Oimè! quas' io perdonol!"

## II

Genova bella, a cui l' altiera voce  
Di costanza e virtù feo grande onore,  
Allorchè rosseggiò quel tristo albore,  
Pien di spaventi, e gridi, e guasto atroce  
E'l fiume ostil, che mai non mise foce  
Nel dolce suol, che della terra è fiore,  
Piagava sì, ma non vincea quel core  
Or che ti resta? Or dov' é la feroce  
Antica mente? E Lei—tra pene, e guai  
L' invitta Libertà—qual rupe or serba?  
Forse (oh pensier!) qui volge il passo omai,  
E freme, e tace, o con dolcessa acerba  
Dice, oscurando del bel viso i rai,  
"Com' è caduta la città superba!"

1 1] Alluding to the Sonnet of Passerini, beginning "Genova mia" [H] It is 1 the "Componimenti Lunici" of Mathias [The second sentence added by Henry Hallam in 1834]

## III

*Purporting to be written by a Buonapartist of 1814 to the Violet, which was the secret badge of his political opinion*

Vezzoso fior, che sull'ombroso colle  
Ascolti il mormorar di lucid' onde,  
Cheto, e modesto, ù l'erba più t'asconde,  
Perdona s'io ti colga Oh fresco, oh molle

Don di Natura, teco ognor s'estolle  
 L'alma speranza della verna fronde  
 Teco ridon e boschi, e prati, e sponde,  
 Ma trema il verno, e fugge il turbo folle  
 Lieta fidanza! Oh se ritorna al fiore  
 Vita più dolce, ed aura più serena,  
 A LUI non tornerà l'antico onore,  
 Che serve, e geme?—ah! servitude! ah! pena!  
 Sì, fiorellin, teco il destin lo mena,  
 Colla vaga stagion torna l'Ultore!

## IV

## TO AN ENGLISH LADY

("TRA BELLA E BUONA NON SO QUAL FOSSE PIU,")

—*Purgatorio*, xxiv, 12-13

*Who, not having fulfilled her promise to meet me at a Roman festival,  
 sent me a note requesting pardon*

Ah! vera donna! or dal tessuto inganno  
 Riconosco, chi sei la gran vaghezza  
 Ch' angelica mi parve, or fugge, e spezza  
 Quel caro laccio di soave affanno  
 Collo, ch' i neri anelli un marmo fanno,  
 Trecce, che più di sè l'anima apprezza,  
 E voi, begli occhi di fatal dolcezza,  
 Che feci io mai per mentar tal danno?  
 Tu pur, notte spietata, or vieni, e dille  
 (Chè senza testimon nol crederia)  
 Com' io guardava a mille visi, e mille,  
 E dicea, sospirando, in fioco suono,  
 "Mille non sono, quel ch' una saria"—  
 Va, traditrice, e non sperar perdono

Title ] MS has "La Mia Riposta," and no quotation or sub-title

l 1 ] MS 'Or', 'vera donna'

l 5 ] MS 'Oncci' for 'Anelli'

l 13 ] MS 'E sospirava, e dissi in fioco suono'

l 14 ] MS VA, TRADITRICE, E DISPERA PERONDO!

## V

## SCRITTO SUL LAGO D'ALBANO

Soave ventice! ch' intorno spira,  
 Or cogli elci scherzando, or sulle sponde  
 Destando il mormorar di lucid' onde,

Deh non tardar, non più frenar tuoi giri  
 Vattene innanzi, e là 've giuso ammiri  
 Un fiorellin, che dall' amena fronde  
 Gioia, e dolcezza in ogni seno infonde,  
 China le piume, e dille i miei sospiri  
 Quanta invidia ti porto! In sul bel volto  
 Lente isvolazzi, e baci quel natio  
 Aureo sorriso, cui veder m'è tolto!  
 Fossi pur teco! Ah! quale tremolio  
 Al cor darebbe il trastullarmi avvolto  
 Ne' cari lacci, e il susurrar "Son' io!"

l 14] So The Gaskell MS, 1830, 1834 *et ff* have "Sonio"

## VI

ON A LADY SUFFERING SEVERE ILLNESS  
 (IMITATED FROM THE ENGLISH)

Pieta! Pietal gran Dio! deh, volgi omai  
 L'impietosito sguardo il bel semblante  
 Le luce giovanette, e vaghe, e sante,  
 Non mertan, no, soffrir dell' empio i guai  
 "Mortal, mortal, che delirando vai,"  
 Rispose quel del trono sfolgorante,  
 "Ve' com' ogni dolor par che si schiante  
 A' puri di gran Fede augusti rai  
 "Alma beata è questa! E se pur l'ange  
 Nel fior degli anni suoi cotanta pena,  
 Io la sostengo, e questa man la mena!"  
 Così lo spirto umil, cui nulla frange,  
 (O speme di virtù salda, e serena!)  
 Beve l'amaro nappo, e mai non piange

Title] Anna Wintour was in perfect health and spirits in April, 1828, when this was written. The sonnet therefore celebrates the earlier illness referred to in "A Farewell to the South," ll 40-49

## VII

ALLA SIRENA, NUME AVITO DI NAPOLI,  
 (SCRITTO IN TIROLO)

Donna di gran poter, ch' il colle adorno  
 Molci regina, u' sospirar non lice,  
 Fuori ch' ai dolce lai, che d'ogni intorno  
 S'odon nell' ombra de' gran vati altrice,

Deh vieni, oh tu sì bella—e senza scorno  
 (Pietà per fermo a niuna dea disdice)  
 Favellami di lei, ch'ìl tuo soggiorno  
 Par faccia più ridente, e più felice  
 Misero, che ragiono? il suon risponde  
 D'Euro ululando tra l'Alpina foglia,  
 Tu pur ti stai lontana—e fai gran senno,  
 Che se'l tuo vol piegassi ad ogni cenno  
 Ch' ad or, ad or, manda l'atroce doglia,  
 Lungi da lei verresti a torbid' onde!

[*Four Translations from the German*]

Written at Malvern

[Only the first of these translations, all made at Malvern in September, 1829, and printed in 1830, was reprinted by Henry Hallam in 1834. The Tieck piece appears, however, only in those survivors of the edition of 1830 that have 174 pages, where it is given in pages 169-171.]

# I FROM SCHILLER

[*"Das Mädchen aus der Fremde" 1797*]

## I

To yonder vale where shepherds dwell,  
 There came with every dawning year,  
 Ere earliest larks their notes did trill,  
 A lady wonderful and fair

## II

She was born within that vale,  
 And none from whence she came might know,  
 But soon all trace of her did fail,  
 Whene'er she turned her, far to go

## III

But blessing was when she was seen  
 All hearts that day were beating high

[Title] Written when Schiller was twenty-three, the poem was anonymously published in 1792 as "Meine Blumen," and republished, radically re-written and authorship acknowledged, as "Die Blumen," in 1800. Both versions use a ten-line stanza and offer serious difficulties to the metrical translator. Hallam used the later version.

[III, l. 2] Schiller's earlier version was addressed to an imaginary mistress, Laura, the later version, used by Hallam, here speaks of "Nannys Blicken." Hallam's change to Emma in the stanza referring to a prohibition against lovers' meetings

A holy calm was in her mien,  
And queenly glanced her maiden eye

## IV

She brought with her both fruits and flowers  
Were gathered in another clime,  
Beneath a different sun from ours,  
And in a nature more sublime

## V

To each and all a gift she gave,  
And one had fruit and one had flower,  
Nor youth, nor old man with his stave,  
Did homeward go without his dower

## VI

So all her welcome guests were glad—  
But most rejoiced one loving pair,  
Who took of her the best she had,  
The brightest blooms that ever were!

## II FROM SCHILLER

*"The Flowers"*

## I

Flowers of the spangled earth,  
Whom the young light summoned forth,  
For joy and beauty nature wove ye,  
Ah she doth love ye!  
Fair your dress in purest splendor—  
Flora gave it!  
Each of the rare hues which attend her  
From her you have it!  
Still, ye glories of the spring,  
Still for you a dirge I sing,  
For in all your glistering  
Soul doth not bide,  
The gods who pranked you in your pride,  
That have denied!

---

is pure, if extraordinary coincidence, inasmuch as he had not yet met Emily Tennyson, and his father's ukase against their meeting did not take effect until March, 1831. It is interesting that another translator (J. H. Merivale, *Poems Original and Translated*, new ed., 3 vols., 1844, III, 178) also balks at Nanny and renders the phrase as "Anna's face."

## II

The nightingale and lark above ye  
 Love's delicious doom are singing,  
 And the wanton Sylphids move ye  
 Breezy circles round ye winging  
 Hath not Cytherea's touch,  
 The while she laughed,  
 Swelled your full calix to a couch  
 Amorous, and soft?  
 Still, oh ye glories of the spring,  
 For you a mournful dirge I sing,  
 Since in all your blandishing  
 Love cannot be!  
 The gods who gave your brilliancy  
 Made ye not free!

## III

My mother's word has banished me  
 From gazing on my Emma's face,  
 But cannot take my liberty  
 Of making you, sweet shining race,  
 A token to her  
 Mute heralds of dear agonies,  
 While thus I woo her,  
 In your life, speech, heart, soul, shall rise  
 Imbreathed by my fond meaning  
 That mightiest of deities  
 In your sweet leaves  
 Each of you receives,  
 Wisely his godhead screening

## III FROM SCHILLER

[*"Die Theilung der Erde" 1795*]

## I

"Take ye the world!" From his imperial height  
 Jove spake to mortals, "yours the world shall be  
 I do estate you in unfailing right,  
 So portion it between you brotherly!"

## II

All who had hands 'gan hurry at his word,  
 And busy was the stir of young and old,



One stoopt for fruits o' th' earth, and rose a lord,  
 Another grew a gamesome hunter bold

## III

The merchant came, and stored his granaries,  
 The monk filled high his cup of raciest wine,  
 And, ere the end, from costly balconies  
 A king looked forth, and said, "All these are mine"

## IV

But very late, when all the toil was done,  
 Came the young poet travelling from afar  
 Ah, nothing now remained! he stood alone  
 On the wide earth beneath a waning star

## V

"Oh sad mischance! am I forgotten sole,  
 When all are blest, I, thy beloved son!"  
 Such was the mournful music of his dole,  
 As he stood looking upward to Jove's throne

## VI

"And if thou tarriest in the land of dream,"  
 Answered the god, "the blame was not with me  
 Where wast thou, when the world-partakers came?"  
 "Father," the poet said, "I bode with thee!"

## VII

"Mine eye was fixt on thy transcendent mien,  
 Mine ear on thy celestial harmony,  
 Forgive a soul so won by that pure sheen,  
 That she forgot the earth her home must be!"

## VIII

"What can be done?" the pitying god replied  
 "The world with all its wealth is mine no more,  
 If thou wilt live forever by my side,  
 I bid thee welcome Heaven shall be thy dower!"

IV, l 4] Nothing in the German suggests this line, which is wholly invented  
 VIII, ll 3-4] The idea of heaven as dower is absent from the matter-of-fact  
 original

"Willst du in meinem Himmel mit mir leben,  
 So oft du kommst, er soll dir offen seyn"

## IV FROM TIECK

[*"Wie lieb und hold ist Frühlingsleben"*]

## I

How dear, how sweet the spring-life's feeling,  
 When all the nightingales are singing!  
 Yea, tones from every tree are ringing,  
 Blossoms and leaves in joy are thrilling!

## II

How pleasant in the gold moon-splendor,  
 The sport of coolest gloaming breezes!  
 For each a linden odor seizes,  
 Chasing his feres i' the foliage slender

## III

How lordly shews that rosebed's light!  
 What wealth of love the fields enricheth!  
 Yea, love from thousand roses witcheth,  
 From stars a solemn joy of night

## IV

Yet seemeth fairer, dearer, sweeter,  
 The little taper's pallid sheening,  
 Yon narrow room when she is seen in  
 My ambushed eyes from hence will meet her

## V

While she her drapery knits and looses,  
 While she with spring of cunning hand  
 Ties to her form the bright robe's band,  
 And her brown hair in garlands nooses,

## VI

Or while she lets the lute go tinkling,  
 And startled tones wake to the singer,  
 Now calmly laugh round her soft finger,  
 Now o'er the chords spring light and twinkling

Title] These lines appear early in Ludwig Tieck's fantastic long short story, "Liebeszauber," ("The Love-Spell") It is interesting that the metre Hallam has used, taken from the German, produces a stanza like that of "In Memoriam," save that Hallam's normally employs the light, or feminine ending

IV, l 4] There is no suggestion of "ambushed eyes" in the German

## VII

She at first hurls forth the ringing  
 Of chorded sound it flies delighted  
 To house within my heart benighted,  
 But soon to chase it comes sweet singing!

## VIII

Oh leave me then, ye ill ones, free!  
 Lo, how they meet, and hum together,  
 "We will not cease, until we wither,  
 That of him, which in love may be"

VIII, ll 3-4] "Nicht weichen wir, bis dies wird brechen,  
 Damit du weist, was Lieben sei"  
 Literally, "we won't stop until we are broken, whereby you shall  
 learn what love is"

## [Imitation of a Troubadour Song of the Eleventh Century]

[The following poem is offered by Hallam as an "inadequate imitation" of an original by Arnaud de Marveil, a troubadour singer who died c 1200. It appears in a long footnote in Hallam's *Remarks on Professor Rossetti's "Disquisizioni Sullo Spirito Antipapale,"* published as a pamphlet by Edward Moxon in November, 1832, and reprinted by Henry Hallam in the *Remains* of 1834. Unfortunately, the poem does not appear to translate anything discoverably by Arnaud de Marveil, nor by his contemporaries, Arnaut Daniell, Sordel, or Giraud Riquier, whose work Hallam knew. Hallam has made a sonnet of a troubadour song of de Marveil's time and style, now impossible to identify.]

---

Lady, whose eyes are like the stars of heaven,  
 Out of pure dark sending a glorious light  
 Lady, whose cheek in dainty blushes bright  
 Vies with the roseate crown to angels given  
 Lady, whose form more trances human sight,  
 Than all who erst for beauty's palm have striven  
 Lady, whose mind would charm the unforgiven,  
 And make them worship in a brief delight  
 I will not name thee, happy is thy lot,  
 That, tho' I speak the simple truth of thee,  
 The curious world may read, and know thee not,  
 For now all foolish lovers' lays are such,  
 And thy due praise is every woman's fee  
 Else were it naming thee to say so much



## APPENDIX B

### A Note on the Critical Literature



HITHERTO even those critics who have agreed with a French writer that to know Hallam is to know Tennyson,<sup>1</sup> have been content to accept Hallam at second hand through his father's selections in the *Remains* of 1834. In spite of the very general agreement as to the importance of knowing Hallam, the critics have, with few exceptions, failed to go beyond the *Remains* volume to Hallam's *Poems* of 1830, or to pursue letters available in print. Although Hallam's most important attribute was his gift for friendship, the critics have accepted the generally innocuous poetry selected by the father, unaware of the rest of the story in those pieces which were suppressed. They have not known, therefore, that although the father permitted the printing of all but one poem involving Emily Tennyson, he suppressed three of seven poems to or about Anne Robertson Glasgow, a dear friend, and eight out of nine poems in English written to or about Anna Mildred Wintour, with whom Hallam was once very much in love, two of three poems to James Milnes Gaskell were suppressed, as were poems addressed to equally dear friends, Richard Monckton Milnes and R. J. Tennant, while poems to Charles Tennyson and F. H. Doyle somehow survived the paternal winnowing. It is startling to realize, though, that of eight poems to or related to Alfred Tennyson, the father suppressed all but one.

The critics who have relied upon Henry Hallam's work, and who have not gone back even to the first edition of the *Remains*, have been deprived of Hallam's most interesting philosophical paper, the *Theodicea Novissima*, included in 1834 at Tennyson's express request, but dropped from all other editions of the *Remains*, except one of 1869, apparently unknown to the critics, and of course the translation of the sonnets from Dante's *Vita Nuova* have not been printed hitherto.

It is a fact, as the Preface to this edition makes clear, that the editions of Hallam's writings commonly available, all of which stem from the *Remains* of 1834, fail to present a large and significant portion of Hallam's writings, yet it is also the strange fact that the critics have very generally thought themselves adequately supplied, in the *Remains*, with material which made them competent to assay the problem of Hallam's influence on Tennyson. Obviously this false impression could have been corrected by investigation of the *Poems* of 1830, but Henry Hallam's Preface to the *Remains* has thrown many off the scent by its true but misleading statement that "a considerable portion of the poetry contained in this volume was printed in the

<sup>1</sup> L. F. Choisy, *Alfred Tennyson*, Geneva and Paris, 1912, p. vi.

year 1830" Actually the *Remains* reprinted only twenty-four out of fifty-seven<sup>2</sup> Error grows with repetition, and so we find Henry Hallam's statement altered by a German critic's claim that the *Remains* comprise a large part of the Poems of 1830,<sup>3</sup> by W H Brookfield's strange letter of August 17, 1834, stating that the *Remains* print "all that has been separately printed before,"<sup>4</sup> by Mr Clement Shorter's absurd statement, "Much casual criticism and fugitive verse filled up his [Hallam's] leisure, and this was edited by his father thirty years after his death," which appears to be an allusion to the fourth edition of the *Remains*!<sup>5</sup> Confusion continues to reign in the assertion by Mr John Sparrow, that Hallam "left behind him a handful of undistinguished poems and a few pages of prose,"<sup>6</sup> nor does the latest reference work on the subject clarify matters by stating that "the scattered manuscripts, mostly unpublished, which he left, were collected and published by his father," who, in actual fact, did not publish at all until 1862, and who failed to print, in his private editions of 1834 and 1853, no fewer than thirty-nine poems left in scattered manuscripts, and no one knows how much prose.<sup>7</sup>

Such has been the chaotic state of critical equipment for the attempt to understand Hallam and through Hallam, Tennyson The result in critical literature on Hallam and the Tennyson friendship will now be briefly reviewed Since, as this review will show, almost none of the writers knew Hallam's *Poems* of 1830, which, with the *Remains* of 1834 would have given a representative body of the poems, and since few consulted the first edition of the *Remains* containing the important philosophical *Theodicæa*, an appalling monotony afflicts most of their productions, for the simple reason that most of them derive from predecessors, and this process carries us back to the first essay on Hallam, by Dr John Brown of Edinburgh, which in turn quotes Henry Hallam's Preface to the *Remains* of 1834 almost entire.<sup>8</sup> Dr

<sup>2</sup> In listing Hallam's poems I count as six distinct poems the "Meditative Fragments" and as two the "Two Sonnets" to Keats and Shelley, and I ignore the Eton Greek translation printed in 1834

<sup>3</sup> F Dieter, "Arthur Henry Hallam," *Archiv für das Studium der Neuren Sprachen und Literaturen* 46 (1892), p 48

<sup>4</sup> Charles and Frances Brookfield, *Mrs Brookfield and Her Circle*, 2 vols, New York, 1905, 1, 16

<sup>5</sup> *The Love Story of "In Memoriam"* Privately printed, [1916]

<sup>6</sup> *In Memoriam*, Nonesuch Press, London, 1923, Introduction

<sup>7</sup> Stanley J Kunitz, *British Authors of the Nineteenth Century*, New York, 1936, *vide* Hallam

<sup>8</sup> John Brown, "Arthur Henry Hallam," *North British Review*, 14 (1851), 486-514, and subsequently in many different places, of which Hallam Lord Tennyson's *Tennyson and His Friends*, London, 1911, pp 441-471, is the most accessible



Brown's essay, nevertheless, for all that it is a pious eulogium and not a work of criticism, remains to this day the only full and careful treatment of Arthur Hallam as a person and a writer. Dr Brown did not know the *Poems* of 1830, but he made full use of the original edition of the *Remains*, freely quoting the *Theodiceæ*, though without analysis or application to *In Memoriam*, to an understanding of which it is importantly relevant.

Both Mrs Ritchie and Mrs Brookfield had access through family connections to the rare edition of 1830, and seem to have known it, but they also appear to have concerned themselves only with the shorter and easier pieces, a not altogether mysterious failing which they share with other writers.<sup>9</sup>

Herne Shepherd first noted Tennyson's use of a phrase from the *Theodiceæ* in *The Palace of Art*, and in this followed by W J Rolfe. Both, though aware of Hallam's writings, quote from them but sparingly.<sup>10</sup>

W E Gladstone's essay on Hallam (Companion Classics, Boston, 1898) notes the importance of the *Theodiceæ* but does not quote it, and makes surprisingly little use of the other writings. A C Bradley's *A Commentary on Tennyson's In Memoriam* (New York, 1901) long the standard work, is aware of the existence of Hallam's essay but makes no critical use of it or of the other writings.<sup>11</sup> J F Genung's *Tennyson's In Memoriam Its Purpose and Its Structure* (Boston, 1884) quotes slightly from the *Remains*.

Churton Collins along among the many commentators on *In Memoriam* shows a satisfactory awareness of Hallam's relevance to that poem. His intentions are splendid when he says "that in these *Remains* and in Hallam's 'Theodiceæ Novissima' will be found the germ, and more than the germ, of many of Tennyson's characteristic teachings throughout his poems, but more especially in *In Memoriam*." But he cites only a few passages from the *Remains* with very general application to the elegy, and, though he quotes five extracts from the

<sup>9</sup> Anne Thackeray Ritchie, in *Harper's* for December, 1883, and her *Records of Tennyson, Ruskin, Browning*, New York, 1892, and especially her introductory sketch to *The Complete Poetical Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, New York, 1884. Mrs Brookfield's *Cambridge "Apostles"* is noticed in Appendix C below.

<sup>10</sup> Richard Herne Shepherd, *Tennysonianana*, 2nd ed., London, 1879, p. 41, n. 2, and William J Rolfe, *The Works of Alfred, Lord Tennyson*, Edition de Grand Luxe, 12 vols., Boston, 1895, II, 320, and in his Cambridge edition of Tennyson, Boston [1898], p. 804.

<sup>11</sup> The *Theodiceæ* is mentioned once, and quoted once (3rd edition, 1910, p. 7 and p. 9). The quotation is made with an incorrect reference which indicates either that Bradley is quoting at second hand or that he has not quoted carefully.

*Theodicæa*, he presents them without analysis or direct and specific application to *In Memoriam*. It must be confessed that when one couples Collins's calling the *Theodicæa* an "interesting fragment" with the fact that his quotations are also to be found in Dr John Brown's essay, one wonders whether Collins read Hallam's fully developed essay of six thousand words at first hand <sup>12</sup>

No other commentators on *In Memoriam* bother with Hallam's writings in their exposition of the meaning of Tennyson's poem, and the list includes the once respected work of Alfred Gatty, Elizabeth Chapman, F W Robertson, Thomas Davidson, Joseph Jacobs, Henry E Shepherd and Andrew Lang. The latter, in his chapter on *In Memoriam* (in his *Alfred Tennyson*, Edinburgh and London, 1901) is so wholly bent on science and theology that the name of Hallam occurs only once. Yet Lang, born at Clifton not far from Clevedon where Hallam lies buried, could not have ignored Hallam's relationship to Tennyson out of ignorance of Hallam, for he knew the family and published (in *Grass of Parnassus*, London, 1888) a poetic tribute to Hallam called "Clevedon Church."

The existence of the *Theodicæa* is known to five other writers, who give it at best only cursory mention. These are Walter Wace in his *Alfred Tennyson His Life and Works* (Edinburgh, 1881, p. 35), *The Cambridge "Apostles"* and *Mrs Brookfield and Her Circle*, referred to elsewhere, the book by L F Choisy and the article by F Dieter, referred to in this appendix.

Of books on Tennyson published before 1920 the best as well as the only one which sought to approach Tennyson through Hallam is Thomas R Lounsbury's *The Life and Times of Tennyson* (New Haven, 1915), but Lounsbury, who freshened the customary repetitions of Henry Hallam's biographical facts and critical crotchets by researches and thought of his own, had not seen either the *Poems* of 1830 or the original *Remains*, and so lacked important data. The reader will search in vain for enlightenment on our special subject in the works of E C Tainsh, Stopford Brooke, Henry VanDyke, E H. Sneath, Morton Luce, C F G Masterman, Sir Alfred Lyall, A C. Benson, R Brimley Johnson, Arthur Waugh and R M Alden.

Of the books on Tennyson since 1920, those by C H O Scaife and Humbert Wolfe are inconsequential as efforts to approach Tennyson through Hallam. Hugh I'Anson Fausset's *Tennyson* (London, 1923) weaves the name of Hallam elaborately through the many pages, but aside from thus recognizing the problem advances but little the now

<sup>12</sup> *In Memoriam, The Princess, and Maud*, London, 1902, pp. 7-9

traditional concepts of Tennyson's friend Harold Nicolson's *Tennyson* (London, 1923) brilliantly and entertainingly seeks to comprehend the laureate through Hallam, but is dependent upon Lounsbury, Brown, and Mrs Brookfield rather than upon a fresh examination of Hallam's writings, or a patient ploughing through his published letters

The Hallam centenary in 1933-34 did not bring, in the way of critical essays, any contribution to the fundamental critical problem. Both Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch and Dr Frederick S Boas wrote without knowledge of the *Poems* of 1830 or of the *Theodicaea*, and therefore found themselves repeating the worn facts and comments of their similarly handicapped predecessors, who accepted Arthur Hallam as his father intended they should, selected, extracted, arranged and commented upon according to the taste of an earlier day<sup>13</sup>

One critic alone has approached Tennyson through analytical study of Hallam, beginning at the important point where *In Memoriam* meets the *Theodicaea Novissima*, but Professor Karl Young's paper, read many years ago at Stanford University, has never been printed

<sup>13</sup> Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch's anonymous essay, "Tennyson in 1833," appeared in the *Times Literary Supplement* for September 14, 1933, p 597 and was reprinted in *The Poet as Citizen and Other Papers*, London, 1934. Frederick S Boas, "Arthur Henry Hallam and *In Memoriam*" appeared in *Queen's Quarterly* (Kingston, Canada), 41 (1934), 194-205, and was reprinted in *From Richardson to Pinner*, London, 1936. New York, 1937.



## APPENDIX C

### Hallam's Letters



ARTHUR HALLAM's voluminous correspondence with a wide circle of friends has fared as ill in the struggle to survive as have his other writings. To begin with, his father destroyed all of Tennyson's letters to him, and Tennyson's son destroyed Hallam's letters to the poet. We have some surviving extracts which Hallam Tennyson made of these, but of Alfred Tennyson's letters there is no trace today. Of Hallam's letters to Emily Tennyson about forty survive, most of which belong to the Wellesley College Library. Some thirty letters to Gladstone are in the British Museum, a few letters to Brookfield at the Morgan Library, and letters to Etonian friends at the John Rylands Library. Here and there a few other letters exist in institutions or in private hands.

Outside of the letters quoted in the *Tennyson Memoir* (1897) and of the unpublished letters to Emily Tennyson and Gladstone, about fifty of Hallam's letters have survived in print, scattered over more than fifty years of publication in twenty different works. These printed sources are listed below in the order of publication.

*Records of an Eton Schoolboy*, ed. by Charles Milnes Gaskell, London [privately printed], 1883. The same material was drawn upon for the articles in *Etoniana*, Nos. 58-65 [Eton, 1935-1936], and in *An Eton Boy*, ed. by Charles Milnes Gaskell, London [1939]. It should be noted that these three versions of the same originals all differ radically.

*The Life of Frederick Demson Maurice*, ed. by his son, [John] Frederick Maurice. 2 vols., London, 1884.

*Richard Chenevix Trench, Archbishop: Letters and Memorials* [Ed. by M. Trench]. 2 vols., London, 1888.

*The Life of Richard Monckton Milnes*, By T. Wemyss Reid. 2 vols., London, [n.d.]

"Arthur Henry Hallam as Advocate of Alfred and Charles Tennyson," in *Literary Anecdotes of the Nineteenth Century*, ed. by W. R. Nicoll and T. J. Wise. 2 vols., London, 1895, also in a somewhat better text in *My Leigh Hunt Library: The Holograph Letters*. By Luther A. Brewer, Iowa City, Iowa [1938], pp. 193-195.

*Autobiography of Dean Merivale*, ed. by his daughter Judith Anne Merivale, London, 1899.

"Some Letters from Arthur Hallam," by Arthur M. Brookfield, *Fortnightly Review* 80 (1903), 170-179. Five of these six letters are in the Morgan Library. Some of them are given in part in *The Cambridge "Apostles,"* listed below.

*The Life of William Ewart Gladstone*. By John Morley. 3 vols., New York, 1903.

*William Bodham Donne and His Friends*. By Catharine B. Johnson, London [1905].

*The Cambridge "Apostles"* By Frances M Brookfield, London and New York, 1906 This diverting book is unique as a collection of letters and parts of letters of the chief Cambridge friends of Hallam, but both the arrangement, by persons rather than chronologically, and the author's remarkable indifference to facts, should put the reader on his guard Unfortunately, because this book has been far more accessible than any edition of Hallam's writings or the various scattered repositories of some of his letters, Mrs Brookfield's influence has been greater than her use of her opportunities justifies Through her father-in-law's family and friends she had access to rich stores of letters, most of them now lost or inaccessible, but these she rifled with a wild disregard of time and truth, rarely pausing to identify a source or give a reference, quoting without quotation marks, misquoting within quotation marks, cutting, re-arranging and producing withal a patchwork which remains, in the field of the Tennyson-Hallam literature, a masterpiece of purest unreliability Of the biographical school of guess and gossip, Mrs Brookfield is the peerless and sprightly leader

*The Life and Times of Tennyson* By Thomas R Lounsbury, New Haven, 1915

*The Love Story of "In Memoriam"* [By Clement Shorter Privately printed, 1916]

*Letters to Frederick Tennyson*, ed by Hugh J Schonfield, London, 1930

*An Autograph Collection and the Making of It* By Lady Charnwood, New York [1930] The letter therein printed is reprinted with one additional letter in the same author's *Call Back Yesterday*, London, 1937

*The Gladstone Papers* [Ed by Arthur Tilney Bassett] London [1930]

*Unpublished Letters of Arthur Henry Hallam from Eton*, Ed by M Zamick *The Bulletin of the John Rylands Library* 18 (January), 1934

Parts of some letters to Emily Tennyson at Wellesley College are in my "A 'Lost' Poem by Arthur Hallam," *PMLA*, L (1935), 568-575



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